



# *Belle Assemblée*

**La Belle Assemblée,**  
OR  
**COURT AND FASHIONABLE**  
**MAGAZINE;**

CONTAINING  
INTERESTING AND ORIGINAL LITERATURE,  
AND  
**RECORDS OF THE BEAU-MONDE.**

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**EMBELLISHED**  
WITH  
FINELY EXECUTED PORTRAITS FROM EMINENT MASTERS,  
OF THE  
*Beauties of the Court of William the Fourth,*  
FORMING A  
**Picture Gallery of the Female Nobility of Great Britain.**

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**VOL. XIII.**  
**FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1831,**

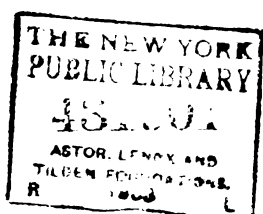
CONTAINING

- ✓ HER HIGHNESS MARIE THERESE, PRINCESS ESTERHASY, FROM A MINIATURE BY HOLMES.
- ✓ THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LOUISA ELIZABETH, BARONESS DURHAM, FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
- ✓ THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ELIZABETH JEMIMA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF ERROL, FROM A MINIATURE BY COSWAY.
- LADY CUMMING GORDON, FROM A MINIATURE BY W. C. ROSS.
- ✓ THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ELIZABETH JANE LESLIE, FROM A DRAWING BY DELACOUR.
- ✓ THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HARRIET ELIZABETH GEORGIANA, COUNTESS GOWER, FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

AND  
✓ THIRTY-TWO COLOURED ENGRAVINGS OF THE FASHIONS.

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**LONDON:**  
**PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO., AVE-MARIA LANE.**  
**MDCCCXXXI.**



PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,  
BY HENRY BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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DURING a period of political ferment like the present, when trade, commerce, literature, and the arts, have been all at a "stand-still;"—when the world—the electioneering world, at least—has been up "in arms, and eager for the fray;"—when (generally speaking) nothing has been written but reform and anti-reform tirades, nothing published but periodicals, nothing read but newspapers—it is a proud triumph for *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, that, not only has it kept on "the even tenor of its way," but that, month after month, it has continued to command an increase—an almost unprecedented increase—of circulation. This at least proves that success has not betrayed its Conductors into a laxity of exertion;—that their efforts have enabled them to provide for their friends—for the royal, the noble, the fashionable portion of the community—a feast, not only of the beautiful and the agreeable, but of the solid, the useful, the essential in taste.

Within the half-year embraced by the present volume, *Portraits* of the following illustrious and distinguished Ladies have enriched the *PICTURE GALLERY* which *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* has the honour of devoting to *BRITAIN'S FEMALE NOBILITY*:—Her Highness, Marie Thérèse, Princess Esterhazy, by Holmes—Louisa Elizabeth, Baroness Durham, and Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, Countess Gower, and Child, by Sir Thomas Lawrence—Elizabeth Jemima, Dowager Countess of Errol, by Cosway—Lady Cuming Gordon, by Ross—and Lady Elizabeth Jane Leslie (now Wathen) by Delacour.—The coloured *Plates of the Fashions* exhibit *thirty-two* whole-length figures in English, French, and other national costumes; and, besides these, will be found, a *View of the New Cemetery at Liverpool*.

Unlike the majority of the *Annals*, however, which, in literary, if not in pictorial merit, are rapidly sinking in estimation, *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* does not rest its claims for patronage on embellishment only; though, upon that point, its Conductors are so conscious of standing unrivalled—unapproached—that they will not condescend to request the institution of comparison. The public are not less aware than are the Editors of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, that its literature is drawn from the highest, consequently the purest sources.

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\*.\* *PROOF IMPRESSIONS* of the *Portraits* in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* may be had of MR. M. COLNAGHI, 23, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, and of all the *Printsellers* in London.



## EMBELLISHMENTS IN VOL. XIII.

- No. LXXIII.** Portrait of Her Highness, Marie Thérèse, Princess Esterhazy, from a Miniature by Holmes.  
A Whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Visiting Dress, appropriately coloured.  
A Ditto, in a Dinner Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Morning Dress.  
A Ditto, in an Evening Dress.
- No. LXXIV.** Portrait of the Right Honourable Louisa Elizabeth, Baroness Durham, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.  
A Whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress, appropriately coloured.  
A Ditto, in a Dinner Dress.  
A Ditto, in Ditto.  
A Ditto, in a Full Dress.
- No. LXXV.** Portrait of the Right Honourable Elizabeth Jemima, Dowager Countess of Errol, from a Miniature by Cosway.  
A Whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress, appropriately coloured.  
A Ditto, in an Opera Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Wedding Dress.  
A Ditto, in Ditto.  
A Ditto, in a Dinner Dress.  
A Ditto, in an Evening Dress.
- No. LXXVI.** Portrait of Lady Cumming Gordon, from a Miniature by W. C. Ross.  
A Whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Ball Dress, appropriately coloured.  
A Ditto, in an Evening Dress.  
A Ditto, in the Home Dress of a Vienna Lady.  
A Ditto, in the Home Dress of a Madrid Lady.  
A Ditto, in an Italian Peasant's Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Spanish Dancing Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Turkish Home Dress.  
A Ditto, in the German Costume of the Sixteenth Century.
- No. LXXVII.** Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Jane Leslie (now Wathen), from a Drawing by Delacour.  
A Whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Dress, appropriately coloured.  
A Ditto, in an Evening Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Walking Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Carriage Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Court Dress.  
A Ditto, in Ditto.
- No. LXXVIII.** Portrait of the Right Honourable Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, Countess Gower, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.  
A Whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Visiting Dress, appropriately coloured.  
A Ditto, in a Dinner Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Walking Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Child's Dress.  
A Ditto, in a Public Promenade Dress.  
A View of the New Cemetery at Liverpool.

# La Belle Assemblée,

OR

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LXXIII., FOR JANUARY, 1831.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

- A Portrait of Her Highness, MARIE THERESE, PRINCESS ESTERHAZY, engraved by DEAN, from a Miniature by HOLMES.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Visiting Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.

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## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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WE regret our inability to do more this month, than meet our friend, "J. F." half-way.

The Stanzas commencing—"Eternal sunshine of my mind," as early as may be found practicable.

MR. SILLERY's address—"Dear Julia, strike thy harp again," is a little rhapsodical in parts; but its meaning is sufficiently obvious, it has its beauties, and—it must pass muster.

It was indeed a "*trifling*" present that \*\*\* sent to "Fanny." The lines accompanying it had better be forwarded to the "*trifling*" concern they refer to.

We thank MR. BRANDRETH for his kind inquiries, which we have the pleasure of answering in the affirmative. We thank him also for his Song—"They tell me she's another's."—Mr. B.'s wish we have endeavoured to meet.

The "*Glow-worm*" is not sufficiently *luminous*.

Thanks for "*The Dreams of our Dead*," by "H. C. DEAKIN, Esq."

"*The Saxons in Scotland*," by "MISS INGRAM," is received.

It was impossible for us to find room, this month, for "*A New Year's Billet*" in our poetical department; but the verses are *seasonable*—they are too good to be lost—and so, here they are:—

My own fair E——, may health be thine,  
Mirth, frolic, laughter gay;  
May pleasure sparkle in thy wine,—  
Each long outlive the day.

This thought of thee leads Memory on—  
I glance at by-gone hours;  
From childhood's sports, and boyish fun,  
To Love in Beauty's bowers.

Yes! so it is, untiring Time  
Regards not our desires;  
Careless his flight, we pass our prime,  
Find quenched youth's ardent fires.

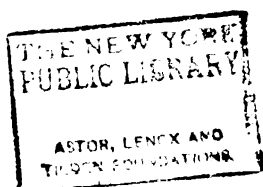
Then blithely use the present hour,  
Brim high joy's transient cup;  
Nor let or care, or grief have power,  
But laughing, drink it up.

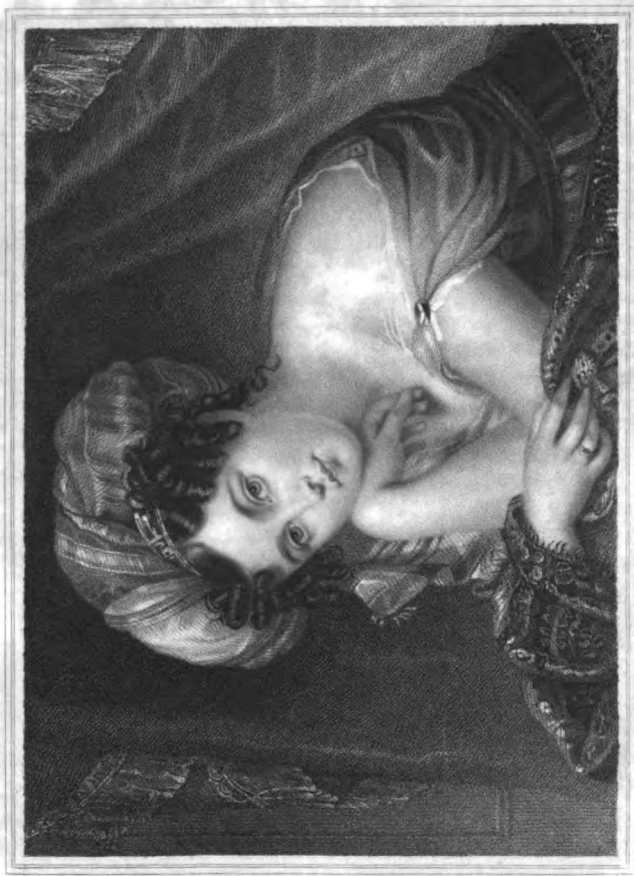
Then, when the song, the joke abounds,  
When pledged thy friends away;  
And Music adds her sweetest sounds,  
To honour Christmas Day;

While Fancy lisps, in silken tone,  
Love's whisperings in thine ear,  
Thou'lt sigh—that sigh I claim my own—  
It breathes—"Would thou wert here."

Peckham.

C. W.





MARIE THERÈSE, DUCHESSE DE BOURBON.

*Portrait of Marie Thérèse, Duchess of Bourbon, by H. H. H.*



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR JANUARY, 1831.

## ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF HER HIGHNESS, MARIE THERESE, PRINCESS ESTERHAZY.

FROM her near relationship to the royal family of England, her beauty, her high consideration in the world of fashion, we feel proud in the honour of introducing to the circle of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE* an exquisite portrait, accompanied by an illustrative memoir, of Her Highness, Marie Thérèse, Princess Esterhazy.

This distinguished lady's maternal grandfather was Charles Louis Frederick IV. (son of Charles Louis Frederick, by the Princess Albertina Elizabeth, daughter of Ernest Frederick, Duke of Saxe Hildburghausen) Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, brother of Her Majesty, Sophia Charlotte, Queen consort of George III., of England, and father of Her Royal Highness Charlotte Georgiana Louisa Frederica, Duchess of Sachsen-Hildburghausen; of Her Royal Highness Thérèse Mathilde Amélie, Princess of Tour and Taxis, and mother of the present Princess Esterhazy; of Her Majesty Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina, late Queen of Prussia; and of Her Royal Highness Frederica Sophie Charlotte, Duchess of Cumberland.\*—The present Princess Marie Thérèse Esterhazy, is therefore first cousin to the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Bavaria, and the hereditary Prince of Prussia, and is related to most of the Royal reigning families in Europe.

His Serene Highness, the Duke, married, in succession, two daughters of George William, Prince of Hesse Darmstadt; the first of whom—Frédérique Caroline—was mother of Thérèse Mathilde Amélie, married to Charles Alexandre, Prince of Tour and Taxis—of Frédéricque Sophie Charlotte, married to

the Duke of Cumberland—of Georges Frédéric Charles Joseph, reigning Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz—and of three other children, all daughters.†

The father of the Princess Esterhazy—His Serene Highness, Charles Alexandre, Prince of Tour and Taxis, in Bohemia, Grand Duke of Posen, Privy Councillor to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, &c.—was born on the 22d of February, 1770; and he succeeded his father, Prince Charles Anselme, on the 13th of November, 1803. He married, on the 25th of May, 1789, Thérèse Mathilde Marie, third daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, born on the 5th of April, 1773. By this marriage he had two daughters, and a son: the Princess Marie Thérèse, born on the 6th of July, 1794, married, on the 18th of June, 1812, to His Highness Prince Paul Antoine Esterhazy, of Galantha, in Hungary, Ambassador Extraordinary from His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, to the British Court;—the Princess M. Sophie Dorothée Caroline, born on the 4th of March, 1800;—and Maximilien Charles, present Prince of Tour and Taxis, born on the 3d of November, 1803, and succeeded to the sovereignty on the 15th of July, 1827.

The princely house of Esterhazy is of ancient and noble standing. Nicolas d'Estoras obtained, in the year 1421, the seigniory of Galantha, in the *comté* of Presburg. In 1683, two lines of this house were invested with the dignity of comte; the third acquiring, about the same time, the seigniory of Forchtenstein. The branch descending from the third line was, in 1637, elevated to the dignity of Prince of the Empire, by right

\* For a Portrait and Memoir of Her Royal Highness, *vide* *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE*, Vol. XI., page 1.  
No. 13.—Vol. XIII.

† *Ibid.* page 3.

of primogeniture ; and, in 1783, all the other branches of the family obtained the same rank. The Prince of Esterhazy, in acquiring the seigniory of Edelstetten, in 1804, rendered it an estate of the empire ; its proprietorship being held under the sovereignty of Bavaria.

Her Highness, the Princess Esterhazy, is the mother of three children :—the Princess Marie Thérèse, born on the 27th of May, 1813 ; the Princess Thérèse, born on the 12th of July, 1815 ; and the Prince Nicolas, born on the 28th of June, 1817.

## OMENS.

Now is the season for talking about ghosts and fairies, signs and omens. Not for the sake of novelty, but for the pleasure of recollection—the amusement of the hour—to fill up the fragment of a page—let us advert to a few of the last.

If a black cloud be seen in Scotland, on new year's eve, it portends some dreadful calamity to the nation, or to the person over whose estate or house it hovers.

If you are cross—ladies beware !—upon the day of the Holy Innocents, you are sure to be cross all the year round.

And, again, be cautious in your trystings ; for the day of the week on which the third of May happens, will certainly be unlucky throughout the year. This year, remember, it will be Tuesday.

But, in the Isle of Mull, Tuesday is the luckiest day for the sowing of corn ; and the first day in every quarter is deemed fortunate.

On Friday, peat should never be cut ; nor should the sheep upon a farm be counted.

If a damsel step over a gun, a fishing-rod, or boys' marbles, it is a sure sign—at all events a likely one—of spoiling sport.

If a candle be snuffed out, the clumsy snuffer must remain single for a year. The use of lamps and gas seems likely to render this omen obsolete.

In Ireland, a child born on Whit Monday is a predestined homicide. What would John Varley say to this ? Cannot the stars be stayed in their courses ?

Very unlucky to meet a squinting person, or one with red hair, the first in the morning.

To kill a magpie is an irretrievable misfortune ; to the poor bird, certainly.

If you meet a funeral, turn back, and walk some steps in the procession, to avoid death yourself.

To meet two magpies, portends marriage—three, a successful journey—four, unexpected good news—five, that you will soon be in the company of the great.

The first person at whom a cat looks, after washing her face (cats are all *shees*, and dogs *hes*) is sure to die soon. Suppose the cat were to *laugh* at the moment, what then might be the consequence ?

Better that the child had never been *born*, than that it should cut its *horn*, ALIAS its *nails*, on a Friday—or its hair on a Sunday.

If you meet a sow on your journey, and she *cross* the road—a most *rare* occurrence—be sure you ride, or walk, round about, or your expedition will be unfortunate.

An infallible preventive of tooth-ache is, to put the stocking on the left leg first.

To find a horse-shoe is lucky—for it is worth something ; to nail it on the threshold is a protection against the evil one and all his imps.

Mothers, wean your children on Good Friday—even if they should be but a week old, or—indulge them till the following year.

If a house take fire during the moon's increase, it portends prosperity ; if, during the wane, the contrary—especially if uninsured.

Elderly maidens, if your younger sisters marry, dance barefoot at their weddings, or you may never hope for husbands.

Every day of fog in February should be noted, for a corresponding number of rainy days in harvest is sure to happen.

If, when making a bed, the servant sneeze, the sleep of the person who is to lie in it will be disturbed : to prevent this, rip the tick open, pull out some of the feathers, and throw them into the fire.

## MRS. JORDAN AND HER BIOGRAPHER.

We deprecate, we execrate the spirit in which the volumes referred to below are published.\* A *professional* life of Mrs. Jordan would, at any time, have proved interesting to many readers, for theatrical gossip is exceedingly amusing in its way; but a professional life, *merely*, of this great actress, whose "like" we may never hope to "see again," would not have promised an *extensive* sale. And why? Because it would not have involved the expectation of an exciting mass of *scandal*—scandal of the GREAT. The production of *such* a work as the present, and at *such* a period, could not have originated in fair, just, or honourable motives. The manner, too, in which these volumes have been thrown together—not written—is a disgrace to the literature of the age. They are *bad*—ALL *bad*—with scarcely one redeeming trait of merit, of any description. Mr. Boaden has brought himself to his task, utterly unprepared—unqualified—for its execution. He is not even possessed of the requisite material. Of Mrs. Jordan, he knows nothing—literally nothing, but what all the world has been acquainted with for years past. As to *information*, of any description, one hundred pages might contain more than is to be found in these two unreadable octavo volumes; by far the greater portion of which, if given at all, should have been given in foot notes, and not in text. But then, how could *two* volumes have been manufactured? The language of the work is neither common English nor common sense; it abounds with an affectation of point—wretched play upon words—that is altogether *pointless*; the diction is loose, feeble, and contemptible to a degree that places it beneath criticism. Yet how Mr. Boaden hacks and hews at poor Steele, for his occasional lapses in *The Tatler*! "Did Steele read what he has written? What did his friend Addison think of the slip-slop?" &c. Why, this

conjures up the idea of a duck attempting to nibble a lion to death. Now, just for a moment—though it is hardly worth the sacrifice of a moment—let us hear Mr. Boaden:—"A most generous brother (THINGS fancied every day) MAKES a handsome provision for both parties." Alluding to George Colman's *nom de guerre*, "Arthur Griffinhoof, of Turnham Green," he says—"I presume this terrible appellation was suggested to the manager by the proprietor of the Monthly Review, *Ralph Griffiths*, who, I knew, had a house at *Turnham Green*; as indeed was the case with Kemble himself, in bad odour from the *Iron Chest*." Pray, what would friend Addison, or Master Lingo, or Mrs. Grundy, or any body else, say to "the slip-slop?" Does Mr. Boaden read what he has written? With *such* "flowers of literature" Mr. Boaden's garden is not only bestrewn but over-run. This is a little—some will think not a little—strange, from a *professional* critic of thirty or forty years' standing.

In these remarks, Mr. Boaden will not venture to charge us with prejudice or unfairness, illiberality or injustice; for he knows that, to his Life of Kemble, and even to its inferior *pendant*, the life of Mrs. Siddons, we awarded ample, cordial, and deserved praise.\*

However, if the biographer and critic have nothing to say about Mrs. Jordan, he, in swelling out his volumes, gives us the lives and characters of all sorts of actors and actresses; and, moreover, treats, at large, of the Regency Question of 1788-9; of the sale of the Shakspeare Gallery; of the duel between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox; of the ball-room scene that followed—all so *new* and so "germane to the purpose;" of the Young Roscius; of Didot, the printer, at Paris; of the Tenth Hussars; of the two famous Blues, Mrs. Montague and Mrs. or Miss Carter; of Burke, upon style; of one Cobbett (why do we write the fellow's name?), here designated "an American

\* Vide "The Life of Mrs. Jordan; including Original Private Correspondence, and Numerous Anecdotes of Her Contemporaries; by James Boaden, Esq., Author of The Life of Kemble," &c.

No. 13.—Vol. XIII.

\* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. I. pp. 126 and 285; and Vol. V. pp. 83 and 293.

bookseller in Pall Mall," who "wrote to a noble lord to request a guard of soldiers, to preserve his windows from demolition, 'as he did not intend to *illuminate*;' " of the correspondence between Junius and John Wilks about a design to assassinate the King; of the *wit* of John Bull, who, when Mr. Otto's house was in a blaze with the word "CONCORD," thought the pacific ambassador meant to assert that France had "CONQUERED" England; of the chaste loves of Mary Anne Clarke, &c. These, and ten thousand other affairs *equally* illustrative of the life of Mrs. Jordan, are, we presume, some of the *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* which Mr. Boaden is so fond of talking about!

But we must afford the reader some taste of our biographical critic's, or critical biographer's, quality; and this, perhaps, we cannot do more effectively than by hastily running through his two volumes of "heavy lightness."

"The studies of the stage," we are, at the very commencement, informed, "constitute a better (!) education than is commonly derived from the schools. What other ladies have, constantly encamped, under their command, such 'an army of good words' as our actresses? Who, besides them, are so stored with every variety of neat and polished thought?" Who? Why all persons of good education. We know what the society of actors and actresses "commonly" is—what their conversation is—an affair of "shreds and patches," traditional green-room jokes, second-hand puns—in which Mr. Boaden himself is a wholesale dealer—quibbles, and cranks; if an original idea happen to be started once in an hour, it may be set down as a rarity great as that of an Orleans plum at Christmas. "Who else can have equal self-possession, equal address; and," he should have inquired further, equal delicacy and purity of mind and manner, with the native retiring modesty of woman? But, "above all, who even approach them in distinct articulation, in voluble or impressive delivery?" Really, as far as we are capable of judging, we are of opinion that delivery as *voluble* and as *impressive* as that of actresses, may occasionally be heard at Billingsgate. "So great are these advantages"—mark, reader, so great are the

advantages of self-possession, address, distinct articulation, and voluble or impressive delivery—"that they have kept very powerful actresses in *high reputation* for their *wit*, who could *scarcely read their parts*; and never acquired the *orthography*, in which they were all of them printed." Ah, no wonder that actresses so often become countesses! But, enough of this slip-slop. As for "the Master of Horse in Ireland, Capt. Jephson's tragedy of the *Count of Narbonne*," we know nothing about him: surely it would puzzle a conjurer, and therefore we shall not apply to Mr. Boaden on the subject, to ascertain how a *master of horse*, whether in Ireland or England, can be a *tragedy*!

Daly, the Irish manager, of whom we have a disgusting account, "fought sixteen duels in two years, three with the small sword, and thirteen with pistols." He "entered the field in pea-green, embroidered and ruffled and curled, as if he had been to hold up a very different ball, and gallantly presented a full front, conspicuously finished with an elegant brooch, quite regardless how soon the labours of the toilet 'might soil their honours in the dust.'"

As a singularly happy illustration of the life of Mrs. Jordan, we find a long story of one of Mr. Boaden's "particular friends," who, previously to the interment of the Princess Amelia, aunt of George III., was shut up all night in the royal vault in Henry VIIIth's chapel. It was "impossible not to remember the *almost parallel* situation of Juliet, in the monument of the Capulets;" and so we are indulged with twenty lines from Shakspeare's play.

"It has been said"—we are not told by whom—"that Jones reminds us of Lewis, and it was truly said; he is a translation into a less brilliant language, yet accurately rendered; but as to Fawcett, Harley is not only like, but the same thing; as though the veteran had been driven back upon his early days with all the confidence and vigour of his maturity anticipated." Fawcett, no doubt, can appreciate the value of this compliment—and so can many of our readers. That clever and highly-meritorious actor, Jones, does indeed remind us of Lewis—he reminds us of what we have lost. They,

whose stage recollections are capable of carrying them back five or six-and-twenty years, and have in their mind's eye, as we have fully at this moment, the *Well-born* of Lewis, in Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, in which, comparatively insignificant as the character is, he fairly divided the applause of the house with Cooke, as *Sir Giles Overreach*—to say nothing of his *Goldfinches*, *Young Rapids*, *Tom Shuffletons*, &c.—will correctly estimate the value of Mr. Boaden's criticism.

We quote these brief and pithy sentences for the *brilliancy* of their wit.—“Garrick,” in his management, “knowing himself to be the *pit diamond*, surrounded himself with foil. Kemble, less dazzling, formed a cluster of kindred value about him.”

At length, we encounter Sheridan's first wife—and her epitaph—and Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of her; and thus we are brought to Sir Joshua's critical and comparative view of Mrs. Jordan with Mrs. Abington; which, perhaps, we may as well transcribe:—

“Sir Joshua studied children with the greatest care, when they imagined themselves unobserved, and could permit to every part of the frame its unrestrained genuine motion. He was quite enchanted, therefore, with a being, who, like Jordan, ran upon the stage as a *play-ground*, and laughed from sincere wildness of delight. He said, ‘she vastly exceeded every thing he had seen, and really *was* what others only affected to be.’ The friend to whom he thus expressed himself had but just arrived in town, and struck by his enthusiasm, said to him—‘What! Sir, greater than your friend Mrs. Abington?’—‘Yes, Sir,’ said Sir Joshua, ‘greater than Mrs. Abington, wherever she challenges comparison.’—‘Well,’ rejoined his friend, ‘at all events you must not forget the more extended range of Mrs. Abington—her fine lady.’—‘I do not forget the fine lady of Mrs. Abington, it is never to be forgotten. I spoke of the two actresses where they challenged *comparison*; but as to more extensive *range*, I do not know that you can make out your point; for, opposed to these fashionable ladies, you have the fashionable *men* of Mrs. Jordan, and the women who would *pass* for men, whether Wildairs or Hypolitas, in comedy, and the tender and exquisite Viola of Shakspeare, where she combines *feeling* with sportive effect, and

does as much by the music of her *melancholy* as the music of her *laugh*.’”

Mrs. Jordan never sat to Sir Joshua, but she did to Romney; and, from Romney's portrait of her as the Country Girl, an engraving, by Worthington, is prefixed to these volumes. The original is in the possession of Colonel Fitzclarence.—Of course, we find the biography of Romney, which, it must be allowed, the public were greatly in want of, especially as four or five months must have elapsed since the appearance of an extended memoir of him, by his son. We are here told, that “he did not exhibit with the Academy, and thus escaped the miserable *factions* in that assembly, and the persecution with which they often smother, rather than foster, the rising merit around them. Two dirty *hangmen* have it in their *power*, and seldom want the *inclination*, to inflict in this way [what way?] a wound from which a timid nature never may recover.” The writer of these sentences deserves to be—not *hanged*, but subjected to another legal infliction, that of *flogging*, for the *dirtyness* as well as the falsehood of his assertions. We trust, however, that the sins of the father will not be visited upon the son—a clever and promising young artist.

The next interesting point we come to, as bearing strongly upon Mrs. Jordan, is a “History of Drury Lane Theatres,” from “their origin in the cockpit, a little before the retirement of Shakspeare,” to—we know not exactly what period. This involves a notice of “Miss Mellon, the *future* Mrs. Coutts, and the *present* Duchess of St. Alban's,” who, “on the 31st of January, 1795, under the management of Mr. Kemble”—Mr. Boaden loves to be particular, on *important* occasions—“acted Lydia Languish, in the *Rivals*, and obtained an engagement, as an intended double for Mrs. Jordan.” Sheridan, it appears, had seen the lady at Stafford; and, as we are *wittily* assured, though we are not in possession of the *meaning* of the assurance, that he thought “he might strengthen himself *abroad and at home*, by giving her an immediate engagement.” A little more of Mr. Boaden's wit, criticism, and philosophy:—

“She was certainly above mediocrity as an actress, though I used to think too care-



less to do all she *might* have done. Her figure was elegant in those days, and there was a rather comic expression in her countenance. Had Jordan never appeared, she might have reached the first rank, and been contented with her station in a theatre; few, in any kind of miscarriage, have received such ample consolation. Chance, itself, once contributed a prize of ten thousand pounds to this minion of "Fortune's Frolic." I think there seems to have been a good deal of sagacity in her conduct: she saw her object with that singleness which is necessary to all great success, and made her very disposition itself a herald to her elevation. I never thought her one of those who 'Plan secret good, and blush to find it fame.'

But a little ostentation may be pardoned in our imperfect virtue."

In this said *historical* portion of his work, Mr. Boaden, not having told all that was requisite respecting Mr. Kemble, in his life of that gentleman, favours us with a "good deal" more about him; particularly, a long, tedious, bewildering critique on his performance of the character of Macbeth. What he says of Kemble's Penruddock, however, is worth quoting. He "played this character so as never to be forgotten—he had worked it into his *heart*, as if he believed it part of his personal history—he *kindled* so in his course, that, when he stated *who* had betrayed him to his brother Charles, who acted Henry Woodville, that gentleman, for an instant, was, as an actor, thrown off his poise, and rendered motionless with agony. He told me this himself, and that the frequent rehearsals had no power whatever to prepare him for the terrific energy of the disclosure before the audience."

Mr. Boaden tells us, that, "if any *thing literary* had been rewarded in the administration of William Pitt," George Colman, who, we are thus led to infer, is a *literary thing*, "should have received a pension of a thousand a-year." For what? the reader will perhaps ask. Why, for writing an epilogue to one of Mr. Boaden's plays! Now, with all due deference to the opinion of our great dramatist, critic, and biographer, we think that the gentleman pensioner, and deputy licenser, George Colman the younger, author of *My Night Gown* and

*Slippers, Broad Grins, &c.*, has been abundantly, though not *properly* rewarded, as it is, for his multitudinous immoralities and indecencies.

With the destruction of Drury Lane Theatre, by fire, on the night of the 24th of February, 1809, "was ascertained the retirement of Mrs. Jordan from all permanent engagements as an actress;" and, at page 232 of Mr. Boaden's *second* volume, we arrive at what may be regarded as the *commencement* of that lady's history, relating to which, we have about 130 pages of compilation, letters, &c. The detail, however, is so exceedingly perplexed and obscure, that it is wholly impossible to penetrate into the facts of the case. In justice to those who have been grossly and wickedly calumniated, we shall quote here and there a passage from some of the authenticated documents introduced; but, in doing this, we have more respect for the feelings of respectable individuals than Mr. Boaden has had. Once for all, we must remark, that the dragging forward of the unfortunate and disgraceful history of one of Mrs. Jordan's daughters is unwarrantable, inexcusable, and altogether abominable. From the first of Mrs. Jordan's letters—we know not to whom it is addressed, and, like most of the others, it is without date—we transcribe the following passage:—

"With regard to the report of my quarrel with the duke, every day of our *PAST* and present lives must give the lie to it. He is an example to half the husbands and fathers in the world, the best of masters, and the most firm and generous of friends. I will, in a day or two, avail myself of your kind offer, to contradict those odious and truly wicked reports."

Apparently, soon after writing the letter from which the above lines are taken, Mrs. Jordan left Bushy, with one of her daughters, for Bath, on a professional engagement. There, she found the public "quite informed upon a subject of which she was ignorant herself; and had the happiness to hear, *unknown*, from those who were so well acquainted with her domestic history, all the terrible particulars attending her unconscious separation from the Duke." Here, in a letter, dated Bath, April 22, 1809, she thus expresses herself:—

"My professional success through life has, indeed, been *most extraordinary*; and, consequently, attended with *great emoluments*. But from my first starting in life, at the early age of fourteen, I have always had a large family to support. My mother was a duty. But on *brothers and sisters* I have lavished more money than can be supposed; and more, I am sorry to say, than I can well justify to those who have a stronger and prior claim to my exertions. With regard to myself (as much depends on our ideas of riches), I have certainly enough; but this is too selfish a consideration to weigh one moment against what I consider to be a duty. I am quite tired of the profession. I have lost those great excitements, *vanity and emulation*. The *first* has been amply gratified; and the last I see no occasion for; but still, without these, it is a mere money-getting drudgery.

"The enthusiasm of the good people here is really ridiculous; but it brings "grist to the mill," and I shall, notwithstanding the great drawback of unsettled weather, clear between this place and Bristol, from £800. to £900."

What immediately follows is amusing:—

"Though I very seldom go out, when from home, I was tempted by my dear girl, to go to a fashionable library to read the papers; and, not being known, was entertained by some ladies with a most *pathetic* description of the parting between me and the duke! My very dress was described, and the *whole conversation accurately repeated*. Unfortunately for the party, a lady came in, who immediately addressed me by name, which threw them into the most ridiculous and (I conceive) the most unpleasant embarrassment imaginable. In pity to them, I left the place *immediately*, and flatter myself I did not shew any disgust or ill-nature on the occasion."

"Mrs. Jordan returned from Bath to Bushy; and after attending to the arrangements of the family, set out on her promised visit to Dublin." There, "she received a variety of invitations from persons of consideration;" but, at the theatre, and by some of the public prints, she was greatly annoyed. Sir Jonah Barrington was her champion. At length—but we are not told when—a separation—and it appears to have been of a heart-rending character—actually took place. Mrs. Jordan's first letter on this painful

subject reflects the highest credit upon her own feelings, and, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, upon the conduct of the illustrious individual to whom it refers. It is from Bushy, but without a date: we transcribe a portion:—

"My mind is beginning to feel somewhat reconciled to the *shock and surprise* it has lately received; for could you or the world believe that we never had, for twenty years, the *semblance* of a *QUAREL*? But this is so well known in our domestic circles, that the astonishment is the *greater*! MONEY, money, my good friend, or the *want* of it, has, I am convinced, made HIM, at this moment, the most *wretched* of MEN; but having done *wrong*, he does not like to retract. But with all his excellent qualities, his domestic *virtues*, his love for his *lovely* children, what must he not at this moment *suffer*! His distresses should have been relieved *before*; but this is *entre nous*. All his letters are full of the most unqualified praise of my conduct; and it is the most heartfelt blessing to know that, to the best of my power, I have endeavoured to deserve it. I have received the greatest kindness and attention from the R\*\*\*\*, and every branch of the royal family, who, in the most *unreserved terms*, deplore this melancholy business. \* \* \* As far as he has left it in his *own power*, he is doing every thing *KIND* and *NOBLE*, even to the *distressing HIMSELF*."

Subsequently, from Cadogan Place, she thus writes:—

"The constant kindness and attention I meet with from the duke, in every respect but personal interviews (and which depends as much on my feelings as his), has, in a great measure, restored me to my former health and spirits. Among many noble traits of goodness, he has lately added one more—that of exonerating me from my promise of *not* returning to my profession. This he has done under the idea of its benefiting my health, and adding to my pleasures and comforts."

Again, from "St. James's Place, Tuesday, 7th December" (we presume, in 1809)—

"The Duke of Clarence has concluded and settled on me and his children the most liberal and generous provision; and I trust every thing will sink into oblivion."

*Why*, we ask—*WHY* has it *not* been suffered to "sink into oblivion?"

For aught that is shewn to the con-

trary, affairs ran on, smoothly and quietly, till 1814, which, to Mrs. Jordan, proved a year of great and varied family distress. From what is termed an "Authentic Statement," and from other sources, we glean something like the following particulars.—"In the autumn of 1815, Mrs. Jordan was called upon, very unexpectedly, to redeem some securities given by her, for money raised to assist a near relative." Who this relative was, is only indicated, not expressed; and we are led to *guess* that it was one of her sons-in-law. General Hawker, who had married one of her daughters, it was not; and Mr. Alsop, who had married another, it could not be, for he had died in India. "Not finding herself in a situation to advance the £2,000 claimed, she withdrew herself to France, deputing a friend in England to make every necessary arrangement for paying all the creditors as soon as possible. At the time of Mrs. Jordan's quitting England, she was in the receipt of an annual income of upwards of £2,000—paid with the greatest punctuality quarterly, without demur, drawback, or impediment; and so continued to the hour of her death." In point of fact, as appears from Mr. Barton's *really* authentic statement, which has for years been before the public, on the separation which took place between Mrs. Jordan and an illustrious personage, "in the year 1811, it was agreed, that she should have the care, until a certain age, of her four youngest daughters, and a settlement was made by the Duke for the payment, by him, of the following amounts:—

"For the maintenance of his four daughters .....	£1,500
For a house and carriage for their use .....	600
For Mrs. Jordan's own use .....	1,500
And to enable Mrs. Jordan to make a provision for her married daughters, children of a former connection.....	800
<b>In all.....</b>	<b>£4,400</b>

"In the event of Mrs. Jordan's resuming her profession, the care of the Duke's four daughters, together with the £1,500. per annum for their maintenance," was to "revert to His Royal Highness;" and this event actually did take place, in the course of a few months, in conse-

quence of Mrs. Jordan's desire to accept certain proposals to perform." This drew forth offensive attacks from the press; in consequence of which Mrs. Jordan published a letter, the main point of which is as follows:—

"In the love of truth, and in justice to His Royal Highness, I think it my duty, publicly and unequivocally to declare, that his liberality towards me has been noble and generous in the *highest degree*; but, not having it in his power to extend his bounty beyond the term of his own existence, he *has*, with his accustomed goodness and consideration, allowed me to endeavour to make that provision for myself, which an event, that better feelings than those of *interest*, make me hope I shall never live to see, would entirely deprive me of."

To return to the "Authentic Statement," which, as it is drawn up by a party deeply interested, ought, in some respects, to have the more weight.—"Up to April, 1816, Mrs. Jordan's drafts on Messrs. Coutts and Co. were duly paid—never for a moment could she have felt the gripping hand of poverty." "Never, during her *LIFETIME*, was one shilling paid towards *liquidating* the securities in question; nor was it *URGENT* that it should be done; because the creditors, for the most part personal friends, well knew the upright principles they had to depend upon."—"Up to the hour of Mrs. Jordan's leaving England, she had been living under the same roof with the relative, with whom she was concerned in the securities alluded to." Immediately upon the derangement of Mrs. Jordan's affairs, and *before* she left England, a *STATEMENT OF ALL THE CLAIMS* to which she was *liable* was made out, together with a *LIST OF THE PERSONS* holding her bonds and bills of acceptance. The result of which *convinced* Mrs. Jordan, that her liabilities did not much exceed £2,000; and that the claimants were, *one and all*, the personal friends of the parties." When she left England, it was "with the intention of remaining away some ten days, the time computed necessary to place matters in that state, as to render her person legally secure from *arrest*."

Why this was not effected does not appear. Month after month passed away; and her mind naturally became troubled.

Now arose certain incidents, to which, according to the "Authentic Statement," must be ascribed all the mental calamity that ensued. When Mrs. Jordan left England, she was accompanied by a lady, who had been for some years employed in superintending the education of her younger children. This lady came to England in January, 1816, to receive Mrs. Jordan's quarter's income. Whilst here, her conduct is described as extremely offensive to Mrs. Jordan's children, and also to the "relative" spoken of. She called upon the latter, "to make oath that Mrs. Jordan was not liable to any claims *beyond* those of which she already knew." The party, irritated at the circumstances attending the demand, *refused*; and, on the same day, the lady returned to France. During her stay in England, she had "informed two of Mrs. Jordan's daughters, that Mrs. Jordan's future place of residence in France was to be kept a profound secret from them, and that all letters from them to their mother must be sent through a third person, and directed to Mrs. James instead of Mrs. Jordan." This "fatal step of cutting off the source of communication, prevented altogether, or perhaps only delayed, the receipt of a letter, written by the person refusing to take the oath, on the *very same day*, to say that he was truly willing to do whatever Mrs. Jordan should *HERSELF require*, and that the oath should be taken whenever she wrote to say it was *her wish*."

Howsoever offensive the *manner* of making the demand may have been, it appears that the testimony on oath was really required by Mrs. Jordan herself.—From Boulogne, Mrs. Jordan proceeded to Versailles, and subsequently to St. Cloud, where, as it is well known, from Sir Jonah Barrington's *Memoirs*,\* of which, in this portion of his work, Mr. Boaden has made extensive use, she died in a state of the most distressing mental excitement. Her disease was jaundice; she expired on the 3d of July, 1816, some days after her death had been reported in London, at the age, according to Mr.

Boaden's belief, of 54. Her remains were interred in the cemetery of St. Cloud; and, after a lapse of years, "some of her English friends at Paris entered into a determination to remove the body to *Père la Chaise*." This determination was first suspended, and then abandoned; and, afterwards, a stone of record was placed over her grave at St. Cloud. However, if her dust have not since been actually removed, respecting which our own recollection is not clear, her memory at least is commemorated by a monument in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*.\*

Nearly seven years afterwards, on the settlement of Mrs. Jordan's affairs with her creditors, a misunderstanding seems to have arisen in the public mind, and to have given birth to the foulest calumnies against an illustrious personage. To refute these calumnies—and never was refutation more triumphantly complete—"Mr. Barton, of the Royal Mint, took upon himself the task of doing justice to his illustrious master." In Mr. Barton's statement, which appeared in the papers of the day, under the date of January 21, 1824, not only is his royal master exonerated from all blame, but his liberality and generosity towards Mrs. Jordan's connections, even after her decease, and possibly to the present moment, are placed in a light which reflects the highest honour upon his heart, as a man, and upon his character, as a prince. Acceptances, it seems, had been given by Mrs. Jordan, "in *blank*, upon stamped paper, which she supposed were for small amounts, but which afterwards appear to have been laid before her capable of carrying larger sums." And this it was that induced her to demand a testimony on oath. "All she required, in order to set her mind at ease on the extent of the demands that might be out against her, was, that the person who had plunged her into all these difficulties should declare, upon oath, that the list he had given to her included the whole. *This the party FROM TIME TO TIME refused to do*; and disappointed thus in the hope she had so fondly cherished, of again returning to this country, and

\* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, Vol. V., page 287, *et seq.*

\* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, Vol. VI., page 56; and Vol. VII., page 68.

seeing those children for whom she had the most tender affection, she sunk under the weight of her afflictions."

Mr. Boaden has found himself under the necessity of giving Mr. Barton's statement, with its enclosures, at length; but, if he had possessed one particle of common taste, common feeling, or common decency, he would not have polluted his work by reprinting a newspaper assault,

so false in its insinuations, so offensive, so disgusting, as that which immediately follows the document referred to; more especially as it does not throw one ray of light upon the subject.

We should not feel that we were rendering justice to ourselves, to the public, or to parties more deeply concerned, if we did not hold up this wretched performance to merited reprobation.

## THE BANISHED.

*By Miss Ingram.*

"And I with all unwillingness will go.  
Oh! would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,  
Were red hot steel, to sear me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom:  
And die, ere man can say—God save the queen!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"DEAR father, look around on our castle home, yonder is my own pet lamb bleating its innocent farewell; though I doubt not 'tis meant for a greeting. See the waving branches of yonder sapling, thou knowst my Lord planted it, and yet we must go forth into, now, the lands of strangers: this is at least my country, and is it because thou canst boast the proud blood of a Norman noble, that we are to leave our all, and beg our bread of strangers; father, dost thou now ask me why I weep?"

So murmured Elizabeth Valois, in reply to a cheering sentence from her noble parent. They were of the number of the banished; for Donald Bane, brother to the good Malcolm Cean Mohr, had usurped the throne, by right his nephew's, and issued a sentence of banishment against all foreigners. Of course the poor Saxons and the proud Normans were included in this edict; and they were not a few who had taken refuge in the open court of the generous Malcolm, and received wealth and title from his hand. Amongst the rest were the Count Valois and his wife, their daughter, as she stated, calling Scotland her country.

The sun was fast declining in the west; broad streams of glory spread over the domains lately belonging to the court:

the cattle were straying unheeded over the beautiful landscape, and amongst the rest was a little white lamb, the pet of the Lady Elizabeth.

The tears fell from her eyes, for it came in its utter helplessness to her, but she dared not take it from the land no longer her own. Two or three servants, likewise foreigners, were grouped at a little distance out of respect to the feelings of their beloved young mistress and her parent.

Valois' sorrow was not the less that he strove to appear cheerful. He had, on the contrary, loved to look around his broad lands, and then rest his eye on the slight form of his daughter; for it was for her sake he valued wealth and title. Many Scottish nobles had made tenders for her hand, but were refused on one pretext or another by the lively girl. She declared her intention of preserving her affection for her sole parent undivided; but Valois was not always satisfied with this. He fancied, though he knew not why, that there was a concealed reason, more weighty than his comfort, though he knew and valued her affection, which induced these repeated refusals. He had often heard her express a profound contempt of wealth; consequently he now felt proportionate surprise at her grief on quitting their high station, and he felt all



his former suspicions arise ; there must be one whose presence she valued more than the titled nobles whose tenders she had received.

"Betha," he said calmly, and almost mournfully, "why art thou so suddenly changed? Thou wilt tell me 'tis the loss of thy pet lamb, and the favourite shrubs, but I know thy heart too well to credit thee. Tell me, is there no living being thou regrettest more than these?"

She looked for a moment full in her father's face, as if to read his thoughts; then, flinging herself at his feet, she sobbed forth—"Yes, dear father. Why should I deny it—'tis useless now—and, oh, I had intended, as thou wilt soon know, to tell thee all. My page—the Scottish boy, I have dispatched him to bring one hither. Father, father, forgive me: I am his wife—oh, say that thou wilt call me Betha once more—see, he comes."

"Betha," said the agitated but forgiving parent, "this was not well. But thou art all that is left me of my beloved wife. Rise, rise, my child: let me once again, only once fancy thee my pure—Betha, Betha, I forgive thee!" and he strained her to his lips and his bosom. "But what do I see—Duncan—the base-born son of Malcolm? Oh, Betha, I would that thy husband had been poor—but well born. As it is so, though, I will welcome him—I will bid him use thee tenderly, as I have ever done, and then leave thee, for now, indeed, stranger lands and hearts."

But Elizabeth clung around his knees, and Duncan, with a bended knee, besought him to listen to him: he told the agitated Valois, that many brave hearts had gathered round him, Norman and Saxon, to place him on the throne.

Valois cast a bright look of pride on his weeping child: he fancied her seated on the Scottish throne—hundreds pressing around her in admiration; he raised her in his arms, and pressing the hand of Duncan, he said, "Kneel, kneel, now Betha, Duncan, and take a father's blessing. Bless you, my children, and Heaven prosper me as I love you."

In a few days Valois was commanding some few Normans, while Duncan led the English. They succeeded in driving back

Donald Bane to the Hebrides, whence he had come on the death of Malcolm.

Elizabeth was sitting in her rudely-constructed tent, anxiously awaiting the decision of the contest. Occasionally she sent forth the page, before mentioned, that he might observe its progress. He had now just returned with the glad tidings that the day was Duncan's. "Now God be praised!" she exclaimed, falling on her knees; but she was interrupted by the entrance of Duncan himself; and her joy was mingled with the bitter dregs of sorrow, when he informed her that her brave parent was amongst the slain.

"But now, Elizabeth," he concluded, "thou art Queen of Scotland, a fairer and more noble there is not in Europe. Come then, dearest; even now they are asking for thee: come, and shew thyself to them. See, too, hither come our prisoners!" and with a great number of others, entered Donald Bane. "Betha," continued Duncan, "Betha, I know thy disposition well—thou lookest sad and would fain see these prisoners free; they are so then. Donald Bane, go, and see that thou comest no more hither;" and the prisoners retired.

"Thanks, thanks, Duncan: but yet I would not be a Queen. Listen: before I loved thee, in a girlish frolic, I sought one who should tell me of my future state; and she warned me to beware the glitter of wealth and power."

"Nonsense, Betha," he continued in a vexed tone; "wouldst thou mar all we have given brave hearts, amongst others that of thy parent, for? Come, come, thou knowest Malcolm's children are all too young to guide the affairs of a kingdom: dost thou know one who could better conduct a regency than thy husband?"

"No, no, dear Duncan; but I mistook thee; I thought thou wert thinking Malcolm's children had no right to their father's kingdom. Lead me forth, then—but oh, how anxiously shall I look for the day that shall again make me thine only; alas! alas! now I feel I am wedded to a whole nation—to misery."

Duncan did not give her time to reflect, but, passing his arm around, hurried her from the tent to partake in the heart-cheering sound of hundreds of voices mingled in triumphant shouts. She clung closely to the supporting arm, for a

sickening sensation passed over her heart as she heard them hail her Queen! and even her deep sorrow was happiness, compared with what she then felt, when she found herself alone with the corpse of her parent. She flung herself wildly by its side, and pressing her burning forehead on the cold hand, exclaimed—"Oh! my father, my father; was it to make me a queen thy life was forfeited? would that thou couldst now look upon me, and tell me that Duncan and thou and I were beggars, that we must fly to stranger lands. What is it presses so heavily on my heart? They tell me I am the mistress of many brave and willing hearts—that they love me—Duncan, my beloved Duncan, is with me, and yet I know not what aileth me. Father, I would thou couldst now pillow my head on thy bosom, and tell me I have nought to fear. But I am forgetting myself; is there not Duncan to fly to. Yes, yes, I will seek him, and I will not leave him again; for, while his arm is round me I feel I am safe, and if his voice whispers that I shall be happy, who will be able to make me believe otherwise?"

She did so; smiles again played around her mouth; and to all appearance she was completely happy: but, there were moments when she still felt the same dreadful pressure on her spirits, the same presentiment of impending ill. Donald Bane had fled to the Hebrides, and with him the second son of Malcolm Cean Mohr. The third, Edgar, cherished almost a filial love for Elizabeth, and remained, forming a part of their court. She, too, in the hours which Duncan was obliged to pass from her side, leaned wholly on the young Edgar for amusement. Thus there grew a pure and beautiful affection between them. Months passed away, and she almost began to think she might, in time, feel an attachment to the name of queen. Duncan had been some days absent, yet was she happy, for the young Edgar was with her, and she knew that Duncan might not neglect the affairs of his people. On the evening of the day in which she expected his return, she was sitting in a long apartment, surrounded by young men and old, maidens and matrons. All were contributing their mite to the promotion of general hilarity,

when it was announced that one well skilled in divining, waited permission to enter. Bright eyes were anxiously cast towards the Queen, and the young men though not betraying an equal eagerness, were nevertheless well pleased to hear permission given for him to enter. Instantly there came in an old man with a long white beard hanging even on his breast, while his tottering steps were guided by a youth of perhaps nineteen years of age.

Soon there were peals of mirth resounding in the rudely-formed hall, as each bright-cheeked maiden, or firm-limbed youth were told of some love frolic, whilst the diviner grew in their simple ideas to something more than mortal. But now all was silence, for the old man was kneeling before the beautiful young Queen, who, though there was a smile struggling on her lip, was pale and evidently agitated; the more, as the younger stranger fixed his piercing eye upon her. The boy Edgar had, since their entrance, become suddenly silent, for he was generally the very soul of mirth and frolic, and occasionally he exchanged glances with the young diviner; on the part of Edgar they were glances of anxiety and surprise, the other's partook principally of warning to silence, for several times, when he found himself free from observation, he placed his forefinger on his lips.

"Lady, thou art beauteous and good," broke on the ears of the listeners, from the old man, "a long time thou mayest be Queen of a loving people, if thy own will mars it not."

The young man started hurriedly from the other's side as he pronounced these words; then recovering his self-possession, he curled his lip in a pleased but almost scornful smile, cast another broad stare on Elizabeth, and was again by the old man's side.

The Queen's surprise seemed to equal his; she withdrew her hand, but instantly recovered her gaiety, and indeed it seemed rather to increase. She felt reassured from her former fears, and she longed for Duncan's return that she might now indulge her affection for him, unadulterated by fear for the future; for in the superstition of the times she partook largely, and now imagined from the words of the old diviner that she should reign long and happily.

But the night wore away and Duncan came not. Elizabeth retired with spirits sadly depressed; she felt alarmed, for he was gone with many more to suppress some wild tribe that had arisen against himself. But Edgar lingered in the hall till all had left save the two strangers. "Edmund, Edmund!" he exclaimed, seizing the young stranger's hand, "thou hast left near a year, and I had almost forgotten my beloved, mild brother, in the fierce-looking young man; has so short a time so changed thee? But tell me, Edmund, they say thou art no friend of the good Duncan's, then what can bring thee hither—and yonder fierce man—our uncle Donald Bane, in that disguise?"

"What brings us hither, Edgar? why boy, what should, but to take our rights? whose hall is this, if not ours—whose are all the broad-spreading lands around us—and who is king here if I am not? Thou has been living here in enchantment, but we will wrest the spell from thee."

"And Duncan," gasped Edgar, pale and trembling from fear, "say, Edmund, knowest thou aught of his prolonged absence? Brother, brother, I can read in thy triumphant, dreadful smile, that thou dost. Tell me, tell me all. I will not speak a word to interrupt thy tale. Tell me only that he lives—"

Edmund burst into a laugh, which to his brother's ears was as the yell of a demon. But he conquered his rising choler, and uttered in a cold, calm tone, "Then, what meant yonder deceiver by saying that our sweet Queen should reign long, if her own will marred it not?"

"Nay, ask him thyself."

"I thought," muttered the other, who had stretched his limbs on one of the benches, and half composed himself to sleep, "that your own stares of admiration could best answer that."

"Oh, Edmund, by the memory of our own dear mother, think on the helpless state of the beautiful Queen."

"Ay, Edgar, she is beautiful; I wonder not that Duncan should wish to place her on a throne, or that thou shouldst become so fond of her. But cheer up, boy, thou knowest thou mayst love thy sister still."

"My sister! Oh, Edmund, dost thou then think she can—thou knowest how

she loves, alas! loved, her Duncan—dost thou think she can then ever love his—Edmund, I cannot utter the dreadful word."

"Nay, my dainty brother, thou mayst as well finish," exclaimed Edmund, angrily; "thou wert going to say murderer—but thou art deceived, I murdered him not—I do not even know that he hath ceased to exist. Besides, thou knowest he may have been murdered without our knowledge. Now, good brother, leave me, I have travelled many weary miles since sunrise; and my mind is tired of planning for the future; go, and I will sleep, with the image of this same Elizabeth on my brain. Farewell!" and he held forth his hand; Edgar faintly touched it, and murmuring a farewell, retired—but not to rest. He sought the Queen's chamber, in which she sat, mournfully pondering on the cause of Duncan's prolonged absence. She had thought till her mind seemed chaos; her face was no longer pale, but flushed, and her eyes were painfully bright—there appeared a kind of maniac wildness in them. "How is this, sweet mother," said Edgar, for such he ever called her; "I sought thee, for I thought perchance thou wert not sleeping; but thou art forgetting thy duty to thyself, to be watching here; lie down on yonder pallet, and I will sit here and watch the King's return. I promise thee my eyelids shall not close;" for he hoped she might gain a short rest; he knew, too well, she would require all her energy on the morrow.

"No, no, Edgar," she said, hurriedly, "I want not rest. Tell me, what thinkest thou of yon diviners? Perchance, thou wilt think me silly when I tell thee, the features of the elder have left a strange impression on me. I fancy I have seen them before—yet I have thought and thought, over all I have seen since they have called me Queen—the happy faces of childhood. Yes, I have thought, till the empty space around me became peopled with human heads; some recalling the happy visions of infancy, others bringing with them nothing save misery; but above all, I could see that man's features; and the younger, Edgar, didst thou note how he fixed his gaze on me?"

"Thou art very fair, lady, and the

stranger is young, we must, then, frame an excuse for him ;” and Edgar smiled : oh ! could those who see smiles gather on faces, sometimes know the bitter feelings they conceal—and Edgar’s was one of those ghastly lip-curves ; but Elizabeth noted it not.

To return to the confederates in guilt, Donald Bane, and Duncan : the former had arisen from his recumbent posture, and was now in close consultation with the latter. “ Ay, I thought,” said Donald, “ that the blue eyes of Elizabeth Valois had a wonderous effect on thee. By my good battle-axe, if she were the priestess of some of these convents, I should expect thou wouldst turn priest. For thy brother, too, he seemeth marvellously inclined, an’ he were able, to wrest this goodly inheritance from us ; but thank my good strength, he is not. Elizabeth and half the kingdom shall be thine : the rest appertaineth to me. I was thinking I heard footsteps, Edmund ; ’tis Mearns with his welcome burden,” and at that moment one of Duncan’s followers, in whom he had ever placed the greatest faith, entered, bearing, with two or three others, the bleeding body of Duncan. “ So, ’tis well, Mearns,” continued Donald, “ did he struggle much ?”

“ Ay, I think he would have left many a proud heart on the battle field. He was well nigh making the Mearns Earlless : and I was almost unnerved when he spoke beseechingly—told me of all he had done for me—of his faith in my honour ; but then, he uttered a name coupled with his own, that thrilled every feeling within me : he begged for the sake of Elizabeth Valois, that I would spare his life—fiend !” and he loosed his hold on the body of the dead king—“ fiend ! didst thou think to bring mercy to my heart by naming one, whose love alone could warm this breast, and which thou possessedst.”

At that moment there rose up a deadly hatred in the bosom of Edmund towards the Earl of Mearns ; but disguising his feelings, he appeared well pleased, and turning his eye from the glassy stare of the dead man, he uttered—“ And now, Mearns, thou must take thy meed and be-gone. Seek our palace in the Hebrides : ere long we will visit thee there ; and who knows but we may prevail on this

same Elizabeth to accompany us—thou wilt then be enabled to press thy suit ;” and accordingly Mearns took a purse of gold and withdrew, to all appearance well contented.

“ Farewell !” muttered Edmund ; “ but thou mayest dream long enough of her before thou settest thine eyes on her beauty. Now, Donald, to rouse the household—fellows, be firm on the tale that thou findest him murdered.”

The overwhelming grief of Elizabeth may be imagined—tears there were none, though her heart was charged to bursting, and her brain felt, indeed, seared. Donald Bane and Edmund revealed themselves ; giving, as a reason for their disguised appearance, that they feared to be seen openly, though wishing a reconciliation with Duncan ; and that they came, if possible, to learn his sentiments towards them. Elizabeth listened and believed ; for the words of Edmund were honied for her ear, and the voice that uttered them was attuned to the sweetest melody. He spoke of his great sorrow, wished the murderer’s blow had fallen on him in the stead of Duncan, and many other wicked wishes he uttered to soothe her grief.

Donald Bane assumed the reins of government, and his first edict was once more a sentence of banishment against all foreigners. In vain she knelt, petitioning him for her unfortunate countrymen.

“ Edgar,” she said one day, as the still faithful boy crept to her side, “ I have again been praying thy uncle to allow the poor Normans and Saxons to remain. Alas, alas ! I well remember my own feelings the day I was leaving the home of my infancy, though I bethink me I was far happier then than now.”

“ Listen, mother,” he whispered, and taking her beautiful hand in his, “ I have a project in my head, but I must leave thee to accomplish it. Wilt thou give me that opal ring from thy finger ?” she smiled mournfully as she did so, and passed it on his own. “ Now, then, I go ; ask me not whither, for I would not for worlds listen to a word that might daunt me : all I grieve for is that I must leave thee all unprotected as thou art ; but, lady, there is one who loveth thee well, will watch over thee, and I shall soon

know when the slightest danger is likely to befall thee. When thou seest this ring, know that whatever they are pressing thee to do, thou mayst do it, though thou shouldst fancy it might be thy utter ruin. Thou lookest surprised, and dost not fancy any one will press thee to any thing that liketh thee not. I cannot speak plainly, but beware of doing any thing till thou seest this ring."

"More trouble, Edgar? and above all thou going to leave me, and I may not question thee whither; come then, lay thy head on my bosom, and I will bless thee with a mother's blessing ere thou leavest me: now go, and St. Margaret protect thee, Edgar."

There was much surmising in the court when Edgar's absence was discovered; and Donald Bane and Edmund felt for a few days ill at ease; but after that period they concluded he had left because his "tender conscience could not brook the deception practised towards Elizabeth." And they guessed not much amiss in that respect; but they little thought whither the heroic boy wended his steps—it was to the court of England.

But now Edmund turned all his thoughts on Elizabeth. For a few weeks he paid her the most devoted attention, till her mind was, comparatively speaking, soothed to a perfect calm. Then he suddenly made her proposals of marriage; which she firmly rejected, but with the greatest kindness. He then avoided her presence for a few days.

At length Donald was proceeding to put the edict in execution—Elizabeth saw whole families driven pennyless from the country: then she roused herself, and once more taking the way to the council-room, she threw herself at the feet of Donald, and prayed his mercy.

"Thou art fair, lady," he said roughly, but almost kindly, "and we would do aught in reason—now, an' thou wilt consent to become the bride of the King Edmund, thy people shall be free to sojourn where they list. We will not press thee now, but by the morrow's night we will expect thy answer here."

Elizabeth's head rested not on her pallet that night: the morning's dawn found her irresolute, and besides, she called Edgar's words to mind, and she determined

not to yield till she received the brave boy's token. Evening was already drawing its grey curtain over the west, when it was told her a beggar asked alms at the gate, and refused to leave without speaking with her. She was ever on the alert to relieve the needy; and throwing a mantle around her, she hurried to the place, where she found a middle-aged man, who, bending on his knee, held up to her view the identical token.

"Whence bringest thou this?" she exclaimed.

"I may not say, fair lady; but I was to tell thee thou needest not fear, and that thou mightst do all they ask of thee."

"What, wed Edmund—say, does Edgar advise this?"

"Lady, I will tell thee, thou needest not fear any thing—go to the chapel—I may not say more, lest from any sudden fear thou shouldst reveal our plan: oh, if thou couldst but know how narrowly one watches over thee—if thou didst know all thou wouldst curse him.—Lady, lady," and he flung himself wildly on the earth, "tell me thou canst forgive me; but touch me not even with the hem of thy garment—it would be pollution."

"What meanest thou?" she exclaimed, "is there more sorrow in store for me? Oh! my brain burns—I sometimes fancy my senses are leaving me—speak, speak."

"Elizabeth Valois, dost thou not know the Earl of Mearns? He who once swore to love thee so well—oh! that he had loved thine—I murdered him thou didst in thy young heart worship. Duncan fell by this hand." A mist gathered round her eyes, and she muttered she feared she could never forgive him, but he was gone; and, scarcely sane, she retraced her steps to her room. Thence she went immediately to the hall, and consented to become the wife of Edmund, though her very heart sickened with fear lest Edgar's plan should fail in its execution; and then they insisted on the ceremony being performed at midnight. Edmund led her back to her room, it might almost be said he bore her thither, for her feet refused their accustomed office. "Farewell, my own!" he exclaimed passionately, imprinting a kiss on her severed lips. "Farewell, but only for a few short hours;" but those hours were fraught with the very



depth of bitterness, though Edmund took care she should not alter her determination; he sent thither whole families, Saxon as well as Norman, that they might thank and bless her. "Leave me, leave me," she exclaimed, as they pressed around her, "I know all you would say; and, God knows, I have need to be alone with him."

Midnight came; Edmund was at her side to lead her to the chapel where the priest awaited them; all the brave and noble from the Norman race were ranged in lines from the altar: Donald Bane took her cold hand, and passed it within that of Edmund. All started, for they fancied they heard a rustling without. "It was nothing," exclaimed Donald, "but we will secure the door;" and he hasted towards it for that purpose. "Never! while this accursed wooing proceeds," exclaimed the voice of Edgar, as he rushed in at the entrance, followed by a whole army of English soldiers. Elizabeth flew from Edmund's hated grasp, and clung round Edgar's neck: Donald Bane, and Edmund, knew well that resistance was useless—they were instantly bound and borne away to prison. The Norman Knights welcomed the English soldiers on learning they were come to make them free to live where they would. One and all hailed Edgar king; but suddenly all

was silence, for the Earl of Mearns was kneeling before Elizabeth confessing his treachery towards Duncan; and telling her how he had, since, watched over her, informing Edgar of every passing event. "Yet, lady, I knew that to thy pure spirit the very knowledge that he who murdered *him* was near thee, would have marred all this brave youth hath done to save thee; and to him this confession is new, for I well know he would not have trusted Duncan's bitterest foe to watch over thee, though none would have done so more jealously."

"Mearns," murmured the statue-like Elizabeth, "God knows how much I need forgiveness—I forgive thee," and she sank to the earth: Edgar knelt and raised her head on his knee—but her spirit had flown to its haven—her soul was with her Maker. Hardy as were the frames of the Norman and English knights, they disdained not to shed tears—those glorious evidences of a softened spirit.

History tells us that Edgar displayed a cruel disposition in having the eyes of his uncle put out; and that Edmund, in token of his penitence for accelerating the murder of Duncan, ordered the fetters he had worn in his dungeon to be buried with him.

E. A. I.

*Clapham, Nov. 4, 1830.*

## THE GOLD CROSS.

It was late one cold and stormy evening in Autumn that a traveller, plainly dressed, and of middle age, entered a little village of Flanders. It was not sufficiently wealthy to be possessed of a comfortable inn, and after reconnoitering the miserable auberge, the pedestrian, who had left his carriage to explore the interesting scenery, resolved to seek in some one of the cottages the blessings of neatness and quiet. He passed several whose noisy children or smoking men did not coincide with his wishes, till the appearance of a small abode struck him with an aspect of comfort superior to any he had beheld. The little garden was kept in neat order, and looking through the casement, he contemplated, unobserved, a

scene which charmed a lover of nature. The wood fire blazed brightly, and cast its strong glare on the features of an old woman occupied in knitting. On the other side of the fire-place its light fell with a softer lustre on the profile of a young girl, who appeared to be making lace. She was dressed in the costume of the country, and one of its most becoming ones. The crown of her cap, whose material was of a snowy whiteness, was moderately high, and the front, placed rather far back, revealed her lovely brow, and the dark chestnut locks parted simply on it. Her features were regular and soft; her long black eye-lashes, deep eye-lids, and the pale pure expression of her face, might have formed a model for a Ma-

donna, till she raised her bright blue eyes, speaking the simplicity and hilarity of her age; and her lips parted in a sweet and lively smile. Her form, laced in the picturesque corset, and shaded by her lawn handkerchief, had all the graces of youth, and more than are generally found in a peasant. The unseen spectator resolved here to seek hospitality. He knocked gently at the door, and the young maiden, with the fearlessness which marks the primitive manners of a retired place, came and opened it. "Will you ask your mother," said the Count de Larive, "to admit a strange gentleman to a night's lodging if she has a spare bed? I am much fatigued, and should prefer your quiet cottage to the bustle of an inn."—"Willingly," said the girl; and having mentioned to the old woman this request, she arose and advanced towards him, when he perceived she was not so old as he had thought before; and after a few courteous inquiries frankly admitted the Count, who had no motive to conceal his name, to the hospitality he needed. Having divested himself of his travelling pelisse, he appeared to Madame Surville, who was not quite a stranger to the aspect of genteel persons, what he really was, a high-bred gentleman, and, as such, very easy and affable. "I fear, Sir," said she, "we have not a supper to offer fit for you—some dried fish, fresh eggs, and bread, are all our cottage can afford, but my daughter will prepare them neatly and expeditiously."—"Good fare, Madame, for a tired traveller," said the Count, who was surprised at her civilized manners, "and I shall be glad to partake of any thing prepared by so charming a child as your daughter!" The Count's age and that of the young girl, scarcely seventeen, rendered this compliment excuseable, and the mother took it in good part. "Yes," said she, "Rosalie is worthy of praise, for she is a good girl, and, since my poor husband died, my only consolation."—"You are a widow then?" observed the Count.—"Yes, Sir, several years; but I endeavour to be resigned to the will of Providence, for her affection supports me; for," added she, observing Rosalie was busy in hospitable arrangements at the other end of the apartment, "she will not marry, though she has a very good

offer from a respectable man, the baillie here, who has been very kind to us, out of pure friendship, as we thought at first, though it seems he wished to gain her for a wife; but he has not sufficient means to maintain me too, and Rosalie declares she will not leave me, as, from a paralytic weakness in my hands, I am unfit for much work."

The Count was interested by this little narrative; and as supper was placed by the white hands of Rosalie (for they were white and small), with a neatness delightful even to a fastidious eye, and as he gazed on her delicate and peculiar style of beauty, he thought her the pearl of cottage maidens. He had cares of his own which rendered his cheek pale and his eye thoughtful, but his rustic companions were struck with his fine and gentle countenance. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Madame Surville, "for looking at you so attentively, but I surely have seen one who strongly resembled you, though I cannot recal where." Then after a pause, she suddenly, and as if involuntarily, added—"Ah! now I remember!" But she stopped suddenly, and changed colour. The Count deemed that she recalled some painful recollections, and to divert the conversation, while he partook cheerfully of his simple repast—"Who plays on that instrument?" inquired he, pointing to a guitar which hung near.—"My daughter," answered Madame de Surville; "and if you please, Sir, she shall sing you the Evening Hymn as you finish your supper."—"I should be gratified indeed." The obliging Rosalie, who had scarcely spoken, instantly fetched her guitar; and though a faint blush streaked her fair cheek, sang, in a sweet but untaught voice, this

#### EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"See! Evening sinks o'er hill and bower,  
Ave Maria! hear our pray'r,  
Pure as the dew-drop on the flower—  
As free from guilt, as free from care,  
May we thy guardian influence share.

"See! Winter's Evening sets serene,  
Ave Maria! hear our pray'r;  
The snows that shine so dazzling sheen,  
May not with Virtue's robe compare—  
This spotless vesture let us wear!"

As Rosalie concluded, the Count observed her take what he thought a small cross

from her bosom, and kiss it with much devotion. She then rose, and, hanging up her guitar, approached her mother, and tenderly embracing her, said she would go and prepare the gentleman's apartment, and afterwards retire to rest. Her manner in saying this, and the modest curtsy with which she departed, delighted the Count. How superior, thought he, is this simple maiden to most of our Paris Demoiselles. How soon a dancing-master and affectation would spoil that native elegance—yet how rare to find it in a cottage. "You are then Catholics?" said he, turning to Madame de Surville.—"My dear Rosalie is, Sir, but I myself am a Protestant."—"That is rather surprising!" said the Count, almost unconsciously.—His hostess sighed. "Yes!" said she, "there is a good deal extraordinary in the events of my life, though they have been few and drawing to a close; for I am weakened by sorrow more than by age, and all that grieves me is to think I must leave my poor girl unprovided for."—"Have you no friends here?" asked her pitying auditor.—"Scarcely any, Sir; for I have not been in this place many years. The baillie, indeed, professes love for Rosalie, but he is a widower, with children, and it is said he was not kind to his first wife. I should be loth to leave one so gentle to such protection."—"True, indeed," said the Count, "she is a most interesting girl, and, from your account, very amiable. I wish I could befriend her. I have a wife, a most excellent woman, who will arrive here probably to-morrow in our carriage. I think she will be extremely pleased with your Rosalie."—"Any one might be pleased with her, though I say it who ought not, yet who has more right? She works day and night for my support, delicate as she has always been, and will work for the poor too, when she can do nothing else for them; but I must trust to Providence, who knows her virtues, to reward them!"—"All you have said," replied the Count, "has excited in me much interest, and a desire to be of service to you both. I am rich, and have, alas! little else to do with my wealth than to make others happy. If you would confide to me, although a stranger, something of your situation, and,

if it should be necessary, those peculiar circumstances to which you alluded, if my power and good-will could assist you I should be inclined to offer both."—"You are very kind, Sir; and there is something in your features," added she, with a sigh, "which almost makes me think I ought to confide in you, for in this lone place such an opportunity may never occur again of making a friend for my poor Rosalie. I am sure I may trust to your honour never to reveal those parts of my story I wish to remain secret, and which will still further affect your feelings for this excellent girl."—"Believe me," said the Count, "as no idle curiosity, but a sincere wish to serve you, prompts my request, so with me your confidence will be sacred." The good woman mused a little, wiped away some tears, and drawing her chair close to the fire, began her narrative in these terms:—

"I will commence my tale at that period of my life which found me happy in the possession of all the moderate comforts of life, and still more so in the affection of an excellent husband, who owned a small competence, which, with his own industry and mine, sufficed our moderate wishes. We dwelt in a town of France, the name of which I need not mention. My husband was engaged abroad most of the day by his occupations, and my time was fully employed in superintending a school of young girls, the children of respectable, though not opulent parents, whom I instructed in the first rudiments of education. I may say with truth no couple bore a better character than ourselves, and my few scholars (for I would not increase the number) were reckoned the best behaved, the healthiest, and most happy of all the daughters of our neighbours. It happened one evening, when they were all departed, and I was quite alone, my husband being detained later than usual, a sudden ring at the bell startled me, for my visitors were few and rare. Having but one servant I went to the door myself, and was not a little surprised to see a lady of most noble appearance, well dressed, and leading a little girl, who appeared about three years old." At this part of the narrative her auditor suddenly started. The good wo-

man observed him not, but continued absorbed in recollection. "You may guess I made my best curtesy, not being used to see such fine ladies in our town, and civilly inquired what business she would honour me with.—'Allow me,' said she, 'to speak to you a few moments alone in your parlour.'—Though surprised, I of course assented, and led the way to an apartment I kept to see any one who might call and wish to speak with me apart from my scholars. When I had offered the lady a chair she sat down, indeed she seemed scarcely able to stand, and, to my wonderment, began to be much agitated, and wept bitterly: for, though her veil covered her countenance, I could hear her violent sobs. At last she spoke.—'Excuse me, Madam,' said she; 'I am a mother, and my object here is to part with my little girl. Is the number of your scholars full?'—Quite struck at the question from a lady of her consequence, I replied it was; and though honoured by her commands, I felt myself quite unequal to the task of bringing up a young lady who appeared of such high birth. At this my mysterious visitor seemed more distressed. At length, raising her veil, she discovered to my view a countenance I shall never forget—all my life will its surpassing beauty and sweetness be as it were imprinted on my very heart.—'Madam!' said she, 'this is not what I meant to say; I have heard, from those who know you, of your extreme goodness of heart, your gentleness, your humanity to children. Unhappy circumstances, which I cannot explain, force me to join my husband, and leave our only child behind me. I have, alas! no friends to confide her to—but the good are all friends; those who act on the divine precepts of Christianity never can be strangers. I have the means amply, liberally to recompense your care of her; but to the kindness, the uprightness of your character, I trust, not to wish to penetrate the mystery which must, alas! envelope an unfortunate wife forced to choose between the father and the child. Oh, Madam,' she exclaimed, 'I am sure you feel for a distracted mother; do not refuse my request! let me have the only consolation I can know in quitting this innocent, tender from her age and her sex—of leaving

her with a worthy woman, one who fears God, and who will therefore perform her duty to my child. I care not for accomplishments—teach her to be good and happy like yourself; judge by these tears whether I can covet external advantages for her when they have rendered her mother so unhappy.'—Seeing, by my silence, at once my emotion and indecision, the lady placed on the table a heavy purse of gold.—'This,' said she, 'is to pay the first year of her charge—a similar sum annually shall be transmitted till the happy period when I may hope to claim her again.'—'Madam,' said I, 'suffer me to inform my husband.'—'No,' replied she; 'hesitate not, pause not to do a good action—your heart tells you it is right. I swear before the awful Power, to whose protection I confide my child, I have told you the truth—more I cannot add. You shall hear from me. Accept this precious deposit,' said she, looking at her lovely little girl, who smiled unconscious in her face; 'by so doing, you will save a mother from despair—you will perform a deed which will sweeten your last moments, and no possible harm, but great benefit, may accrue to you and and your's.'—Then, before I could prevent her, she threw herself on her knees before me—she seized my hand, put into it the trembling one of the little girl, and was gone ere I had recovered from the stupor of surprise." The good woman paused, much affected by her interesting account: for so it seemed by the sympathy of her auditor, whose deep-drawn sighs and pale cheeks now drew her attention. "Proceed, I entreat you, Madam!" said he in a faint but eager voice, "I have been a father, and your relation affects me." Madame Surville bowed, and continued. "I will not dwell on my astonishment, or that of my husband, who was somewhat displeased at the transaction, as, he said, no good could come from such mystery; but the sweet countenance of the little girl, and her grief for the absence of her mother, endeared her to me, and I tried every means to console her. She had a little basket in her hand, containing a few plain but costly articles of clothing. We were most perplexed as to what religion we should bring her up in, being ourselves Pro-

testants, though in a Catholic country. We had also some difficulty in accounting to our neighbours for this sudden increase of our family. As for making inquiries in the hope to discover more of the child's parents, we thought it both right and prudent to abstain. The little dear had received a severe and effectual caution herself against answering my questions; nor did there seem much to tell, but that she lived very retired in a small cottage, with her mother and an old lady, who was now dead. However, some of our doubts were ended in a few weeks, by the arrival of a packet containing more money, a letter, and some presents for the child. The letter was short—it thanked us in the name of two unfortunate parents for undertaking so important a charge, committing her, with the strongest entreaties, to our tender care, and assuring us we should be remunerated beyond our utmost expectations. One of the presents was a gold cross, which, by her mother's desire, has never since quitted Rosalie's neck; she kisses it night and morning, and it is doubly the object of her devotion. We were told in the letter, 'her family's religion was Catholic, and earnestly requested to bring her up in the same,' which injunction we have conscientiously followed. The other present was a miniature picture of a gentleman in uniform, whom we supposed her father: but this we were enjoined not to shew her yet, as likely to raise too strong emotions in her young mind of wonder and regret, but to endeavour to reconcile her to her situation, and bring her up at once with care and simplicity. Many a tear have I shed over the letter which breathed a mother's love in every line—and that picture, so noble, so manly. Excuse me, Sir, but I thought just now at supper it had some resemblance to yourself.—“Have you still that picture, and will you let me see it?” asked the stranger, in a hollow voice.—“Why, yes, Sir; it is so long ago, no harm can, I hope, come from shewing it to a gentleman like you.” The good woman rose, unlocked a small closet near the fireplace, took out a little casket, and applying her finger to the spring, opened it, and discovered a miniature and a letter. She gave the Count both. He seized, and eagerly looked at the writing of the

letter, and it dropped from his nerveless hand; then throwing himself into a chair, he covered his eyes, as though too much agitated to contemplate the portrait.—“Dear Sir,” said the widow, “what moves you thus? Did you know our dear Rosalie's parents? Can you tell me where they are?”—The Count raised his face, and bringing the picture nearer the light, “Excellent woman!” said he, “in this behold the image of what I was fourteen years ago, ere the sorrow of parting from an only child withered my youthful bosom.” Struck to the heart, Madame de Surville first turned deadly pale, then directing her looks to heaven—“The Author of all Good be praised!” said she. “If I must lose my dear adopted daughter, I shall at least place her in the arms of her parents.”—“Lose her!” exclaimed the Count, seizing her hand. “No; you have been to her a mother too long to be less than a sister to me and my wife. With us and your dear Rosalie shall you end your life.”

Let us pass over, however, these emotions of the first moments of surprise. When both parties had a little recovered composure, the Count declared his resolution to restrain his impatience, and defer declaring his affinity to his new found treasure until the arrival of her mother, by which time Madame de Surville might have prepared Rosalie for the change. This worthy being could not repress her anxiety to be informed of the circumstances which had thus thrown his child on the protection of strangers. And as the Count felt it impossible for him to rest that night, he determined to satisfy her solicitude, though the relation would prove a severe trial to his own feelings.

“In me, my dear Madam!” said he, “you behold one of the sad examples of the misery arising from ungoverned passions acting on an originally good heart, but unregulated by principle. I was born to all the advantages of rank and luxury, the only and adored son of my father (for my poor mother died in my infancy, or her tender care might have softened my defects). Indulged, flattered, caressed, I became headstrong and impatient of control. My father, accustomed to gratify my boyish wishes, never reflected that a day might arrive when they would interfere with his own sentiments. With the same

want of foresight he had brought up with me a female orphan, rather younger than myself, a distant relation of our family, and who being without fortune, was indebted to my father for an honourable education. Emilie de la Tour was—alas! I need not say what—for you beheld her the unfortunate mother of Rosalie—when in the prime of her beauty, matchless as it was, ere grief had tarnished its splendour. To her extraordinary charms she joined sweetness, wit, and accomplishments. Yet my father never appeared to suspect it was impossible for me daily to behold without loving her. Her education, like my own, had been imperfect, and her feelings were strong though amiable. Neither of us seemed sensible that we had no right to dispose of our hearts and hands without consulting those who had a claim to our confidence. To shorten my painful tale, our mutual but innocent attachment was discovered by my father. Never shall I forget his displeasure—the thought of his son, the heir to all his honours, marrying a portionless orphan, seemed almost to drive him to madness. My poor Emilie was hurried away without my knowledge to a distant part of France, to stay with an old aunt previous to being immured in a convent. By extraordinary exertions I discovered her retreat, and managed secretly to correspond with the idol of my soul. My father was pacified by her absence, and all might yet have been well, had not he unhappily proposed to me an immediate and illustrious marriage with another. Distracted at the bare idea, I however dissembled, but it was only to execute a plan which would render it for ever impossible for me to marry any one but Emilie. By the plausible excuse of joining my regiment, I hurried to her, and thought myself the happiest of human beings when I had, by entreaties, and almost threats of ending my existence, prevailed upon her to consent to a private marriage, which I procured to be solemnized. I afterwards returned to my father, while she continued with her aunt. What was my remorse for this hasty step, when, on my return, some disagreement between the two families had for ever broken off the dreaded match! Yet was Emilie mine. We had won over her aunt

to conceal our imprudence, and, through her contrivance, we enjoyed many stolen hours of each other's society, though empoisoned by conscious duplicity and disobedience to a parent. But when I became the father of a sweet little girl, my sensations were the most poignant—every smile of her's was a dagger to my heart, and seemed to reproach me with my deceit towards the author of my days. But my earthly punishment was to come. I adored my wife and child. In their caresses I tasted the only alleviation of my misery, when a sudden order of my regiment to a foreign and most unhealthy climate imposed on me the dreadful necessity of parting with all I loved—for to ask my wife to leave her Rosalie, or take her to those pestilential shores, was impossible. My aged, my injured father, too, I was forced to abandon, and this seemed to my repentant heart the severest stroke of all—for never might I again behold him—never make reparation for the days my unhappy passion had embittered. Thank Heaven! for his own peace, he knew not all my guilt—as for mine it seemed gone for ever. One consolation remained, I left my beloved and her child in the care of her excellent aunt, and this a little reconciled me to my hurried departure, not even allowing me to breathe a painful adieu! What then were my feelings on learning by a letter that Emilie's aunt lay a corpse! Deprived of her only friend in her own country, she was determined to seek her sole protection in my arms, to share my dangers, and at least die together. Yet to expose her child's tender age to the same dangers, was more than the heart of a mother could resolve. She happened to be well acquainted with one of your little pupils; had heard of your extreme kindness—the good character of your husband—and knowing no one else in whom she could confide, and the town where you lived being not more than ten miles from her abode, she formed the wild plan of trusting her Rosalie to a good and benevolent stranger. Heaven has blessed her intention, and it will reward your fidelity. Let me briefly pass over the long, sad years we spent abroad. My regiment was ordered home, and I returned with the resolution of throwing myself at my

father's feet, and confessing all, and entreating his forgiveness. Alas! I found him no more. With his dying breath he blessed my filial duty; and, at that awful moment, remembering the virtues of my Emilie, and believing her yet single, he left his consent to our union. My sorrow, and the deep repentance that accompanied it, I cannot describe—my health, impaired by the climate, quite gave way. On my recovery from a severe fever, my first proposal was to set out immediately to claim that beloved child, who was the only tie we now possessed in our country. Alas! how inestimably dear. Think then of the feelings of her doating mother, already faded by premature cares and regret—think of the anguish, of the remorse that rent my heart, when on reaching the little town you had inhabited, our utmost endeavours could find no trace of you. Three tedious years have been consumed in almost hopeless travelling through France and the neighbouring countries in search of our lost treasure. And now, when my Emilie's pale cheek and sunken eye tells the tale of hope deferred, when my spirits are so worn by disappointment as scarcely to be able to cheer her's, Heaven, which has doubtless chastised us in its mercy, relents, and permits two erring, but sincerely penitent beings to clasp to their bosom the pledge of early, sad, but misguided affection." The Count ceased, much affected, and evidently unable to continue.—"It is for me, dearest Sir," said Madame de Surville, "to fill up the blank in your narration, and account for the mysterious disappearance of my little family.

"During a period of ten years we regularly received your munificent allowance for the care of Rosalie. The last year of our remaining at F——, whether in consequence of the approaching removal of your regiment, or what cause, you may perhaps explain, none reached us. It was indeed a year of calamity. I have mentioned our being Protestants, and we were now to find that to live in our own country and profess that religion was impossible. My scholars first dropped off; my husband's employment was taken from him: we underwent numerous persecutions; and at last had cause to think our liberty, if not our lives,

in imminent danger. It was then we reaped the benefit of your generosity—the sums you had transmitted we had partly saved, intending them as a little resource for the dear girl in case of our death. Necessity was urgent. We had, thanks to this store, the means of flight, but to do so with safety, it was necessary to leave no trace of our steps. This we felt very distressing on your account, but less so as not having heard for nearly two years, we feared you were no more. Our place of retreat was this village, where we should have lived comfortably but for the villany of an agent who robbed us of most of our treasure. My poor husband is gone, and I had no consolation left but the goodness of my adopted child, and the sweet thought, that should you ever claim her, she would be found in beauty, innocence, and virtue, worthy of any rank."

The evening following that which witnessed the arrival of the Count as a solitary traveller to ask the hospitality of Madame de Surville's hearth, that hearth again blazed as brightly, but no longer were two figures alone seated beside it. Next to his adored daughter sat the Count de Larive: she still wore the peasant's cap and simple boddice, but her cheek was bright with a joy it had never known before, and her eyes sparkled with an almost heavenly radiance as she leaned on her fond father's shoulder, and playfully held up to him to kiss the gold cross, which had never been absent from her bosom since in childhood he had placed it there; and it had every day and night received the kisses of filial affection when the dear donors were unknown. Opposite them was the beautiful though faded form of the enraptured Emilie; as she gazed on the beloved pair, and shewing Madame de Surville the well-known picture of her husband, now changed, but more endeared by time and sorrow. She dropped a tear on the ivory to the remembrance of past errors and trials, but a smile beamed around her lip which told of hopes of Heaven's forgiveness; and she felt its cheering influence confirmed as she saw her husband reverentially kiss the, to them sacred, symbol of the GOLD CROSS.

FLORENCE.

## THE NUPTIALS.

“ ————— Come, sweetest, come !  
 The holy vow shall tremble on thy lip,  
 And at God's blessed altar shalt thou kneel  
 So meek and beautiful, that men will deem  
 Some angel there doth pray.”

It was the eve of May, the eve too, that was to celebrate the bridal of an only sister to wealth, nobility, and virtue. All, to the eye of the superficial observer, wore the aspect of happiness unalloyed, of joy, and earnest congratulation; but to me, who had read that sister's heart, perhaps, ere she had read her own, it was alike indifferent that I beheld the coronet in perspective, or reflected on the distinguished alliance which would elevate my Georgiana to a station she was so well calculated to adorn.

The morning at length dawned; the sun rose splendidly, and was soaring in a sky unchequered by a cloud; the birds were singing cheerfully, as sporting gracefully amidst the clustering foliage of ivy, jessamine, and woodbine, that shaded the window of our apartment, they seemed in chorus to hail the bride elect, with blessings the most auspicious; while beneath, earth's surface presented a scene at once animated and beautiful, flowers of variegated hue, and the richest tints, adorned the *parterre*, shedding a fragrance alike sweet and refreshing. At any other period, I should have regarded a scene so radiant in grace and beauty, with sensations of delight; but the thought of her who was on the point of sacrificing her felicity at the shrine of filial duty and affection intervened, and occupied my mind with ideas equally painful and anxious in their nature.

That Georgiana was on the point of resigning her hand, while her heart was the possession of another, I could not doubt; for often had I noted the glistening eye, the deep suffusion, and tremulous tone of her voice, when the name of Arthur Clanronald was announced;—of him, who had been the playmate of our childhood, the friend and intellectual companion of our riper years. I knew, too, she was dear, far dearer to the heart of Clanronald; but the smallness of his patrimony forbade the

disclosure of his affection, and apprehensive lest his love should overcome the dictates of prudence, he retired suddenly to a distant part of the country, there to live on the wreck of a once noble fortune, bequeathed by a generous but too prodigal sire. Forsaken by her once-valued friend, left in doubt as to the reality of his sentiments, Georgiana's pride took alarm; she avoided not only the mention of his name, but all subjects that in the slightest degree had reference to it.

While my sister, with the native delicacy of her character, was thus shrinking from the contemplation of her own pure heart, burying in its inmost recesses her heaven-born affection, our father received a visit from Lord Clanronald, a distant relative of Arthur's, whose heir he was, on the event of the death of an only son of very precarious health.

Evil was the hour that welcomed Lord Clanronald to the roof of my father, who having engaged in a variety of speculations, hazardous in their nature, found himself, when least expected, involved in difficulties, and reduced from the most affluent circumstances, to a state of comparative insignificance and want. In an agony of mind not to be described, he sought the confidence of his friend. That nobleman, with all the generosity of his nature, instantly offered such security as my revered parent might require to sustain his falling credit; and to relieve his mind from the weight of obligation conferred, demanded the hand of his fair Georgiana, as the noblest acknowledgment he could receive. It was not in the heart of my sister to refuse the tender of a hand that had snatched her father, the being she loved and venerated, from inevitable ruin. Her tears and silence were construed into an expression of grateful consent; and though she felt her anticipated marriage must seal her own wretchedness, she endeavoured to conceal the



emotions of her suffering spirit under the assumed guise of a smiling and cheerful exterior.

Than on that morning, never had I observed Georgiana in more fervent prayer to Him, from whom alone she could derive consolation and support. Rising, she threw her arms around me, saying, "The society of Amy, my sister, was ever wont to afford me pleasure, but forbear to question as to the splendid misery that now awaits, to some, the envied Georgiana. I would be happy, calm, and collected; and shall I not be so," she added, the tears rushing into her eyes, as she spoke, "when my trust is in God?"

Reckless of the splendid paraphernalia in which she was arrayed, I conducted her to our father, who prayed Heaven's choicest blessings might be showered on the head of his duteous child, and whispered, as he regarded her pale countenance, that even at the last, she must make no painful sacrifices on his account. Georgiana replied not. Her heart was too full, but her look convinced him she was resolved on becoming what in gratitude and duty she owed to him who was shortly to become her husband.

My thoughts and gloomy apprehensions were shortly arrested by the arrival of the carriages destined to convey the bride and her attendants to the village church. There we were met by Lord Clanronald, who received his trembling bride from the hands of her father. Leading her to the feet of the altar he cast a lingering glance towards the vestry door; it opened, and to my extreme surprise, Arthur Clanronald himself stepped forth. It seemed an illusion; yet I could not doubt his personal identity, as my gaze was riveted on his noble, his happy countenance. What could this mean? Was he about to become the bridegroom of the unconscious Georgiana, who saw him not? He was, indeed! Already had he changed places with his Lordship, whose hand he appeared to press with grateful emotion;

and now that the sacred ceremony was on the point of commencing, I could no longer withhold the sentiments of joy, of curiosity, that transported me for the moment beyond all sense of decorum, as grasping the parental arm, I required an explanation of what to me appeared a visionary scene of passing bliss.

"Hereafter, my child, you shall know more," replied my father, in an undertone; "suffice it to add, I had read the heart of our Georgiana, had extorted in part her long-cherished secret; and, apprehensive lest her gratitude and filial piety would not hesitate to sacrifice her best affections, Lord Clanronald and I have preconceived this scheme to render the dear girl happy in our own way; and you now behold that deserving young man sole heir of his Lordship's large possessions. Lord Clanronald having sustained a severe domestic affliction in the loss of his only son; and it was only to witness the happiness of my child, that he has now quitted the house of mourning."

Delightful were the sensations that now thrilled in my heart; and ardently did I long, as the faint responses of poor Georgiana smote on my ear, for the conclusion of a ceremony that was to restore her to happiness, joy, and love.

It was over; and Arthur, with gentle hand, had raised the veil of his sweet bride—had whispered, what to Georgiana alone was heard. Wild was the glance that darted momentarily on the face of Clanronald, as, giving one scream of joyful recognition, she sank into arms open to receive her. But the surprise, which had been intended as her sweetest reward, had nearly proved fatal in its consequences. Her delicate frame, and anguished spirit, were ill able to cope with feelings equally violent and opposite in their nature; and long, very long was it, ere our united efforts could awaken the unconscious bride to a sense of the happiness that awaited her.

A. S.

## Original Poetry.

## THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

## ADDRESSED TO MARY.

By H. C. Deakin, Esq., Author of "*Portraits of the Dead*," "*The Deliverance of Switzerland*," &c.

THE sun is slumbering in the west,  
Hushed is the zephyr's silken sound,  
The clouds, like Cytheræa's breast,  
With panting bosoms blush around;  
The zenith star is burning bright  
Upon the twilight's dreamy brow;  
O, Spirit of Beauty and delight,  
Where—where art thou?

I hear thy sweet sighs overhead  
Thy vesper murmurs steal along,  
Thy incense all around is shed,  
And Heaven's harmonious with thy song.  
Closed are the coy cups of the flowers,  
Their golden urns before thee bow,  
Light of the blossomy dells and bowers,  
Where—where art thou?

Murmurs above, beneath me move,  
The orisons of Heaven and earth,  
Cull'd are the whispers of the grove  
That erst had rung with sounds of mirth:  
The silvery, lapsing river flows  
Silent as lover's tranced vow;  
Oh! midst this luscious, chaste repose,  
Where—where art thou?

O, where art thou? through vale and wood,  
O'er mountain and the dewy plain;  
And by the star-fringed lute-note flood  
I've sought thee, spirit! and sought in vain.  
Yet lured and led by thee, I fly  
By haunted glen and tangled bough,  
Seduced by Hope's alluring sigh;  
But, where art thou?

My brain "with hollow murmurs rings,"  
My heart is warmed by more than fire,  
My spirit like a sky-bird springs  
Heavenwards to quench its fierce desire.  
O, where art thou—sought, sought so long,  
Worship'd till madness palls my brow,  
By the deep passion of my song,  
Where—where art thou?

Up—from my unfathom'd breast,  
My heart leaps like a wild steed forth,  
And radiant as a vision blest,  
A spirit rises from the earth.  
O, sweet Evangelist! at last  
Long worship'd, do I see thee bow!  
Oh! by the madness of my past,  
I have thee now!

I hold thee in my panting heart,  
As cherished as was Judah's shrine;  
Whate'er thou hast been—still thou art  
Lovely—yea lovelier, for thou'rt mine!  
Beautiful vision! Imaged form!  
Lured from the cynosure of feeling,  
Love's own pure likeness—too, too warm  
For words' revealing.

Spirit of Beauty! like a bird  
Thou flutterest in my throbbing breast,  
Within my heart thy voice is heard,  
Thy voice! that warbles like the blest.  
Ah! shall my trembling lip unfold  
Thy name! will envy this allow?  
Voice of my bliss! be not so bold;  
Not now—not now!

## SONGS OF THE MUSES.

## No. III.

## EUTERPE'S SONG.

MINE are the strains to waken  
Inspirings from the heart,  
To conjure hopes and fears,  
Or bid them each depart;  
Those sounds are mine which murmur  
From out the fountain's side;  
A spirit's mirth as holy  
And pleasant as a bride.

The music of the night,  
When all is hushed in sleep—  
The moaning o'er the waters—  
The voices from the deep—  
Are mine—there's not a sound  
That passes o'er the earth,  
With strains of glowing beauty,  
But from my fount hath birth.

Holloway.

J. F.

## LOST LOVE.

By Henry Bradfield, Author of "*The Atheist's Maid*," &c.

"Oh! I do love!—Mc thinks  
This word of love is fit for all the world,  
And that for gentler hearts, another name  
Should speak of gentler thoughts than the world  
owns."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

It is the stilly hour of night! I hear  
A voice whose tone is music to my heart;  
Now it hath died away, now softly clear  
It would an air of silent grief impart:  
So sad, so mournful, yet so sweet its strain,  
That I could gladly hear that voice again.

Like the calm echo of some wood-nymph's lay.

Or the glad murmurs of the cushat dove;  
It comes, and steals my breath in sighs away!

Oh! what is sweeter than the tale of love?  
Of fond enduring love! when we are young,  
Ere on our being's light the cloud of grief is flung.

Oh love! without thee, life were sad indeed,  
And man would here as in a desert dwell;  
And yet thou causest many a heart to bleed  
With inward, bitter pangs, which nought may quell:

Thy power scorcheth where it may not heal  
The wounded breast—when we too keenly feel.

Thou art a very torture and a bliss!  
One moment thou dost lure us to delight;  
Beguiling with the sweetness of thy kiss.

Anon, thou comest as a withering blight,  
Stealing like poison through the enamoured heart,

To win and to destroy with thy all-piercing dart!

That voice is hushed, and all around is still,  
Calm as the twilight hour in eastern clime!  
The starry hosts of Heaven, o'er vale and hill,

Are shining forth in beauty! Hoary Time  
Glides on apace; though all be hushed in sleep,

Yet doth his scythe an ample harvest reap.

That voice is still! that voice which sang of love!

Whose cadence fell so sadly on the ear;  
Perchance the minstrel 'gainst affliction strove,

Perchance she mourned a lover false—yet dear!

For woman's heart will blindly, fondly beat,  
Whome'er it sighs for, deeming its thralldom sweet.

Inconstant man! couldst thou but only know

The fond intensity of woman's love!  
Could thy proud heart but feel the speechless woe

Of its too deep endurance—thou wouldst prove

More faithful in thy passion, and wouldst deem

Her love of heavenly birth—thine own—a fitful dream.

That voice is hushed—she breathes no more in song—

May angels guard thee in Elysian rest!  
May dreams of happier days thy sleep prolong,

And calm the anxious throbbings of thy breast!

For one so young, so beauteous as thou art,  
Should share with man, his pleasure and his heart.

#### MEMORY.

Come, Memory, come, let me ponder awhile,  
Though the dream be too blissful to last;  
For oh! 'tis so sweet a lorn hour to beguile,  
To brighten the wreath of one's woe with a smile,

Newly culled from the joys that are past.

Those joys they *are* past, but they leave no regret,

In the fair mould of innocence cast;  
And though the bright sun of their glory is set,

In life's dim horizon their memory yet  
Sheds a beam on the days that are past.

They are gone, they are fled like the wild flash of light,

Ere the thunder howls grim through the waste;

But the traveller still on that pitiless night,  
'Mid the tempest and storm's irresistible might,

Will remember the gleam that has past.

And still in life's wane, ere my care-stricken heart

Shall return to its long home at last,  
Will Memory ever its pleasure impart,  
By pointing, as Time's rapid moments depart,

To the joys of the days that are past.

J. S. C.

#### FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET me not! Forget me not!

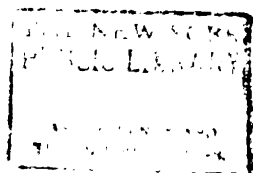
Whilst yet life's warmest pulses thrill,  
Or storm or sunshine be thy lot,  
Or weal, or woe, think of me still.

I would not ask a sweeter dream,

Than this to bless my minstrel lot,

'Twill shed o'er life one joyous beam,  
And whispering say "Forget me not!"

F. S. M.



London, Published by Whittaker & Co. in La Belle Assemblée, Pall Mall, 1891.

## Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1831.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

#### English fashions.

##### MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A GOWN of printed *gros de Naples*; the ground white, thickly strewn with light sprigs of flowers in different colours. *Corsage à la vierge*, finished round the top with a blue satin fold arranged *à revers*. The sleeves are very full at the upper part, but diminish gradually in width from the elbow to the wrist, where they are fastened close to the arm by two gold buttons. A blue satin *rouleau* borders the upper edge of the hem. The *canezou* is of white *reps Indienne*; the back sits close to the shape, the front is disposed in longitudinal folds. Square collar of a large size. Sleeve not so large as in general, terminating in a cuff, which forms four points. The hat is of straw-coloured satin, trimmed under the brim, on the left side, with a long white curled ostrich feather, which falls over it, and a knot of blue and white striped gauze ribbon at the base of the plume. Four ostrich feathers are arranged in a *bouquet* in front of the crown, and fall in different directions: one of them droops over the brim on the right side. The *ceinture* buckle and brooch are of massive gold.

##### DINNER DRESS.

A GOLD-coloured satin dress, the *corsage* cut extremely low and square; plain behind, but disposed in regular plaits in front; a double fold of the same material falls over the bust. The sleeves are excessively wide to the middle of the forepart of the arm, from thence to the wrist they sit quite close. A *ceinture* of *velours velouté*, rose colour edged with blue. A *chemisette* of white *tulle*, bordered by blond lace, and of a square form, rises sufficiently high round the bust, to shade it in a very delicate manner. The head-dress is a black velvet *béret*, finished on each side under the brim with knots of green ribbon.

No. 13.—Vol. XIII.

#### French fashions.

##### MORNING DRESS.

A DRESS of green *gros des Indes*, the *corsage* high behind, with a square falling collar, and crossing in folds before. The upper part of the sleeve is excessively large; it is arranged from the elbow to the wrist in three *bouffants* of different sizes. Two flounces put very close, so that the one falls over upon the other, go round the bottom of the skirt; the upper flounce is headed with a *ruche*. The hair is arranged in two soft and moderately-sized bows on the crown of the head; it is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in full clusters of curls at the sides. The bonnet is of canary yellow *peluche*, trimmed with *nœuds* of ribbon, striped blue, and a new shade of red intermixed with sprigs of myrtle. The scarf is *cache-mire*, brocaded and fringed at the ends.

##### EVENING DRESS.

A GOWN of *ponceau* velvet, *corsage à la Sévigné*; the back part of the bust is finished by a double fall of white blond lace, which is brought round the arm-hole in front, so as to form epaulettes. *Béret* sleeve, finished *en manchette* with blond lace. A bias band of the same material as the dress, cut in irregular *dents*, goes round the bottom of the skirt, and is surmounted by another, which is placed at some distance, and reaches as high as the knee. Blond lace *chemisette*. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in two plaited bands, arranged something in the style of a coronet on the crown of the head; knots of straw-coloured gauze ribbon, lightly striped with black, are inserted in this ornament; one is placed upright, the other on the left side. Gold ear-rings and brooch, pearl necklace.

WE sincerely regret that, without any fault of ours, a serious omission, and

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error in the description of our prints of the fashions, occurred last month, through the mistake of a person employed in the ornamental department of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. With regard to the omission, we have to observe, that our prints of English fashions were not described at all. With respect to the error, we beg our readers will substitute the words "French Fashions," for "English Fashions," under the "Explanation of the Prints of the Fashions," and read "lemon-colour," for "white *gros d'hiver*. The last evening dress, and the last morning dress, as they now stand, have no reference to our prints. We subjoin the description of the English fashions, which should have appeared at page 264 of our preceding volume.

#### MORNING DRESS.

A GOWN composed of *chaly*; the ground rose-colour striped in yellow, the stripes very lightly figured in dark green, the *corsage* half high; the sleeves à l'*Imbécile*, but the cuff something deeper than usual, and finished at the upper edge with a broad trimming of English lace. A *fichu canezou*, also of English lace, nearly covers the *corsage*: it is made *en cœur*, with two square falling collars. The apron is of bright green *gros de Naples*. The *coiffure* is of the half Chinese kind. The hair is combed entirely off the forehead, and disposed in plaited bands, which are wound round the summit of the head. A tortoise-shell comb with a very high gallery, and a sprig of roses complete the *coiffure*.

#### BALL DRESS.

A DRESS of white figured *gaze de soie* over white satin; the *corsage* cut low, the centre marked by a lavender satin *rouleau*. The sleeve consists of a triple fall of blond lace over a short *béret* sleeve of satin. A *bouquet* of half-blown roses adorns the left shoulder, and a bow of lavender-coloured gauze ribbon the right. The trimming of the skirt consists of a *rouleau* of lavender-coloured gauze ribbon placed a little below the knee, where it terminates in a full knot of ribbon, from which a *bouquet* of fancy flowers issues; *rouleaux*, arranged in the form of a fan, descend from the knot to the bottom of the skirt, which is also bordered by a *rouleau*: a *bouquet*, smaller than that which terminates the

*nœud*, is placed on one side of the fan-like ornament. The hair is dressed in loose ringlets, and low at the sides of the face, and in three round bows on the summit of the head. A *demie guirlande* of emerald green foliage goes round the base of two of the bows, and terminates with a *bouquet* of fancy flowers, corresponding with those in the dress, which is placed between the bows on the left side. Necklace and pearls.

### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

### FASHIONS AND DRESS.

HEALTH and fair greeting to our gentle subscribers! May every joyful hope the opening year brings to them be amply realized, and all their fears prove but "such stuff as dreams are made of." And lastly, as the crown of our good wishes to our fair youthful readers, may they from every festive scene graced by their presence

"Bring home hearts by dozens."

And in truth they are likely to have an opportunity of doing execution; for it is many years since there was so numerous an assemblage of people of fashion in London so early in the season.

Mantles continue to be very much worn in promenade dress, but we see also many ladies in *gros de Naples* pelisses. They are generally of dark colours, black ones are, we think, most numerous. They are made in a plain style, either without trimming, or else with a velvet collar and cuffs, and a band of velvet down the front: there is rarely any round the border. Shawls are sometimes worn with pelisses, but fur pelerines of a large size and with long ends, are most generally adopted. Muffs are indispensable in outdoor dress: we do not observe any alteration in their size since last winter. Sable preserves its superiority, but squirrel and chinchilla are worn by many elegant women.

Mantles are even more worn than last month in carriage dress; those of black or coloured velvet, with a cape as large as the Spanish cloak worn by the *belles* of our juvenile days, are very much in favour; they are fastened at the throat by

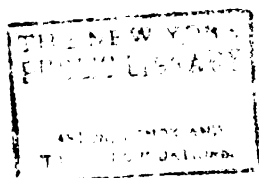




*Morning Dress.*

*Evening Dress.*





gold clasps, very richly wrought, and of a large size. Some resemble shells, others represent a shamrock: the workmanship of the latter is singularly beautiful.

We now see a great many mantles trimmed with fur. There are also several composed of *gros des Indes*, and of cachemire, very beautifully embroidered round the border; these are particularly adapted for public places. Perhaps the most chastely elegant of the latter, are those embroidered in a wreath, of foliage of various shades of green.

Pelisses, though less generally adopted than mantles in carriage dress, are nevertheless very fashionable; and, to use an old-fashioned word, comfortable for outdoor dress. Some of the most novel are fastened down the front by ornaments composed of the same material, which fasten with a gold clasp: these ornaments are of the butterfly form.

Hats and bonnets of the *capote* shape are nearly in equal favour in carriage dress, but we think the former rather predominate; those of black satin, the brims lined with black velvet, and trimmed underneath with rose-coloured ribbon, and the crowns simply trimmed with *coques* of black gauze ribbon on one side, are much worn in morning dress; the *brides* must be also of rose-coloured ribbon, with *mentonnières* in blond lace or net.

Those of coloured velvet are generally trimmed with feathers; some have a *nœud en chou* at the base of a plume of feathers, others have ornaments of cut ribbon, intermixed with the plumes: if the latter are white, tipped with the colour of the hat, the ribbons are figured or striped to correspond. We do not perceive any alteration in the brims of hats, but the crowns are either of a helmet shape, or resembling a cockle-shell.

The most fashionable *capotes* are of satin lined with black velvet. Those of light green, or Swedish blue, are most numerous; they are trimmed with black feathers and ribbons the colour of the bonnet, figured with black. *Capotes* have not increased in size, but we must declare *en conscience*, that we do not think they have diminished. If this fashion continue we would really suggest the propriety of building family coaches on a

larger scale; for, as carriages now are, we are afraid the *demoiselles* are very often obliged to remain at home for want of room to accompany their mamma.

Plain satin and *gros des Indes*, are the materials most in request in half dress. Some of these dresses are made half high with a collar of five points, one in the centre of the back is the deepest, the one next to it on the shoulder is smaller, and the third, which falls in front of the shoulder, smaller still. These collars are generally trimmed with broad black blond lace: if the cuff is pointed, it is edged with narrow blond lace; if not, it is finished with lace *en manchette*. Sometimes the front of the dress is trimmed in a scroll pattern with *rouleaux*; some also are adorned with bands cut in *pattes*, but a great many have no trimming.

One of the prettiest half dresses that we have seen is composed of green satin, the *corsage* made high behind, but very open on the bosom, large square collar, and lappels of green velvet, a shade darker than the dress, and cut round in sharp *dents*, which are edged with rich but very narrow black blond lace, set on almost plain. The sleeve is very wide at the top, but becomes gradually narrower at the lower part of the arm, so as to sit quite close at the wrist. Velvet cuff, cut and trimmed at the upper edge to correspond with the *corsage*. The trimming of the skirt consisted of a broad band of velvet, cut at the upper edge in the form of oak leaves; the leaves in a *bias* direction, much larger than the natural size, and nearly half a quarter of a yard distant from each other; each of the leaves cut round in *dents*, which are edged with blond lace to correspond with the *corsage*.

Caps are much worn in half dress; some, composed of English thread lace, others of blond. They are smaller than they have been during some months past; the trimming of some of the former falls partially over the face on the left side, and turns back on the right where it is much broader. The crown is adorned with lace draperies in a rich but heavy style; knots formed of ends of cut ribbons of different colours, are generally employed to trim these caps.

Some caps are composed entirely of a net work of ribbons, formed into different

shapes by a light wire. They are adorned in front with knots of ribbon, so arranged as to supply the place of trimming; the *brides*, also of ribbon, tie in full bows and ends under the chin.

One of the most elegant novelties of the month in evening dress, is a white crape gown, with a *corsage uni*, trimmed in the mantilla style with very broad blond lace. The skirt is trimmed above the knee with a wreath of velvet foliage in various shades of green, each leaf edged with very narrow gold cord. We have seen also on blue, and rose-coloured crape dresses, trimmings in white velvet similar to the one we have described, which had a very beautiful effect.

White watered silk is coming much into favour in evening dress. We have seen some of these dresses, the busts of which were trimmed *à revers* with white satin, edged with blond lace. These dresses are finished round the border with a row of blond lace, headed by a *rouleau* composed of alternate folds of satin, and the material of the gown.

Blond lace is greatly used for trimming hats both in half and in full dress. Several of the former are trimmed only with knots of ribbon and blond lace, or rather with knots of ribbon inserted in blond lace rosettes; a style of trimming which is extremely novel and pretty. The inside of the brim is also adorned with blond lace.

A good many satin and velvet hats in full dress are decorated with two birds of paradise placed beak to beak. Some of the new crape hats are adorned with sprigs of flowers composed of down feathers. This is a very light and graceful style of trimming.

Velvet begins to be much worn in turbans. Those composed of plain velvet are still the most numerous, but those of printed velvet are more *recherché*. Gauze ones are also in request; one of the most novel of the latter has the *rouleau* brought very high on the right side, while it descends in the style of a wreath on the opposite side of the forehead.

The colours most in estimation are claret colour, lavender, *ponçeau*, and various shades of green, rose-colour, blue, yellow, and fawn-colour.

## Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN  
COSTUME.

By a *Parisian Correspondent*.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

I MAY say to the heroes of the three memorable days, what the brother of the late celebrated Count Ségur said to the revolutionists of his time, "You may be very good sort of people, but for all that you have spoiled my Paris." This is literally the fact. At this time of year, we used to be all mirth and sociability. A number of families opened their houses for balls once a week, or once a fortnight, others gave *soirées*, at which one popped in *sans façon*, and had the pleasure of hearing and talking a great deal of good-humoured nonsense. Now we have no balls; and at *soirées* nobody talks of any thing but politics. In one respect all parties agree; that is, in coming to the comfortable conclusion, that we are on the very verge of having our throats cut. This sombre idea, however, does not prevent us from paying as scrupulous an attention to our toilettes, as though we lived in the midst of peace and security.

Mantles are now generally adopted in promenade dress. They are this year more various and elegant than I have ever seen them: those of black satin, trimmed round the border with velvet patterns in relief, are at once novel and in very good taste. Mantles of plain Merinos, with a painted border, are also in favour, but only in *négligé*: the most fashionable are those of slate-coloured grounds, with black or *mucassa* patterns. The number of those that have the collars and pelerines trimmed with fringe is about equal to those worn plain.

*Redingotes* composed of *coutil de soie*, of a rich winter colour, as bottle green, chesnut, or beet red, are also in favour in promenade dress. Some of the most novel are trimmed down the front by a row of crescents of the same material; the crescents placed horizontally, or edged with black blond lace, and set on at regular distances, and of different sizes; the smallest near the *ceinture*, the largest close to the edge of the border. The ex-

tremities meet in front of the dress, and fasten by gold ornaments of the lozenge form; the pelerine is of velvet to correspond, trimmed with black blond lace. A boa tippet, brought three or four times round the bust, is also generally worn with these dresses. Muffs, though not universally adopted, are much in favour: ermine, sable, and grey squirrel, are the furs most in request.

The materials for promenade *chapeaux* and *capotes* remain the same as last month: one of the most elegant of the latter is composed of rose-coloured satin, with a round crown, ornamented with points of satin trimmed with black blond lace, and a *bouquet* of short ostrich feathers, rose-colour, tipped with black, which issued from one of the points, and fell over the brim. A full knot of black and rose-coloured gauze ribbon was placed behind, and *coques* of ribbon to correspond, edged with black blond lace, decorated the inside of the brim.

Velvet and satin hats are both fashionable in promenade dress, but those of the former are most numerous. Many satin hats, particularly those of rose-colour, blue, or bird of paradise yellow, have the brims lined with black velvet. Black is indeed very much used in the trimming of hats. The most fashionable ribbons are figured and fringed in black or white, but the former are more generally adopted in promenade dress. Satin ribbons, edged with black blond lace, are also much worn: they are disposed in cockades, and have a very elegant effect, particularly on lilac or rose-coloured hats. All the new *chapeaux* have double *brides*, one pair in the *mentonnière*, still trimmed with blond lace, and uniting under the chin by a bow of ribbon; the other pair, which hang loose, are of ribbon, to correspond with that on the *chapeau*.

Fancy black has declined in favour in home and half dress. Since the cold weather commenced *douillettes* have been much worn in the former; they are mostly composed of *gros de Naples*, or *marcelline*; the *corsage* is plain, with a high collar standing out from the neck, and sleeves *à la Medicis*. They have no other trimming than knots of the same material which fasten them down the front. I should observe that the *corsage*

is not at all open on the bust. A *collerette* composed of several rows of lace, or worked muslin, and fastened in front by a knot of ribbon, is always worn with these dresses; as is also a cap composed of English *tulle*, lightly embroidered, and trimmed with clusters of points of the same material, instead of ribbons; the *brides* are also of *tulle* worked to correspond.

Some of our pretty liberals seem inclined to introduce the Grecian costume, so much in vogue in the time of the Directory. Several dresses of this description have lately appeared, cut so low behind as to display the back and shoulders in a manner that precise people would call very indecent; and in one or two instances these dresses were made without any other sleeve than a *jockey*, formed either of blond lace, or else of the material of the dress, cut in points. This style of evening dress, however, may be regarded rather as a novelty, than as a received fashion; for, generally speaking, dresses are not cut lower than last month. Sleeves also remain the same, except that long ones of blond lace, or *gaze de Paris*, are now generally worn over the *béret* sleeve in evening dress, the materials for which have not varied.

Hats, caps, turbans, and *bérets*, are all in favour in full dress. Hats of velvet, of the colour *immortelle*, trimmed with white feathers, or *bouquets* of white roses, are extremely elegant, particularly when the brim is lined with white satin or velvet.

Turbans have for the most part no ornament; but we still see a few surmounted by *aigrettes* or birds of paradise.

Cachemires which figure in so many ways in the *toilette* of a French *élégante*, have lately been used for *bérets*: those of five quarters are the proper size; they are put very much on the left side, and are worn over a jewelled *bandeau*: some of these *bérets* have no ornament; others have two *aigrettes* composed of heron's plumes.

The *rose de Pæstum*, so called from a town in Naples, famous for its fine ruins, is much used to trim dress hats and caps; it is also often employed to decorate *coiffures en cheveux*: it is of a brilliant hue.

Small watches are worn in half dress, attached to the *ceinture*, and concealed by

it. A smelling-bottle, and a key attached to the watch by a small gold chain, fall a little below the *ceinture*.

Smelling-bottles attached by a very small chain to a ring, which is put on over the glove, are again come into fashion, particularly for the Italian Opera. We see now very few of those heavy gold chains, à la *Chevalière*, that were lately so much in favour. The *châtelaines* have entirely disappeared.

Velvet *brodequins*, lined and trimmed

with fur, are the most elegant *chaussure* for the promenades. *Petits bottines* of white satin, or *gros de Naples*, trimmed with narrow silk fringe, are much in favour in evening dress. They are not, however, so elegant as *bottines* of white velvet, painted in a fairy wreath of flowers.

The most fashionable colours are beet-red, bottle-green, *marron*, violet, slate-colour, rose-colour, canary-yellow, and azure-blue.

## Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN  
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND  
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

MR. BANKES'S Travels in the East have been long, long talked of: whether they were ever actually intended to appear, had become doubtful; but, if we mistake not, the two little volumes which we are about to notice may be regarded as a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of that gentleman's more elaborate and more extended performance. The "*Narrative*" referred to, "*of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati [alias Hadjee Mahomet] Native of Ferrara*," is translated from the Italian, as dictated by the author, by "William John Bankes, Esq."—edited by Mr. Bankes—illustrated by notes from the pen of Mr. Bankes—and dedicated to Mr. Bankes. Under the assumed name of Mahomet, this Giovanni, whose conscience, in affairs of religion and morality, seems to have been as easy as that of his more celebrated namesake, served the campaigns against the Wahabees, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina; and afterwards acted as servant, guide, and interpreter, to Mr. Bankes, Mr. Salt, Sir Frederick Henniker, Lord Prudhoe, &c., in different parts of their travels in Asia and Africa. "When it is seen," observes Mr. Bankes, "that he made the circuit of the Dead Sea; that he penetrated to the great Oasis; that he accompanied Monsieur Linant in his search for the ancient Meroë, and beyond Sennaar; that he has reached or passed the second cataract of the Nile seven several times; that he has visited both Mecca and Medina, and places lower down to the very borders of Yemen, and Jerusalem frequent-

ly; that Petra, and Palmyra, and all the country beyond Jordan, are among the scenes of his narrative—it will be admitted that he has been a traveller to no ordinary extent; and, possibly, that there is not any one living who has seen altogether so much." Very true; but, as a set-off against this, it must be remarked, that, though Giovanni, alias Mahomet, is a sufficiently shrewd fellow in his way, he is a man of no science, no reading, no sound knowledge of any sort. He sees a great deal, and he tells us what he sees, but in no very clear or satisfactory manner. Giovanni Finati was born at Ferrara—drawn a conscript for Buonaparte's army—deserted—entered the Albanian service—turned Mussulman—served a generous kind-hearted officer—played false with one of the ladies of his harem—deserted her under critical circumstances—went into the service of the Pacha of Egypt, and fought against the Wahabees—married a pretty slave girl—divorced—married a Nubian damsel, whom, for aught that appears to the contrary, he left on coming to England.

The personal "adventures" of this genius are innumerable; and some of them, though clumsily related, are amusing enough. The following (not one of the author's own affairs) is really a good story:—

"While some of the Mamelukes were encamped about Minieh, a thief set his mind upon carrying off the horse and wearing apparel of one of their Beys; and with this intention contrived, in the dead of the night, to creep, unper-

ceived, within the tent, where, as it was winter-time, embers were burning, and showed the rich clothes of the Bey lying close at hand. The thief, as he squatted down by the fire, drew them softly to him, and put them all on; and then, after filling a pipe and lighting it, went deliberately to the tent door, and tapping a groom, who was sleeping near, with the pipe end, made a sign to him for the horse, which stood piquetted in front. It was brought—he mounted, and rode off. On the morrow, when the clothes of the Bey could nowhere be found, none could form a conjecture as to what had become of them, until the groom, on being questioned, maintained to his fellow-servants that their master was not yet returned from his ride, and told them how he had suddenly called for his horse in the night—which at last seemed to give some clue to what had really happened. Upon this, the Bey, anxious to recover his horse, as well as curious to ascertain the particulars, ordered it to be published abroad, that if the person who had robbed him would, within two days, bring back what he had taken, he should not only be freely pardoned, but should receive also the full value of the animal and of the suit of clothes. Relying on the good faith of this promise, and possibly, too, not a little vain of his exploit, the Arab presented himself, and brought his booty; and the Bey also, on his part, punctually kept his word; but since, besides the loss, there was something in the transaction that placed the Bey in rather a ludicrous light, it went hard with him to let the rogue depart so freely, and he seemed to be considering what he should do; so that, to gain time, he was continually asking over and over again fresh and more circumstantial accounts of the manner in which the stratagem had been conducted. The other was too crafty not to perceive that no good might be preparing for him, and began to feel anxious to get safe out of the scrape; he showed no impatience, however, but entered minutely into every detail, accompanying the whole with a great deal of corresponding action; at one time sitting down by the fire, and making believe as though he were slyly drawing on the different articles of dress, so as to throw the Bey himself, and all who saw and heard him, into fits of laughter. When he came at last to what concerned the horse, ‘It was,’ he said, ‘brought to me, and I leaped upon his back;’ and so in effect flinging himself again into the saddle, and spurring the flanks sharply with the stirrup-irons, he rode off, with all the money that he had received for the animal in his pocket; and had got much too far, during the first moments of surprise, for any of the bullets to take effect that were fired at him in his flight, and nothing further was ever heard of him or the horse.”

This work should be glanced at by all who are desirous of knowing what they are to expect from Mr. Bankes's *Travels*.—The last we hear of Finati is, that Lord Prudhoe left him, in the event of the steam navigation to and from India by the Red Sea proving successful, “to establish and superintend a small hotel for the accommodation of European passengers.”

More than three years since,\* we entered into an extended review of the “*Memoirs of Don Juan Van Halen; comprising the Narrative of his Imprisonment in the Dungeons of the Inquisition at Madrid, &c.*” From the romantic interest of Van Halen's adventures, and from the extraordinary and important facts which the work disclosed, it was eminently successful. We are not surprised, therefore, that the distinguished figure which Van Halen has recently cut, as a military commander, in the revolution of the Netherlands, should have operated as a call for a second edition, which, in the words of the Preface, “has been carefully revised, and considerably condensed, with the view to diminish its cost, and thus make more widely known the system of oppression and misrule, which, up to this time, is strictly adhered to by King Ferdinand and his apostolic friends.”

For the merry season of Christmas, if at such a season people can find time to read novels at all, let us recommend “*Maxwell, by the Author of ‘Sayings and Doings,’*” in three volumes. To sketch the story—though it hinges mainly on two or three mysterious incidents—would require whole pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*; besides which, the more successfully such a task might be executed, the more would the pleasure of the reader be marred in actual perusal. The scenes are as numerous, and they change as often and as rapidly as those of a pantomime. Amongst the more prominent characters are—Maxwell, from whom the work derives its name, a surgeon in high practice in the vicinity of Burlington Gardens; Kate, and Edward, Maxwell's son and daughter, who, as a matter of course, are both in love; Aperton, an ignorant, vulgar, cunning, swindling stockbroker; and Moss, *alias* Mouse-trap (a young lady's abbreviation of misanthrope), a *gourmand* and a cynic, and yet, with all his faults, a good fellow. Besides these, there is an infinite number of subor-

\* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, Vol. VI., page 172.

dinates, all very useful and amusing in their way. The scenes, chiefly in middling rather than in high life, are eminently graphic. It would be difficult to surpass that of a dinner—Theodore Hook is famous for dinners—given by an attorney in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square; a region described as bounded on the east by Gray's Inn Lane, on the south by Holborn, on the west by Burton Crescent, and on the north by Barnet. The interview between Edward Maxwell and Mrs. Randolph, the skipper's wife, at Bermondsey, is also capital. We must find room for the "Captain's cottage," though we cannot for his rib—an exterior and an interior worthy of Teniers. Edward

"Found himself in front of a small smart house, before which, within green rails, was laid out a neat 'fore court,' a circular box-bound bed stood in the centre of the gravel, and a white pipe-clayed stoney path led to the door, to which the ascent was by four steep steps.

"In one of the drawing-room windows (for there were two) stood a cage, containing a green cockatoo. In the parlour-window (for there was but one) stood on a small table another cage, containing a blue cockatoo; in the kitchen-window, which opened into the area, stood a huge perch, on which roosted a grey parrot, of much larger growth than either of the others. As Edward, 'beer-directed,' ascended the steps, he perceived exactly in the centre of the door a brass plate engraved with the desired word, RAN-DOLPH, in capital letters of large dimensions.

"Thus satisfied, the youthful traveller knocked; nobody appeared, but he heard through the flimsy partition of the pannels a hurry and scuffling, indicative of 'putting things away,' and, after a little delay, a maid-servant in black opened the door, and forthwith the house gave out a powerful smell of cockatoos and onions.

"'Is Mrs. Randolph at home?' said Edward.

"'Missis is at home, Sir,' said the maid; 'but she ant, by no means, what you would call well, Sir—what's your business, Sir?'

"'Why,' said Edward, who was not a little puzzled at the question, 'I—I only wished to speak to her.'

"'Please tell me your name, Sir,' said the servant.

"'Mrs. Randolph doesn't know my name,' replied Edward.

"'Show the gemman up into the first floor,' said a voice from below, which, if it were not that of the great grey parrot in the kitchen-window sounded very like it.

"'This way, Sir,' said the maid, who gradually softened in her manner towards Edward, as she found her mistress inclined to admit his visit.

"And accordingly Edward followed her up a carpeted ladder, railed on the side, and called a flight of stairs; in two moderate strides he reached the front drawing-room, where he was left for a few minutes to contemplate the surrounding objects.

"Over the chimney-piece was a looking-glass, which produced upon any thing reflected by it a similar effect to that which is obtained by looking at one's face in a spoon; it had a row of gilt knobs round it, and a figure of Britannia, surrounded by bales, shot, and anchors, on the top of the frame. Two pasteboard chimney-sweepers, their bags forming what are called 'spill-cases,' and two painted wine-glasses filled with sand, constituted the remaining ornaments of the 'mantel-shelf,' and were flanked by two squat black iron candlesticks, hung round with glass drops. In the very centre appeared a watch, which did not go, placed in a marble case, with little columns on its sides, and a little hole in its middle for the dial to come through: added to these, was 'pretty cocky' in the window, as before noticed.

"A brown japanned tea-urn reposed on a painted wooden slab, in a recess on one side of the fire-place, resting on a scarlet and green rug of Mrs. Randolph's own workmanship; and, on what she would have called the wooden slab, 'to answer,' in the other recess, stood a large glass beaker, with a snaked stem, imported by her loving spouse at some former time from Holland, surrounded by divers glasses and tumblers, amongst which lay Captain Randolph's own peculiar punch-ladle with a whalebone handle, and a Queen Anne's guinea at the bottom of the bowl. In two of the largest tumblers were stuck the eggs of ostriches, and under each slab was placed a china jar, some two feet high.

"The walls of the apartment, besides the looking-glass, were adorned with a portrait of Lord Nelson, two prints of sea-fights, and a view of Macao. The pictures of two persons, painted in oil, were pendent amongst the prints; one, as it might naturally be supposed, being the effigies of Captain Randolph, the other the likeness of a woman of the broadest possible dimensions, with the bluest eyes, the brownest hair, and the reddest cheeks that picture ever had: human beings never possessed any thing like them; but the sight of them was death to Edward, who saw in the likenesses a 'sign' of his approaching mortification and disappointment."

The fault that we are disposed to find with the author of "Maxwell," in the present instance, is, that, while he keeps his characters too much in the dark, he lets his readers rather too much into the light. However, from the humour, spirit, and, more than all, from the *naturalness* of his scenes, we are in-

debted to him for many a hearty laugh. The book is replete with interest, of a lively, exciting, melodramatic cast.

"*Russell, or the Reign of Fashion, by the Author of 'A Winter in London,' 'Splendid Misery,' &c.*" will, to many, conjure up the recollection of a school of novel-writing, now gone by, yet not inferior to that of the mis-named "fashionable novels" by which it has been superseded. Few works of fiction have had a greater run—have been more the rage—than "*A Winter in London*," the caustic satire of which was said to have hastened the death of one of the reigning duchesses of *ton*. Some of the letters ascribed to that duchess were beautiful compositions—models of epistolary style. We do not perceive that, in his new work, Mr. Surr's talent has grown rusty. He is still successful in his conception and delineation of character; with all his accustomed force, spirit, and effect, he can still pourtray the fashions, manners, and life of the times. It is true, he is not without his personalities: but we know not by what prescription hypocrisy, vice, and infamy should not be dragged forward and handed over to condign punishment. The simple-minded Obadiah Slee is drawn by the hand of a master; but we have room for only a partial view of his portrait:—

"Obadiah Slee was, indeed, a being of such extraordinary passiveness of mind, that his character will most probably be deemed by the majority of readers rather overstrained, even as a fancy sketch, instead of a genuine portrait, accurately copied from an original of sixty years ago.

"In the art and mystery of a drysalter, Obadiah was an adept; and the rant and rhapsodies of enthusiasm which he constantly heard from some of the earliest and most illiterate disciples of George Whitfield, he could, on occasion, echo, with a warmth of zeal that was prodigious, in contrast with his taciturnity on all other subjects; but even this was truly 'a zeal without knowledge.' A babe could be scarcely more ignorant of the world.

"In his early youth he was apprenticed to the father of the late Sir Watkin, and he had been ever since such a living fixture in the counting-house for six days of the week, and such a constant attendant at the Tabernacle on the seventh, that it has been said, his acquaintance with the topography of London, in which he had lived all his life, was actually confined to the line of streets and alleys which then connected — Lane, in Fenchurch Street, with the new temple of Whitfield, in Moorfields.

"The circumscribed routine of his daily avocations proceeded so monotonously, that his

existence seemed more the effect of mechanism than animation. The stated and regular performance of his counting-house duties resembled the automatical action of a piece of clock-work, being neither the consequence of reflection, nor the offspring of feelings; for he moved through the various stages of life almost as passively and mechanically as the hands of a clock traverse the dial-plate, each movement merely marking the departure of minute after minute, and hour after hour, till at length the wheels stop, and the vibration of the pendulum ceases for ever!

The death of this poor old creature, ruined by the artifice and villany of the arch-hypocrite, Ezekiel Jenkins, a sectarian preacher, is a scene wrought up with a degree of power which renders it almost horrific. The character of Ezekiel, also, of Gregory, and of others, are ably sustained throughout. The secret—the mystery—that is carried through these volumes, will give them a superadded charm in the estimation of many readers.

To us, it is so much more satisfactory to feel ourselves enabled to award praise, than to be under the necessity of pronouncing censure, that we are glad of an opportunity to notice the superior style of embellishment, in the XVIIIth volume of the *Waverley Novels*. "Abbot Boniface was seated in his high-backed chair. He was gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditation on his past and present fortunes, partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers." This is the passage from which a clever picture of Newton's was painted; and in a spirited engraving, by E. Finden, that picture constitutes the frontispiece to the first volume of "*The Monastery*." The character of the Abbot—the expression of his features—the unwieldiness of his bulky and over-fed form—his rich and massive drapery, are admirably preserved, and, in the print as well as in the painting, the effects of fire-light are brilliantly given. The vignette, engraved by Engleheart, from a drawing by Chisholm, is also good. "The exiled family then set forward, Mary Avenel riding gipsy fashion upon Shagram, the Lady of Avenel walking by the animal's side; Tibb leading the bridle, and old Martin walking a little before, looking anxiously around him to explore the way." In this instance, the author, we apprehend, will not have to complain that the artist has misunderstood him.

The "Introduction" to this volume is so exceedingly pleasant, that we cannot resist the inclination to transcribe from it one or



two short passages, illustrating the writer's object with respect to the machinery and characters of "The Monastery."

After disclaiming *strict* localities, and all personalities in the work, he speaks of the introduction of his White Lady:—

"From the discredit attached to the vulgar and more common modes in which the Scottish superstition displays itself, the author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten theory of astral spirits, or creatures of the elements, surpassing the human beings in knowledge and power, but inferior to them, as being subject, after a certain space of years, to a death which is to them annihilation, as they have no share in the promise made to the sons of Adam. These spirits are supposed to be of four distinct kinds, as the elements from which they have their origin, and are known to those who have studied the cabalistical philosophy, by the names of sylphs, gnomes, salamanders and naiads, as they belong to the elements of air, earth, fire, or water. The general reader will find an entertaining account of these elementary spirits, in the French book, entitled, 'Entretiens de Compte du Gabalis.' The ingenious *Compte de la Motte Fouqué*, composed in German, one of the most successful productions of his fertile brain, where a beautiful and even afflicting effect is produced by the introduction of a water nymph, who loses the privilege of immortality by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and uniting her lot with that of a mortal, who treats her with ingratitude. In imitation of an example so successful the White Lady of Avenel was introduced into the following sheets. She is represented as connected with the family of Avenel, by one of those mystic ties, which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognised in Ireland, in the real Milesian families, who are possessed of a Banshee; and they are known among the traditions of the Highlanders, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the services of particular families or tribes. These demons, if they are to be so called, announced good or evil fortune to the families connected with them, and though some only condescended to meddle with matters of importance, others, like Moy Mollach, or Maid of the Hairy Arms, condescended to mingle in ordinary sports, and even to direct the chief how to play at draughts."

Sir Walter also accounts for, and defends, the introduction of Pierce Shafton, the ouphuist—which, however, he admits to have

been a failure; but for his remarks on this point we have no room. Some of the notes are more than usually interesting.

Wilkie appears to advantage in his design for the frontispiece of the second volume of "The Monastery," in the scene where Henry Warden is brought into the apartment of the Sub-Prior; his hands bound, and Christie of the Clinthill unsheathing his sword, and placing himself beside the door, as if taking upon him the character of sentinel. The expression is altogether strong, firm, and bold; and the engraving, by Fox, is quite in accordance with the spirit of the picture.—The vignette, engraved by Engleheart, from a drawing of Frazer's, is very prettily executed.

With the two new and splendid ones now before us, we trust we shall have done with the "Annuals" of the present season. In fact, we have noticed all that we have seen—all that we are aware are in existence; though it is just possible that there may be some obscure rubbish, patrician, as well as plebeian, that has not fallen within our sphere of remark.

Respecting "*Le Keepsake Français pour 1831*," and "*The Talisman, or Bouquet of Literature and the Fine Arts*," we regret their non-appearance at a time when they might have been embraced in one of the two papers which, with a degree of liberality that no other publication can boast, LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE devoted to their earlier competitors. Then, we could have done their merits ample justice; now, we are compelled to be far more concise than we could wish.

*Le Keepsake Français* will shake, if it do not overthrow, its most conceited yet most imbecile rival. It contains eighteen plates, all, with the exception of four or five, from pictures by French painters; and the engravings are wholly by English artists. We have scarcely room to enumerate them. The frontispiece is a delicate portrait of the Queen of the French, by Thomson, from a painting by Hersent; the inscription page, a fanciful composition of vases, fruit, flowers, birds, &c., by Chenavart and Mitau; the vignette title, a pretty design of two young ladies, the one reading, the other looking over her shoulder, by Colin and Sangster; *Le Château de Bernard*, one of Turner's charming views, by Willmore; *Le Chevalier de Lauzun et Madame de Montpensier*, strikingly indicative of the old French manners and costume, by Deveria and Bacon; *Entrée dans une Eglise*, by Johannot and E. Smith; *Jeune Swissesse*, a lovely delineation of female simplicity and beauty, by Colin and H.

Rolls; *La Jeune Veuve*, an exquisite portrait, though somewhat mannered, by Richard and R. Graves; *Le Savoyard*, by Decamps and Radclyffe; *Les Tuileries et le Pont Royal*, a clear, striking, and faithful view, by Boys and J. W. Cook; *Le Jeune Berger*, with a fine, shaggy, spirited dog of the Landseer school, by Johannot and Chevalier; *Le Lac de Como*, clear, lively, and spirited, by Stanfield and Wallis; *Curiosité*, three mischievous girls, dishonestly and basely prying into the love secrets of their friend, by Roqueplan and Humphrys; *Cromwell*—not *quite* the character of Cromwell, but a clever picture—contemplating the portrait of Charles I., from which his daughter is endeavouring to draw his attention, by Decaisne and E. Smith; *Vue de Dieppe*, correctly and charmingly sketched, by J. D. Harding and W. R. Smith; *Miss Croker*, (of the loan of which *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* was cheated, by one now no more) by Sir T. Lawrence and Thomson; *Don Quixotte in his Study*, by Bonington and Sangster—the Knight too old, and the character altogether not accurately conceived; and *L'Ane et les Reliques*, by Xavier Le Prince and Corbould.

Amongst the literary contributors to this volume are Victor Hugo, C. Nodier, Méry, De Béranger, Chateaubriand, B. Constant (recently deceased) De Stendhall, Casimir Delavigne, A. Pichot (who has passed off a translation of one of H. Neele's tales for an original) A. De Lamartine, &c. There is great variety of talent and of character in this work; and though perhaps it may, here and there, exhibit too much political feeling, we have been greatly interested and delighted with its perusal. We are much pleased with it, too, as a performance calculated to promote more freely the spirit of literary intercourse between this country and France. For its brevity, we select a Madrigal—a relic of Robespierre's—possibly some of our readers may like to see how so ferocious a wretch could write poetry:—

“Crois-moi, jeune et belle Ophélie,  
Quoi qu'en dise le monde, et malgré ton miroir,  
Contente d'être belle et de n'en rien savoir,  
Garde toujours la modestie.

“Sur le pouvoir de tes appas  
Demeure toujours alarmée,  
Tu n'en seras que mieux aimée,  
Si tu crains de ne l'être pas.”

“The Talisman,” edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts, contains, though differently arranged, the same series of pictorial embellishments as “Le Keepsake Français,” with literature

—not translations—partly original, but chiefly compiled. Considering the difficulty of the situation in she was placed, Mrs. Watts has acquitted herself ably, and ought not to have been made the object of illiberal attacks. In confiding to her the superintendence of the *Talisman*, “at a period of the year when all similar works were almost ready for publication,” its proprietors left her no alternative as to plan. Instead, therefore, “of a collection of original articles, written on the spur of the occasion, and liable to the inequality which must always be found even in periodicals produced with a much greater degree of deliberation,” she resolved “to form a *bouquet* of such literary flowers as could be gathered at a short notice; and which, if not entirely unknown to all, would at least possess the attraction of novelty for the greater part of her readers.”

In this view, we repeat, she has executed her task ably. Next year, we shall, in the production of these two works, expect to see a different plan adopted. Let the plates in each, as now, be the same; let them *all* be *really* illustrated—for to this point sufficient attention is not paid in *any* of the *Annals*; and, not allowing the French and English illustrators the slightest intercourse with each other, it will be an object of interesting curiosity to see how the *same* subject may be treated by *different* WRITERS, and of *different* COUNTRIES. We always thought, too, that if about half-a-dozen really clever individuals, fully understanding what they were about, were to club their talents for the production of an *Annual*, the public might be put in possession of something infinitely superior of its class to any that has yet appeared.

A collection of “*Serious Poems, comprising the Churchyard, Village Sabbath, Deluge, &c. by Mrs. Thomas*,” is prefaced by a declaration on the part of the writer that they were composed with a sole view to the instruction and amusement of her own family, and without the smallest idea of subjecting them to public criticism. They are now offered principally for the perusal of the young, and of that class of persons who prefer pious feeling and purity of purpose, to more showy and attractive qualities without them. It is at least something in these days to have “good intentions;” and we admit that these are sufficiently evinced throughout the pages of this volume. Without attempting any of the higher flights of poetry, Mrs. Thomas writes with truth and impressiveness upon many subjects, and with moral feeling upon all. At the same time, she has suffered

many pieces to pass which required revision ; and has been evidently too intent upon the importance of the sentiments she inculcates to study the harmony of her language. Defects of this nature we will not point out in a volume composed as this has been, and introduced so unostentatiously.

The first volume of "*The History of the Western World*," forming the thirteenth of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, is devoted to the United States ; preceded, however, by a geographical sketch of the country, and a very compact, neatly-written account of the aboriginal inhabitants. In fact, neatness and accuracy, research and judicious condensation, may be termed the characteristics of this volume ; which brings down the history to the surprise of St. Vincent, and the surrender of Governor Hamilton, in the early part of the year 1779. This is one of the anonymous performances to which the Cabinet Cyclopædia has given birth ; and it is not a little remarkable, that, in the historic department especially, the anonymous works, or those which have borne the names of persons but slightly known, have been decidedly the best ; whilst others have been inferior in merit exactly in proportion to the high note and bearing of their respective authors. Thus, for instance, Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland is unquestionably the least valuable of the series ; and, next to that, upon the descending scale, may be mentioned Sir James Mackintosh's History of England. It is unnecessary for us to inquire into the causes of this variance. The labour necessary for the production of such a volume as the one before us must have been immense : we trust that the want of a name will not cause a reduction in the hire of the labourer.

The second volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library consists of a "*Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time, with Illustrations of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Zoology*." Perhaps we cannot convey to the reader a clearer idea of the contents of this ably-compiled volume, than by enumerating the heads of its chapters :—General View of the Natural Features of Africa—Knowledge of Africa among the Ancients—Settlements of the Arabs—Portuguese Discoveries—Early English Discoveries—French Discoveries—Early Proceedings of the African Association—Park's First and Second Journeys—Various Travellers—Government Expeditions—Denham and Clapperton—Clapperton's Second Journey—Western, Southern,

and Eastern Africa—Social Condition of Africa—Geology—Natural History of the Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Shells, Insects, &c., of Africa. Mr. Hugh Murray is the contributor of the general narrative, Professor Jameson of the Geological Illustrations, and Mr. James Wilson of the Natural History. The work is illustrated by a Map of Africa—Plans of the Routes of Park, Denham, and Clapperton—and numerous engravings, well and clearly, though not finely, executed in wood. Altogether, this is a very complete, useful, and valuable performance.

### NEW MUSIC.

*Scotland's Blue Eyed Fair ; written and composed expressly for Madame Vestris, the Poetry in answer to Sir W. Scott's "Bonny Blue Cap," by Henry Brandreth, Jun., composed by George Luff, author of "The Bonny Blue Cap."*

WE know not whether Mr. Luff be a native of old Scotia's "hills of heather"—but this we know—that, in the little song now submitted to us, he has very successfully caught the spirit of Scottish music ; for it is at once sweet and spirited, and above all, natural—such a strain as we may suppose a Highland Laddie would sing to the blue-eyed and true-hearted Lassie of his love, when he first meets her at their trysting place after a long sojourn in distant lands. We predict that this little ballad will become popular.

*Oh, Meet me in the Glen, Love ; Rondo, written, composed, and dedicated to Miss Hookey, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.*

We were considerably pleased, some months back, with the indication of musical ability evinced in the composition of two songs by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson ; for we felt almost assured, that, where, in first attempts, such promise was held out, that promise would, after due culture, be fulfilled—that *flowers* would yield *fruit* of no despicable flavour. But, though the rondo before us is pleasing, we cannot, in conscience, say that the fair composer—to borrow a Yankee phrase—*PROGRESSES* in her musical career. We will venture to remind her of what was said of a very pleasing poet, some years back—namely—that he played, as sweetly as it was possible to play, upon a violin with only one string. *Sameness*, however melodious may be its strain, will not long satisfy the public taste, or the public ear.

*Clarke's Piano-forte Catechism.*

*Exercises in Harmony, designed to facilitate the Study of the Theory of Music, by James Clarke.*

Mr. Clarke has been indefatigable in the production of works of instruction. Besides the two above mentioned, he has published a very excellent piano-forte tutor, and we must do him the justice to say, that he has not made mere compilations from the works of others, his language and arrangement are his own, and though we do not expect to find much novelty in a work purely rudimental, there are some original ideas interspersed here and there. In a few instances, particularly in the early definitions, Mr. Clarke has indulged in a verbiage rather too grandiloquent for juvenile apprehension.

"*A Feather*," a *Ballad*, composed by J. Willis, arranged as a *Rondino* by H. Duleken.

"*Ah come rapida*," with brilliant variations by F. Hunter.

"*The deep, deep Sea*," as a *Rondo*, by Rawlings.

Mr. Willis's ballad we always have considered as a light but very pretty trifle. The arrangement, by Monsieur (or Madame) Duleken (we do not know which) has bestowed upon it even more elegance than the author could have contemplated; and for a very easy rondo we have seldom met with a more brilliant and pleasing little lesson.

The subject of Mr. Rawlings's rondo is equally simple and very popular, but the additional matter is much more trite and common-place. Indeed Mr. Rawlings has not improved of late; quantity, not quality, appears to be his object.

Meyerbeer's favourite cavatina, from "*Il crociato in Egitto*," has been treated in a masterly manner by F. Hunter. The Introduction is animated, and the variations are effective. This composer has been fortunate in arrangements from the "*Crociato*;" his rondo on "*Nel silenzio*" was excellent.

## THEATRICALS.

## DRURY LANE.

A LADY, whom we recollect to have seen some years ago at the Surrey Theatre, who was then young and unlearned in stage mysteries, but who, notwithstanding these disadvantages, displayed sufficient promise to acquire and retain a place in our memory, as some one whom we should hereafter meet in

a higher sphere than that of a melodramatic heroine—this lady, Miss Huddart, has appeared as *Belvidera*; but, we regret to say, without realizing more than half that fancy or memory had induced us to anticipate. Miss Huddart has still expressive features and a striking figure; but she is deficient in several of the requisites—and those the highest ones of all—of the loftier walk of tragedy. Her *Belvidera* is in the true stage style of pathos and passion—the one all tears and handkerchief, the other a studied fury—but no real nature, no fine perceptions of the more delicate shades of character that should unite and harmonize all. She will be valuable in melodramatic *Belvideras*. We were not greatly charmed with the other chief performers—Macready's *Pierre* is sadly unequal, and would, had we no other inducement, make us regret the intended retirement of Mr. Young. It is really too much to lose our *Othello* and *Sir Giles* one season, and our *Hamlet* and *Pierre* the next; it is more, much more, than the sensibilities of tragedy-loving critics can endure.

These losses, perhaps, are one reason why we are beginning to prefer comedy to tragedy; and the admirable style in which several fine comedies have been lately performed at this house, is undoubtedly another. Few things have lately delighted us more than the performance of the *Clandestine Marriage*, one of the most sterling of English plays—full of character, true in its own day, and equally intelligible in ours. *Mr. Stirling* and *Lord Ogleby* are portraits that can never be out of fashion; we hope the stage may always find Downtons and Farrens to represent them. The excellence of the last-mentioned actor in this exquisite specimen of the nobility of the last age has been long admitted; but it was some years since we had seen him in it, and his acting has undergone so entire, though gradual, a change, that the picture was new to us. It is a rich and tasteful performance—not narrow and sketchy, as his best personations used to be—but well filled up, and though superbly finished, not over-finished. The touch in the last scene, where *Lord Ogleby* replies to the declaration of *Mr. Stirling*, that his daughter and her husband shall quit his house, by saying, "*I will receive them into mine*," was given with a feeling that redeemed the whole character, and shed upon it the light and warmth of nature—one touch of which, according to him who understood it better than all, "*makes the whole world kin*." We remember nothing more affecting than this beautiful illustration of character, which was pro-

perly felt by the actor. Dowton's *Stirling* was as great in its way; Harley's *Brush* in his best style—that is, in his least caricatured; and Benson Hill's *Canton*—another admirable scrap of character—excellent both in action and accent. This is a difficult thing to do, and it was done well. But we must pass over every thing and come at once to the *Mrs. Heidleburg* of Mrs. Glover, which though approaching to coarseness, is an extraordinary piece of acting; and, above all, to the *Fanny* of Miss Phillips, a character in which we were better pleased with her than in any since the first night of her appearance. Here she was perfection—in addition to the charm of a quiet and lady-like demeanour, she gave to many of the scenes a deep, simple, moral dignity, of which the character is indeed susceptible, but which few actresses to whom it is usually allotted could command. Some persons have been surprised at her acceptance of it—but these are people who like to be surprised when a lady exhibits good sense. It will long dwell in our recollection—certainly not to the prejudice of Miss Phillips in other parts, but to her advantage.

In addition to Mr. Poole's admirable farce, *Turning the Tables*, a piece, by Mr. Planché, called *The Jenkinsons*, has been produced. It is less rich in humour than its rival—less felicitous indeed in every point; but it has its drolleries, and has been successful nightly. Mr. Farren plays an old gentleman, who having taken what he considers to be very comfortable lodgings in the first floor of a linen-draper, a *Mr. Jenkins*, finds a whole hive of Jenkinsons come swarming about his ears, and is at last fairly stung out of the house by the persevering members of his landlord's family. The piece depends upon its bustle and liveliness, and we must not omit to add, the excellence of the acting, rather than any humour of character or dialogue. Of the latter indeed, there is very little. Farren and Cooper appear in it advantageously.

Lord Byron's tragedy of *Werner* has been produced, Mr. Macready having made some alterations in it, and taken great pains with the principal character. It was received on its first performance with enthusiasm—a feeling perhaps, that resulted from satisfaction at seeing a play of Lord Byron's, rather than from any real delight or interest excited by the play itself. In spite of the effect of some of the incidents, and the beauty of occasional passages, it does not "fly an eagle's flight," it hangs wearily now and then, and is at last forced on by the ex-

cellent acting of Macready, who plays *Werner* with extreme feeling, discrimination and energy. His alteration of the catastrophe is judicious, and promoted the success of the tragedy. Wallack, who has in tragedy taken a start imperceptibly, was scarcely behind him in *Ulric*. Cooper played *Gabor*, Mrs. Faucit the wife of *Werner*, and Miss Mor-daunt *Ida*.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

MISS KEMBLE has appeared in another new character—*Calista*. It is one which no effort of genius can make interesting, for the play is at least a century behind the taste of the day. But Miss Kemble has sustained—we should say, perhaps, advanced—her reputation by this performance, which was more even and happy throughout than most of her previous efforts. One word is almost sufficient for the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*—Mr. Kemble himself, who played *Horatio*, included. The acting, we admit, was as good as the play; but when both are bad, surely five acts are too many. If we cannot at all times have the finer dainties of poetry, let us at least have what is bad delivered with a grace and a flavour; let us have cleverness of some kind or the other: but to devote an evening to a tragedy like this, acted as it is here, is to waste it in the most melancholy of all ways. We sigh over the loss of our three hours, and are almost tempted to lose another in writing a long criticism upon the cause of our calamity.

From the tragedy here, as at the other house, we turn to comedy—to a new one by Mr. Peake, entitled, *The Chancery Suit*. But for the number of the acts, we should not have known it from a farce, but it is assuredly a pleasant one; and if it does no other harm than tending to break down the barrier between comedy and farce, its pleasantries may perhaps be an atonement, at least we thought so while we were laughing at the quips and quibbles that are so thickly sprinkled over it; and are only angry now, because Mr. Peake, who has genius in a particular walk, should have had the ambition to step out of it into the path of comedy. He ran some risk with this piece; but with a farce upon the same subject he had been certain of his mark. Little need be said of the plot:—An old country gentleman, *Guy Thistlebloom*, played by Bartley, endeavours to cheat his ward, to whom of course his son is attached, of her estate, by a forged document, pretended to have been left by her father, acknowledging her illegitimacy. This is de-

ected by the water-mark of the paper, which was made two years after the date of the signature; an oversight, we believe, that really occurred under similar circumstances. There are several other principal parts, but very little plot connected with them. Blanchard and Bartley were more than usually happy; and Warde plays a lawyer to the life. Power is also in the piece, as a convenient vehicle for the puns; and lastly, Miss Ellen Tree—all loveliness and intelligence. The comedy, if that must be the term, has been frequently repeated.

But besides this, we have a farce, called the *Omnibus*, or a *Convenient Distance*, in which the perplexities of those who think to study their comforts by living within an easy drive of the metropolis, are very amusingly set forth. Keeley and Power divide the fun between them; the character allotted to the first of these twin-humourists, even to its very name (*Master Tom Dobs*), is especially his own.

But the most important feature of the month is the appearance of the new Miss Paton—Miss Inverarity. She has appeared, with extraordinary success, as *Cinderella*; and we hope to be enabled next month to "report progress," and to devote due space to a *débutante* who has already succeeded in captivating all the lovers of sweet sound.

#### ADELPHI.

MATTHEWS has returned—three words that express much meaning, and save us a world of time in announcements of full houses, and laughable entertainment. He returns apparently in good health, and we hope, not in unimpaired spirits. The world, while it seems to laugh at the professional pleasantries of the actor, makes no allowance for private griefs; and never reflects that in the midst of a scene of gaiety, the author of the merriment may be the only person who is not amused by it. We make this reflection, by no means a new one, because we imagined that on the night we saw Mr. Matthews he was but ill at ease, even in the very exuberance of his mirth; and it is but a small acknowledgment for all the enjoyments that we owe to him, to say, that we trust the fears which may have occasioned such a feeling, will soon be dissipated, and that there may be no cloud upon the sunset of a spirit that has gladdened thousands with its good humour.

His *Singing Bailiff* is inimitable—a caricature softened down and mellowed into character—utterly at variance with nature, and

yet delightfully natural. His imitations of certain styles of singing, from Mr. Braham to the perpetrators of "*Cherry-ripe*" in the streets, and above all, his hoarse watchman singing "*Charley was your darling*"—are among those things the mere recollection of which, years afterwards, makes one laugh. Buckstone's *Lightfoot* was also excellent; and Mr. Downe made as much of an angry old uncle, fresh from the Indies, as possible; in dress and person the personification was complete.

A dramatic allegory called *The Devil's Ducat*, or the *Gift of Mammon*, founded upon a curious tradition, and presenting some very interesting effects, has added to the list of successes. With the exception however of the dress of *Mammon*, played by Mr. O. Smith, in his usual picturesque style, little has been done for the piece, and it affords many opportunities for effect. Mr. and Mrs. Yates rendered some of the scenes strikingly impressive. The dialogue is of a totally different class to the hyperbolic vulgarisms that are usually introduced to connect the scenes of the melo-drama and the fairy tale. It contains passages that are seldom heard in modern plays; and evinces great originality of thought both in its tragic and comic portions. The moral perhaps would have been equally perfect, if the closing incidents had been less terrible; it is certainly more emphatic, as it is, though somewhat repulsive. The piece is by Mr. Jerrold, the author of *Black-eyed Susan*.

#### FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

If the succeeding numbers of a new ornithological work, *A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains, hitherto unfigured*, by John Gould, A.L.S., equal this first specimen, it will indeed form a beautiful addition to our stores in this department of science. Nor will science alone be a gainer—the drawing-room will fairly divide the spoils; utility and ornament have an equal share in these productions. This number contains five of the hundred birds to be figured—all of them from the unexplored parts of Central Asia, and new to this country. They are not only curious and beautiful specimens of their tribe, but they are executed with more pretensions to rank as works of art than any similar delineations that we have met with. Exceedingly bold in drawing, and superb in colouring, they have the advantage of being accurate copies of nature. The work is a folio, the descriptions will be supplied by a distinguished naturalist, and the drawings are executed on stone by E. Gould.

## Melanges of the Month.

### *Varieties in High Life, &c.*

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has been elected President of the Royal Society, in the room of Davies Gilbert, Esq.

Her Majesty has intimated her intention to revive at Windsor, at her own expense, the charitable institution, established by Queen Charlotte, under the denomination of alms houses.

The Marquess, Marchioness, and Lady Maria Conyngham have left England for Florence, where Lord Albert Conyngham is in a declining state of health.

In proof of the high estimation in which her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland was held in Ireland, by the ladies admitted to the vice-royal court, it deserves to be recorded, that, on the day before her departure, the Duchess of Leinster, on the part of those ladies, presented her with "a trifling memorial," to use the language of the presenters, "calculated to bring to her recollection, in a distant land, the days of her sojourn in Ireland." The tribute had been raised by subscription amongst the ladies.

The various services of plate, which were the entire property of his late Majesty, were left as an *heir-loom* to the crown. The quantity is so great, that between sixty and seventy waggon-loads were conveyed to the palace at Windsor, previously to the grand banquet given at the castle by William IV.

It is remarkable, that the four members for the county of York are each nearly connected with the high dignitaries of the church. Lord Morpeth's grandmother, the late Countess of Carlisle, was sister to Lady Ann Vernon; so that his Lordship is great nephew of the Archbishop of York's lady; the Hon. W. Duncombe is nephew of the late Dr. Legge, Bishop of Oxford; Richard Bethell, Esq., is brother of the Bishop of Bangor; and Sir J. V. B. Johnstone, the new member, is son-in-law of the Archbishop of York.

Sir Frederick Lamb is appointed Ambassador to the Court of Vienna in the room of Lord Cowley.

It is expected that the marriage of Lord Falkland with Miss Fitzclarence will take place at Brighton immediately after the holidays. The bride will be given away by His Majesty.

Colonel Fitzclarence has been elected a Fellow of the Zoological Society, and at the same sitting the Earl of Kinnoul and Lord de Tabley were elected Fellows.

A greater number of the younger branches of the nobility have made their *début* in the present Parliament than for many (perhaps any) in the nineteenth century. Amongst them may be mentioned, Lord Acheson, Lord Boyle, Lord Brabazon, and Lord Osborn, eldest sons of Irish Peers; Lord Fordwich, Lord Garlies, Lord Grimstone, Lord Howick, Lord Ingestre, the Hon. Lloyd

Kenyon, Lord Loughborough, Lord Mahon, Lord Newark, Lord Norreys, Lord Seymour, Lord Stormont, the Earl of Surrey, Lord Villiers, the Hon. R. Watson, &c. Several of these noblemen have only just attained their majority.

Count A. Denuhoff has imported to Paris five splendid carriages from London; several valuable horses—Navarin, Logic, &c., at the cost of 5,000 guineas.

It is said that the earldom of Devonshire is about to be revived and conferred on Viscount Courtenay.

Count Flahault is expected to be the new French Ambassador, in the place of M. Talleyrand.

The coronation carriage of Charles X. has been purchased by a speculative individual in Paris, to be converted into an omnibus.

The bazaar in Oxford Street is henceforth, in consequence of Her Majesty's express patronage, to be called "The Queen's Bazaar."

According to report, the Duke of Saxe Cobourg is about to contract a marriage with his niece, the Princess Maria of Wertemberg.

### *The Dukedom of Clarence.*

It is singular, as Captain Trant remarks, in his "Narrative of a Journey through Greece, in 1830," that a wretched village in that country should have bestowed its name upon a British monarch. On reaching the Grecian coast, the Captain observes—"One of the most prominent objects was Castel Tornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chiarenza, or Clarentia, which by a strange degree of fortune, has given the title of Clarence to our royal family. It would appear, that at the time when the Latin conquerors of Constantinople divided the western empire amongst their leading chieftains, Clarentia, with the district around it, and which comprised almost all of ancient Elis, was formed into a duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom to his descendants, until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Hainault family. By this union, Philippa, the consort of Edward III. became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence; and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title which has since remained in our royal family."

### *Sale of His late Majesty's Wardrobe.*

Fifteen pair of jack (military) boots; ordinary boots and shoes innumerable.

Whips, eighty; including every variety of four-in-hand, carriage, single, hunting, and French postilion.

Sticks, ninety-four; holly, thorn, and crab.

Black and white silk stockings, chiefly marked with the initials "G. R." one hundred and sixty-seven pairs.

Coats, fifteen of the Windsor uniform, undress; the same uniform, dress, four; military coats four, dress ten, or a dozen, besides body coats, great coats, &c.

Lot 233—A superb and costly robe of rose-colour satin, with the star, &c., worn at the coronation by the chief object of the pageant. Price £7. 5s.

234—Three crimson velvet waistcoats, worn at the same time, fourteen guineas.

236—A blue cloth hussar jacket embroidered, &c., eight guineas.

238—A dress coat of the Windsor uniform. The collar and cuffs embroidered in gold. £4. 16s.

244—A gold pencil and pen, by Doughty, for which there was great competition, six guineas and a half.

248—A medal commemorative of the visit to Ireland, in 1821 (according to the auctioneer, the only one struck), £3. 15s.

258—Four cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, marked "G. R." £2.

260—Four India silk pocket handkerchiefs, £2. 17s. 6d.

#### *Ages of the Ministers.*

Earl Grey is 66 years of age; Lord Holland, 57; Lord Lansdowne, 50; Lord Melbourne, 49; Lord Goderich, 48; Lord Althorp, 48; Lord Durham, 38; Lord Palmerston, 46; the Duke of Richmond, 39.

#### *Death of the Pope.*

Pope Pius VIII. is dead. His late Holiness, Francis Xavier Castiglione, was born at Cingoli, on the 20th of November, 1761, elected to the Papedom on the 31st of March, 1829, and crowned on the 5th of April following. Before the Holy Father was confined to his bed, he occupied himself in some indispensable affairs. He directed that all letters addressed to him on the actual state of things in France and Belgium, should be answered with the strictest punctuality, by briefs which he himself dictated, and which breathe a love of order and peace.

#### *French Club.*

A large establishment has been projected at Paris, for the purpose of enabling any individuals, by the annual payment each of 700 francs (less than £30.), to enjoy all the pleasures of social, with all the independence of domestic life. For that sum they are to have lodging, board, clothes, and washing; the use of a library, the daily papers, billiard-rooms, play, conversation, &c. The whole to be under the management of a committee chosen by themselves. The prospectus even holds out the expectation of a country-house, and free admission to the theatres.

#### *Suit against Charles X.*

The *Sportsman* states, that nine carriages of Charles X., have been arrested in Edinburgh, for a debt contracted under peculiar circumstances. No. 73.—Vol. XIII.

After the destruction of the Bastille, in 1793, while the Bourbon family were flying from France to Germany, the whole of their baggage-waggons were arrested on the route for debt. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were both of the party, and prevailed upon Count de Pfaff de Pfaffenhoffen, to become security to their creditors. Several years after, the Count was sued for their debts, and compelled to pay about £40,000, for which he was obliged, in 1804, to sell his estates for half their value. He has since the Restoration only been able to obtain payment of 150,000 francs (£6,200). When Charles fled to this country the Count took legal advice how to proceed for the recovery. The consequence was, the seizure of the royal carriages; upon which a summons was raised and executed, citing King Charles X., *alias* Charles Capet, to appear before the Lords of Council and Session, in December: £50,000. of the royal property has since been arrested in the hands of an eminent banker in Edinburgh.

#### *Cost of English Embassies.*

Expenses incurred by our English embassies to foreign countries:—

	£.
Vienna .....	12,000
St. Petersburg .....	12,000
The Hague .....	11,661
Paris .....	11,000
Washington .....	6,000
Naples .....	6,000
Berlin .....	5,164
Munich .....	4,900
Sweden .....	4,900
Rio de Janeiro .....	4,689
Turin .....	4,249
Florence .....	3,900
Frankfort .....	3,802
Stutgard .....	3,300
Berne .....	2,900

#### *The Soldier's Wife.*

"Who comes there?" said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. "A friend," softly said a timid voice. "Advance and give the parole." The same soft, timid voice said, "Love." "Love," said the sentinel, "is not the parole, and you cannot pass. It is more than my life is worth to permit you to pass." "Indeed, this is cruel indeed, not to allow a serjeant's wife to pass, to take, perhaps, her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass; ere the morning's battle takes place, let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him." "Pass, friend: all's well!" It proved her last farewell.—*Ship's Military Bijou.*

#### *The Crusades.*

The king—Renault de Chatillon, Count of Karoc, who had so often broken faith with the Moslems—and the Grand Master of the Temple, whose whole order was in abhorrence among the Mussulmans—were taken alive and carried prisoners to the tent of Saladin. That monarch remained for some



time on the field, giving orders, that the knights of St. John and those of the Temple, who had been captured, should instantly embrace Islamism, or undergo the fate of the scimeter. A thousand acts of cruelty and aggression on their part had given cause to such deadly hatred; but at the hour of death not one knight could be brought to renounce his creed; and they died with that calm resolution which is in itself a glory. After this bloody consummation of his victory, Saladin entered the tent where Lusignan and his companions expected a similar fate; but Saladin, thirsty himself, called for iced sherbert, and having drunk, handed the cup to the fallen monarch—a sure pledge that his life was secure. Lusignan in turn passed it to Renault of Chatillon; but the sultan starting up, exclaimed, “No hospitality for the breaker of all engagements!” and before Chatillon could drink, with one blow of his cimeter Saladin severed his head from his body.—*James's History of Chivalry.*

#### Chinese Justice.

In order to celebrate weddings in China, they used to fix a day on which all the young men and girls who wished to marry repaired to a place destined for that purpose. The young men gave a statement of their wealth; after which they were divided into three classes—the rich, the middling, and the poor. The girls also were divided into three classes—the fine, the tolerable, and the ugly ones. Then the fine girls were given to the rich young men, who paid for them; the tolerable ones to the second class of young men, who did not pay; and the ugly ones to the poor, who had with them the money paid by the rich.

#### Sir George Rodney.

Captain Rodney, having compelled the French ship with which he had been chiefly engaged, to surrender, instantly boarded her, and made his way to the French Captain, who, having given up his sword, remarked, with the characteristic *badinage* of a Frenchman, even under the severest misfortunes, “that he would rather have met the eagle in the shape of a dove, with the olive-branch of peace.” To which Rodney instantly replied, in the words of his motto, “Eagles do not beget doves;” and in 1780, when he was advanced to the dignity of a Knight of the Bath, the above circumstances were made the insignia of his arms; viz. or, three eagles displayed purpose, answering to the three victories he had gained over the French and Spaniards.—*Mundy's Life of the Admiral.*

#### The First Balloon.

There is an anecdote of Black, which was told by the late Mr. Benjamin Bell, of Edinburgh, author of a well-known system of surgery, and he assured me that he had it from the late Sir George Clarke, of Pennicuik, who was a witness of the circumstance related. Soon after the appearance of Mr. Cavendish's paper on hydrogen gas, in which

he made an approximation to the specific gravity of that body, shewing that it was at least ten times lighter than the common air, Dr. Black invited a party of his friends to supper, informing them that he had a curiosity to shew them. Dr. Hutton, Mr. Clarke of Eden, and Sir George Clarke of Pennicuik, were of the number. When the company invited had assembled, he took them into a room. He had the allentois of a calf filled with hydrogen gas, and upon setting it at liberty, it immediately ascended, and adhered to the ceiling. The phenomenon was easily accounted for: it was taken for granted that a small black thread had been attached to the allentois, that this thread passed through the ceiling, and that some one in the apartment above, by pulling the thread, elevated it to the ceiling, and kept it in this position. This explanation was so probable, that it was acceded to by the whole company; though like many other plausible theories, it turned out wholly unfounded; for when the allentois was brought down, no thread whatever was found attached to it. Dr. Black explained the cause of the ascent to his admiring friends; but such was his carelessness of his own reputation, and of the information of the public, that he never gave the least account of this curious experiment even to his class; and more than twelve years elapsed before this obvious property of hydrogen gas was applied to the elevation of air-balloons, by M. Charles, in Paris.—*Thomson's History of Chemistry.*

#### Increase of the Numbers of Mankind.

On the supposition that the human race has a power to double its numbers four times in a century, or once in each succeeding period of twenty-five years, as some philosophers have computed, and that nothing prevented the exercise of this power of increase, the descendants of Noah and his family would have now increased to the following number: — 1,496,577,676,626,844,588,240,573,268,701,473,812,127,674,924,007,424.

The surface of the earth contains, of square miles .....	196,663,355
Mercury, and all the other planets, contain about .....	46,790,511,000
The sun contains.....	2,442,900,000,000

2,489,887,174,355

Hence, upon the supposition of such a rate of increase of mankind as has been assumed, the number of human beings now living would be equal to the following number for each square mile upon the surface of the earth, the sun, and all the planets, 61,062,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; or, to the following number for each square inch — 149,720,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. This last number alone is infinite with relation to human conception. Merely to count it would require an incredible period. Supposing the whole inhabitants now upon the surface of the globe to be one thousand millions, which is believed somewhat to exceed

the actual number, and supposing that this multitude, infants and adults, were to be employed in nothing else but counting, that each were to work 365 days in the year, and 10 hours in the day, and to count 100 per minute, it would require, in order to count the number in question, 6,536,500 millions of years.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

#### *Longevity of Artists.*

Nearly all the Italian painters lived to an advanced age. Spinello was nearly 100; Carlo Cignani, 91; Michael Angelo, 90; Leonardo da Vinci, 75; Calabresi, 86; Claude Lorraine, 82; Carlo Maratti, 88; Tentoretti, 82; Sebastian Ricci, 78; Francesco Albano, 88; Guido, 68; Guercino, 76; John Baptist Crespi, 76; Giuseppe Crespi, 82; Carlo Dolce, 70; Andrew Sacchi, 74; Zuccharelli, 86; Vernet, 77; Schidon, 76.

#### *Area of Europe.*

The surface of the different European states in geographic square miles, is as follows:—Russia, 375,174; Austria, 12,153½; France, 10,086; Great Britain, 5,535; Prussia, 5,040; the Netherlands (Belgium) 1,196; Sweden, 7,935½; Norway, 5,798; Denmark, 1,019½; Poland, 2,293; Spain, 8,446; Portugal, 1,722; Two Sicilies, 1,987; Sardinia, 1,363; the Pope's Territory, 811; Tuscany, 395 9-25ths; Switzerland, 696½; European Turkey, 10,000; Bavaria, 1,383; Saxony, 348; Hanover, 695; Wurtemberg, 359; Baden, 276; Hesse Darmstadt, 185; Hesse Cassel, 208.

#### *Literary and Scientific Intelligence.*

We have information that Sir Robert Ker Porter, the British President at Caraccas, in South America, and who first introduced the knowledge of the *guaco* plant (with some of its seeds, and a specimen of its extract) into this country, has liberally shipped off a large quantity of the plant from Caraccas, entirely at his own expence, for England; and so prepared, as to enable our medical men to give full experiment to its alleged virtue, as an antidote to the poison of venomous reptiles; and as a preventive, or cure, of that terrific malady, the hydrophobia. Besides its medical properties, it is a beautiful clematis plant; climbing up, and festooning, from branch to branch, the fine variety of trees which grow on the borders of the rivers, in that luxuriant quarter of South America.

The gallery of the Luxembourg has been opened with a collection of pictures, exhibited for the benefit of the wounded in the late revolution.

The French Academy recently filled up the vacancies occasioned by the deaths of Messrs. Fourier and Ségur, sen., by electing M. Victor Cousin, and M. Viennet.

The India Board have received intelligence that Mr. Taylor, so conspicuous in forwarding the steam navigation intercourse in the Indian seas, has been captured in the desert by the Arabs, on his return to Europe.

By a recent decree of the Emperor of Russia, the Jews who cannot pay their taxes must become soldiers.

There is at St. Petersburg a beryl, found in the district of Cothersenburgh, which is above eleven pounds in weight, and valued at more than £7,000.

Darby's fire and burglary alarm, for which a patent has been taken out, has the appearance of a wardrobe: wires connected with it are attached to the various doors and windows, and in the event of thieves breaking in, or fire taking place, a bell alarms the inhabitants of the house, and at the same instant it lights a candle, and presents a tablet shewing the name of the apartment where either of those disagreeable agents is carrying on its work of destruction.

By the assistance of a newly invented galvanometer, of a very delicate construction, it is said to have been ascertained that the hypothesis of the existence of electric currents in the nerves, has no foundation.

A Mr. Brad, in Upper Provence, has succeeded in producing paper, fit for writing upon, or for conversion into a light and serviceable pasteboard, from the fibrous parts of rotten pine wood.

The secretary of the British Institution has paid into the hands of the executor of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, upwards of three thousand pounds, the net produce, after deducting every expense, resulting from the exhibition of the pictures, in Pall Mall, painted by the president.

#### *Works in the Press, &c.*

*Vegetable Cookery*, with an Introduction recommending Abstinence from Animal Food and Intoxicating Liquors.

*Captain Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific, and Behring's Straits.*

*Travels in Chili, Buenos Ayres, and Peru*, by Samuel Haigh, Esq.

*Essay concerning the Faculties and Economy of the Mind*, by William Godwin.

*The Miscellaneous, Chemical, and Philosophical Researches of Sir Humphrey Davy*, with notes, by William Maugham.

*An Inquiry into the Theory of Colours*, with reference to the Newtonian Doctrine, by Mr. Walter Crum, of Glasgow.

*Lectures, Practical and Expository, upon the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark*; especially for the purpose of Domestic Instruction and Devotion; by the Bishop of Chester.

*The third volume of Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

*The History and Antiquities of Somersetshire*, by the Rev. W. Phelps, A.B., vicar of Meare, and author of "*Calendarium Botanicum.*"

*A series of Views in the Mauritius*, on stone, by William Rider, from original drawings by T. Bradshaw, Esq., with a Memoir of the Island, and letter-press descriptions of each view.

*A narrative, entitled An Only Son*, by the author of "*My Early Days.*"



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## BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

**OF SONS.**—The lady of General the Hon. Sir H. F. Bouverie, K.C.B.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Raper.—The lady of Wm. Swainson, Esq. F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.—The lady of the Rev. Dr. Goodenough.—The lady of Dr. Leighton.—The lady of T. T. Bernard, Esq.—The lady of the Right Hon. the Lord Justice Clerk.—The lady of Dr. Fitton.—The lady of C. Parry, Esq.—The lady of the Rev. T. Fuller.

**OF DAUGHTERS.**—The lady of Sir T. W. White, Bart.—The lady of Sir J. L. L. Kaye, Bart.—The lady of E. Tew, Esq.—The Hon. Mrs. Colville.—Her Grace the Duchess of Richmond.—The lady of F. McNeill, Esq.—The lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Hope, G.C.H.—Mrs. Wemyss.—The Hon. Lady Forbes.

## MARRIAGES.

At Bathwick, H. B. Averne, Esq. Captain of the Hon. E. I. C.'s ship Warren Hastings, son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Averne, of Rugeley, Staffordshire, to Mary Sarah, eldest daughter of Henry Hill, Esq., of Bath.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, S. G. Price, Esq., late Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, barrister-at-law, and M. P. for Sandwich, to Marianne, second daughter of the late W. Page, Esq., of Fitzroy Square.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, H. W. Chichester, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, second son of the late H. Chichester, Esq., of Northover House, Somerset, to Isabella Manners Sutton, daughter of his Grace the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Earl of Jermyn, eldest son of the Marquess of Bristol, to Lady C. Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

J. B. Trevanion, Esq., of Caerhays, Cornwall, to Susannah, second daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P.

At Clontarf, F. H. Halpin, Esq., of the Hon. E. I. C.'s service, to Caroline, daughter of Sir W. Stamer, Bart.

At Waltham Abbey, C. Sotheby, Esq., Captain R. N., to Mary Anne, daughter of Admiral and the late Lady Mary Anne Sotheby.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, the Rev. F. Pace, to the Hon. Geraldine Fitzgerald de Roos, third daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Henry Fitzgerald, and the Baroness de Roos.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Right Hon. Lord Louth, to Anne Maria Roche, youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Burton.

F. W. Ommannney, Esq., eldest son of Sir F. Ommannney, to Marianne, eldest daughter of W. Jones, Esq., of Putney.

At Gillingham Church, Kent, Captain Caulfield, 17th regiment, to Elizabeth, widow of the late Lieut.-Col. Hardinge.

At Brussels, Count Szelski, to Elizabeth, third daughter of W. Cook, Esq., late of Woodbridge.

At Box, the Rev. R. Ashe, Rector of Langley

Burrell, Wilts, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late J. Pybus, Esq.

At Orford, Suffolk, the Rev. W. W. Aldrich, B.C.L., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and Perpetual Curate of Butley, to Dorothy Lucy Mingay, second daughter of R. Rope, Gent., of Ubbestone Hall.

At Hambledon, Hants, Sudlow Roots, Esq., of Kingston, Surrey, to Cecilia, eldest daughter of Admiral Bligh.

At Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone, the Rev. Carew St. John Mildmay, brother of Sir H. St. John Mildmay, Bart., to the Hon. Caroline Waldegrave, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Lord Radstock.

At St. Botolph, Aldersgate, Mr. Robert Toll, to Miss Louisa Leonora Desvignes.

## DEATHS.

At Nice, Sir Robert Williams, Bart., M.P., of Fryars, Anglesea, aged 65.

The Rev. W. Woodhall, Rector of Branstion and of Waltham.

At Tuddenham, Norfolk, the very Rev. Edward Mellish, Dean of Hereford, aged 60.

At Streive Hill, Julia, wife of Sir Hugh Stewart, Bart., M.P. for the County of Tyrone.

At the house of her son, Dr. Lushington, in Hertfordshire, the Dowager Lady Lushington.

At Fisherton, near Salisbury, Amelia, widow of Admiral Sir Robert Calder, Bart., aged 75.

At Southampton, Rear-Admiral Stiles, aged 75.

Lord Henley, G.C.B., F.R.S., at Grimley Hall, aged 77.

At Castle Bernard, the Right Hon. the Earl of Bandon.

At Moncreiffe House, Perthshire, Sir David Moncreiffe, Bart., aged 41.

Gianina, wife of Sir W. Franklin, of Charlotte Street, Portland Place.

In Nottingham Place, P. M. Lucas, Esq., aged 49.

At Cambridge, by a fall from his horse, M. N. A. Robinson, Esq., of Trinity College, eldest son of M. Robinson, Esq., of Dulwich, Surrey, aged 19.

At Clapton, T. Nisbett, Esq., aged 62.

At Cheltenham, Admiral Robert Montagu, Admiral of the Red.

H. W. Bury, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Tullamore.

At Bath, Frances, wife of W. Wensley, Esq., aged 69.

At Leatherhead, Surrey, A. Wood, Esq., aged 72.

In Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square, W. Sheldon, Esq., a Bencher of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn, aged 86.

At Kegworth, Leicestershire, the Rev. T. Parkinson, D.D. Archdeacon of Leicester, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester, aged 85.

Clementina, wife of Vice-Adm. Sir Pulteney Malcolm, K.C.B.

At Cheltenham, Miss Law, daughter of the late Rev. J. Law, D.D., Archdeacon of Rochester.

# La Belle Assemblée,

OR

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LXXIV., FOR FEBRUARY, 1831.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable **LOUISA ELIZABETH, BARONESS DURHAM**, engraved by **THOMSON**, from a Painting by **SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE**.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Full Dress.

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## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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"*Toniotto, the Brutus of Corsica*," stands high upon our list for insertion.

"*The Lady's Album*" probably in our next.

"*The Friends*, an 'over true' *Tale of the Highlands*," is a palpable plagiarism from one of the best sketches of a popular writer.

At some distant period, possibly, the lines commencing—

"The mists of the morning have melted away."

OMEGA, though out of sight this month, is not out of mind. This notice must be accepted by many of our Correspondents—poetical Correspondents in particular.

Thanks for Mr. DEAKIN's last received favour.

Mr. BRADFIELD shall hear from us. Thanks, also, for his last received communication.

"*Strawberries*," if we mistake not, will appear early in the spring.

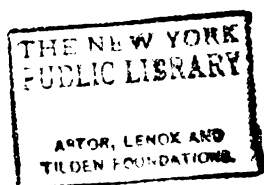
"*Fortune's Frolic, or a Lottery for a Husband*," shall receive our earliest practicable attention.

"*The Lady's Farewell to her Page*" is, with many other pieces, reluctantly postponed.

"*My First Picture*"—"The Novice of Milan, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century"—and numerous other productions, in both prose and verse, remain for consideration.

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PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,  
BY HENRY BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.







THE RT. HON. LOUISA ELIZABETH,

BARONESS DURHAM.

*Engraved by THOMSON, from a Portrait by SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.  
The 74<sup>th</sup> of the Series of the Female Nobility.*

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# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1831.

## ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LOUISA ELIZABETH, BARONESS DURHAM.

It is only from the precision which ought ever to constitute an essential in the composition of historic narrative, that we feel it necessary to commence this little sketch by stating, that the Lady Louisa Elizabeth Grey, now Baroness Durham,\* is the eldest daughter and first child, of the Right Honourable Charles, Earl Grey, Viscount Howick, and Baron Grey de Howick, Premier of England, by his Countess, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Ponsonby.

Lady Durham's family, famous for its

military exploits, is of very ancient standing in the county of Northumberland; and, as the Grays of Scotland have the same armorial bearings as the Greys of the north of England—which may be seen in their churches, on their tombstones, and by other monuments of antiquity—it is believed that their descent is common. Douglas, in his *Peerage of Scotland*, observes, that, “as Northumberland formerly belonged to Scotland, it is the general opinion that Lord Grey, of Chillingham, of that county” (whose predecessors, named de Grey, or de Croy, came over with the Conqueror) “gave the lands of Browfield, or Broxmouth, in the county of Roxburgh, adjoining to it, to a younger son of his family, of whom all the Greys in Scotland are said to be descended.”

According to Leland, in his *Collectanea*, Thomas de Grey, Governor of the Castles of Couper and Fife, in Scotland, went into that country shortly after the coronation of King Edward the Second; and he then, with twenty-six men, broke through certain forces, which had been stationed by Gualter de Buckerton to sur-

\* In the second volume of Mr. Moore's “Letters and Journals of Lord Byron,” page 410, we find the following allusion, in a diary by his lordship, to the distinguished subject of our memoir:—“Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the patrician, thorough-bred look of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp so modestly and ingeniously, that she looked music. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.”

prise and take him. Amongst the circumstances in the life of this gentleman, it may be mentioned that, at the siege of Stryvelin, upon the rescue of Henry, Lord Beaumont, of whose retinue he then was, he received a dangerous wound under his eyes;—that he was afterwards taken prisoner by Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray;—that he was Governor of Norham, where he was twice besieged by the Scots;—that he slew one Crymes, a Scottish Admiral, otherwise a great sea robber;—that, in 1345, he had a charter of free warren throughout all his lordships of Fenton, Nosbyth, Dodinton, North Middleton, South Middleton, *Howyke*, Eworth, Heddon, and Hoakill, in the county of Northumberland;—and that he routed the Earls of March and Sutherland, on their invasion of the North, whilst King Edward III. was at the siege of Tournay.

Sir John Grey, of Berwick, in the county of Northumberland, Knt., was father of Sir Thomas Grey, of Berwick, and also of Chillingham, in the same county; who, dying in 1402, left issue by Jane, daughter of John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, a family of four sons and a daughter. The two eldest sons were—Sir John Grey, of Heaton, in the county of Northumberland, Knt., and afterwards Earl of Tankerville, in Normandy;\* and Sir Thomas Grey, of Warke, ancestor of the present Earl Grey.

This Sir Thomas Grey married Alice, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland. His third son, Ralph, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, Lord Fitzhugh, became his heir. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir Ralph Grey, K.B., believed to be the person whom Dugdale mentions as having been knighted at Leicester, on Whitsunday, in the fourth year of the reign of Henry VI.; the King himself then receiving the honour of knighthood from the same hand. Sir Ralph soon afterwards raised the siege which the King

of Scots had laid to Roxburgh. His second son,

Sir Edward Grey, became heir, and succeeded at Chillingham and at Warke. He was father of Sir Ralph Grey, who married Isabel, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Grey, of Horton, in the county of Northumberland, by Dame Dorothy Ogle. His eldest son, Sir William Grey, was made a Baronet in 1619, and raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Grey, of Warke, in 1623. On failure of issue in the person of his grandson, Ralph, fourth Lord Grey, in 1704, this peerage became extinct. Sir Edward Grey, of Howick, fourth son of Sir Ralph Grey, of Chillingham, by Isabel, daughter of Sir Thomas Grey, of Horton, married Catherine, daughter of Roger le Strange, of Hunstanton, in Norfolk, Esq. His eldest son, by this marriage, was,

Philip Grey, of Howick, who died in the life-time of his father, having married the daughter and co-heir of — Westwood, of Westwood, in the county of Northumberland, Esq. His grandson,

John Grey, of Acton (second son of Edward Grey, by Magdalen, daughter of Martin Fenwick, of Kenton, near Newcastle, Esq.), had an only son,

John Grey, of Howick, whose eldest son was,

Sir Henry Grey, of Howick, Bart. He was born in 1691; served the office of High Sheriff for the county of Northumberland in 1736; and was created a Baronet in 1746. By his lady, Hannah, daughter of Thomas Wood, of Fallodon, in Northumberland, Esq., he had (besides four daughters) five sons:—1. Sir Henry, second Baronet, M.P. for the county of Northumberland, in 1754 and 1762, died, unmarried, in 1808;—2. John, also died unmarried;—3. Thomas, killed in a duel with Lord Pomfret, and buried in South Audley Chapel;—4. *Charles, first Earl Grey, father of the present peer*;—5. Ralph, died, unmarried, in 1787.

Charles, the fourth son, was born on the 23d of October, 1729. As the family estates were entailed on his eldest brother, Henry, it was deemed proper that he should embrace some profession which might lead to a suitable establishment in life. The army was accordingly selected; and, after receiving the necessary educa-

\* This title became extinct in 1701. Charles Bennet, second Baron Ossulston, married, in 1695, the Lady Mary Grey, only daughter of Forde, Lord Grey, of Warke, Viscount Glendale, and Earl of Tankerville. Lord Ossulston was advanced to an earldom, by the title of his deceased father-in-law, Earl of Tankerville, on the 19th of October, 1714.

tion, he served on the continent, as a subaltern, in Kingsley's regiment, when not more than nineteen years of age. In 1755, he obtained leave to raise an independent company; in 1759, he was aide-de-camp to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, at the battle of Minden, in which he was wounded; and, in January, 1761, he was promoted to the rank of a field officer. At the capture of the important fortress of Belleisle, in 1761, he commanded the 98th regiment of foot. On the return of peace, that regiment was disbanded, and he retired on half-pay. However, he obtained the rank of colonel in the army, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the King.

Proceeding to America, on the commencement of the war of independence, Colonel Grey was soon distinguished by General Howe; and, as he had seen more real service than most officers of the same standing, he was appointed to a separate command, and invested with the local rank of Major-General. In the campaigns of 1777 and 1778, he was actively and advantageously engaged in much desultory warfare.

During the peace which ensued, he devoted himself to the education of his children, occasionally enjoying the amusements of a country life at his seat at Fallodon, near Alnwick. Through the influence of one of his noble friends, he obtained a seat in the House of Commons. In 1782, having previously attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, he received the Colonelcy of a regiment of dragoons; and, in 1783, he had the honour of being invested with the noble Order of the Bath.

In 1793, soon after the commencement of the war of the French revolution, Sir Charles Grey led a small body of forces into maritime Flanders, by means of which he secured the possession of Ostend and Nieuport. Embarking with his friend Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, for the West Indies, he served as Commander-in-chief at the reduction of Martinique, St. Lucia, and Guadaloupe.

Soon after his return, Sir Charles received the government of the Island of Guernsey; nearly at the same time, he was appointed to the Third, or King's Own Regiment of Dragoons, on the death of General Lascelles; and, previously to the peace of Amiens, the southern district

of the kingdom was entrusted to his care. On the 23d of June, 1801, the King was graciously pleased to reward his numerous services, by a patent creating him Baron Grey de Howick, in the county of Northumberland; and, on the 11th of April, 1806, he was farther advanced to the dignities of Viscount Howick, and Earl Grey.

This nobleman married, on the 8th of June, 1762, Elizabeth, daughter of George Grey, of Southwick, in the county of Durham, Esq. By this lady, who died on the 26th of May, 1822, his Lordship had nine children:—

1. Henry, born in 1763, died an infant;—
2. Charles, his successor, the present Earl;—
3. Elizabeth, born in 1765, married, in 1786, to Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P., who died in 1815;—
4. Henry George, born in 1766, a Lieutenant General in the army, and Colonel of the 13th regiment of dragoons, married, in 1812, Charlotte, only daughter of Sir Charles de Vœux, of Queen's County, Ireland, Bart.—
5. George, born in 1767, Captain in the Royal Navy, resident commissioner at Portsmouth dock-yard, Marshal of Barbados, created a Baronet in 1814, G.C.B., married, in 1795, Mary, daughter of Samuel Whitbread, of Bedwell Park, in the county of Hertford, Esq., and sister to Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P. for Bedford;—
6. Thomas, born in 1770, died in 1797;—
7. William, born in 1777, a Lieutenant Colonel in the army, and Lieutenant Governor of Chester, married Miss Shirreff, sister of Captain Shirreff, R.N., and died in 1807;—
8. Edward, born in 1782, M.A., in holy orders, Rector of Peasmore, in the county of Berks, married, *first*, in 1809, C——, daughter of J. Crofts, of Greenham, in the county of Berks, Esq.; *secondly*, in 1824, Miss Adair, neice of Lady Barrington;—
9. Hannah Alithea, born in 1785, married, *first*, in 1807, Captain Bettesworth, of the Tartar frigate, who was killed in endeavouring to cut out one of the enemy's East Indiamen, off Bergen, in 1808; *secondly*, in 1809, Richard Ellice, Esq., M.P.

Earl Grey died on the 14th of November, 1807, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Charles, the present Earl. His Lordship was born on the 13th of March, 1764. He was educated at Eton, in the same class with the late Mr. Lambton, the father of Lord Durham, Mr.

Whitbread, and others, with whom he afterwards acted in political life. He was then sent to the University of Cambridge, where his high talent, since matured, displayed its early blossoms. When he left college, he went upon his travels; in the course of which he met the late Duke of Cumberland, and, for a short time, he enjoyed a post in the household of his Royal Highness.

Soon after Mr. Grey's return to England, he was, in 1785, through the interest of his family, returned to Parliament as one of the representatives for the county of Northumberland. At a subsequent general election, as an expensive contest was expected, he declined standing for the county, and came into Parliament for the borough of Appleby, which he continued to represent, until, by the death of his father, he was removed to the upper House.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Grey found ample scope for his powers; and, in conjunction with Fox, Sheridan, Lambton, Whitbread, Ponsonby, and others, he kept Mr. Pitt and his friends constantly on the alert. When, in the spring of 1791, the country was threatened by the prospect of a war with Russia, Mr. Grey expressed himself decidedly adverse to such a measure; and, it will not be deemed impertinent if, at the present crisis, we transcribe, from one of his speeches upon that occasion, his notion of the cases in which war may be regarded as just. These cases, he considered, might be reduced to three:—"first, when it is undertaken to redeem a right forcibly withheld, and to which we have an irresistible claim;—secondly, in providing for our future safety;—thirdly, in a right of repelling an unjust attack."—Respecting war, these appear to have been the grand articles of the new Premier's creed, to the present hour.

In the course of the same year, Mr. Grey took the lead in a business which, in the words of Burke, "shed a lustre on the character and humanity of the nation." The subject here alluded to was the melancholy situation of those who were unable to satisfy the demands of importunate creditors, and who were in consequence subjected to the operation of a rigorous code of laws. Agreeably to a

previous notice, he moved for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the practice and effect of imprisonment for debt; observing, "that it was desirable to distinguish the unfortunate debtor from the knavish one—to place the creditor in that situation which afforded the fairest and the speediest means of compensation—and so to regulate the gaols of this country, as to prevent unnecessary hardship and restraint. Whether they considered the practice of confining for debt men who had no means of discharging such debt, or, on the contrary, fraudulent debtors, whose creditors by no process could compel them to pay; these circumstances were alone sufficient to constitute the necessity for an inquiry into the state of the laws relating to debtor and creditor."—The motion was acceded to; a committee was immediately appointed; and this may be regarded as the foundation of the several acts which have since received the sanction of the legislature for the relief of insolvent debtors; and which, howsoever they may have been abused, are at once just and benevolent in their principle.

Throughout the whole of the first war of the revolution, Mr. Grey testified his uniform disapprobation of the measures of Mr. Pitt; and, by his eloquence, as well as by his habits of business, he accomplished much towards rendering a small minority respectable.

As one of the managers of the impeachment against Governor Hastings, he added greatly to his former reputation; and, in a truly commendable spirit, he defended his father, with equal zeal and eloquence, against the accusations relative to his conduct in the West Indies.

Mr. Grey was ever a strenuous advocate for a reform in Parliament, as necessary to restore the vigour of the constitution, and prevent the degrading practice of corruption. To this measure, so dear to his heart, his Lordship will now be able to render the most efficient aid; less, however, in virtue of his high and dignified office, than from the rapid and powerful change which, even in the course of a few months, has been effected in the minds of the people. Out of the House, almost from his youth, Mr. Grey was equally active in the cause of reform.

He became a member of the Whig Club, when in the zenith of its fame, and one of the society called the Friends of the People.

When Burke was at the height of his reputation, Mr. Grey enjoyed all the advantages which could accrue to a young man through such a connection. Fox was another of his great friends. When that gentleman was deserted by Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Carlisle, and others, he unchangingly adhered to him.

Subsequently, when Fox came into power with Lord Grenville, Mr. Grey—then, by his father's elevation to the peerage, become Lord Howick—was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and a Member of the Cabinet Council.

Soon afterwards, by the death of his friend, Mr. Fox, a vacancy occurred in the office of Secretary of State, and Lord Howick was removed from the Admiralty, and appointed his successor. "The ministry," observes a writer of that period, "was ill formed: in a cabinet of eleven there were three parties, all of whom had different views: Mr. Fox and his friends, who were five, desired peace; Lord Grenville's party, who were four, seemed to have imbibed such a hatred of France, that no peace was likely to be effected while they remained in office; and the King's friends, though only two, from the near division of the others, had it in their power to turn any question which way they pleased. The King did not like the administration, although they had accomplished some measures of considerable merit; among other things, they had abolished the slave trade, an act which will ever reflect the highest honour upon Mr. Fox's memory, and in which act Lord Howick bore a very conspicuous part. But they also held themselves bound to procure relief to the Catholics, and their attempt to bring this about was the cause of their downfall. His Majesty conceived himself obliged, by his coronation oath, not to assent to any alteration in the laws in this respect; and, as the ministry persisted in the measure, they were dismissed." Lord Howick retired without pension or sinecure—without any office but the honorary one of a Governor of the Charter-house.

Soon afterwards (November 14, 1807)

his Lordship, on the death of his father, succeeded to the title of Earl Grey; and, by the death of his uncle, Sir Henry Grey, Bart. (March 30, 1808) who died, unmarried, at the age of 86, he succeeded to the family estate.

For a time, ill health prevented his Lordship from being very active in public life; but on several occasions which have since offered, he has stood forward with all his accustomed energy.

The extraordinary turn which political affairs took, soon after the opening of the present Session of Parliament, has, by suddenly elevating Lord Grey to the highest office under the crown, rendered his Lordship an object of more intense interest than ever.

It was on the 16th of November that His Grace the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues found it expedient to tender their resignation of office to His Majesty. His Majesty was graciously pleased to accept their resignation; and, almost immediately afterwards, to call upon Earl Grey, to undertake the formation of a new cabinet. In the performance of this arduous task his Lordship happily succeeded; and, on the 22d of the same month, he arose in the House of Peers, "to offer a few observations explanatory of the principles on which he had accepted the high honour to which he had been called by the gracious pleasure of His Majesty, in a manner which rendered it impossible for him to withhold his services from his Sovereign and his country."

—Without entering upon the discussion of doctrinal points, as they may be termed, it seems sufficient here to remark, that, should the new administration find themselves enabled to act up to the principles propounded in his Lordship's admirable speech, they will become at once the blessing and the salvation of the country. "To sum up all in a few words," he observed, towards its close, "the principles in which he and his colleagues were united, were, an earnest desire for the amelioration of all existing abuses and evils, a fixed determination to introduce the most rigid economy in every department of the government, and an anxious solicitude for the maintenance of peace."

—His Lordship's family motto, "*De bon vouloir servir le Roi*," will not, we trust,

be found inapplicable. Let him and his colleagues, with every *true* Englishman, exclaim—

We, too, are friends to loyalty. We love  
The King who loves the law, respects his  
bounds,  
And lives content within them. Him we  
serve  
Freely, and with delight, who leaves us free.

Lord Grey married, on the 18th of November, 1794, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Brabazon, Lord Ponsonby,\* by Louisa Molesworth, daughter of Richard, third Viscount Molesworth. Of this marriage, the offspring has been as follows:—

1. *Louisa Elizabeth, now Lady Durham*;—
2. Elizabeth, born July 10, 1798;—3. Caroline, born August 20, 1799;—4. Georgiana, born February 17, 1801;—5. Henry, Viscount Howick, born December 28, 1802;—
6. Charles, born March 15, 1804, Major in the 60th, or King's Royal Rifle Corps;—7. Frederick William, born August 23, 1805, Captain in the Royal Navy;—8. Mary, born May 3, 1807;—9. William, born May 13, 1808, died February 12, 1815;—10. George, born May 16, 1809, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy;—11. Thomas, born December 29, 1810;—12. John, born March 6, 1812;—13. Francis Richard, born March 31, 1813;—
14. Henry Cavendish, born October 16, 1814;—15. William George, born February 15, 1819.

The Lady Louisa Elizabeth Grey was born on the 17th of April, 1797. On the 9th of December, 1816, she was married to John George Lambton, of Lambton Castle, in the county of Durham, Esq., then one of the representatives in Parliament for that county. This gentleman is the son and heir of the old friend of Lord Grey, W. H. Lambton, Esq., who was for many years one of the representatives of the City of Durham, and the active and distinguished member of the whig party, to whom we have before alluded. The

\* Baron Ponsonby, of Imokilly, in the county of Cork, is a branch of the noble house of Ponsonby, Earls of Besborough, in Ireland, and Barons Ponsonby, of Sysonby, in England, springing from the Right Hon. John Ponsonby (second son of Brabazon, first Earl of Besborough), Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, and six times one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom.

son followed the example of the father. In August, 1813, he was elected one of the Knights representatives of the county of Durham; in 1820, he was re-elected; and again in 1826, when Mr. Wharton, who had been brought forward against him in the treasury interest, did not receive more than half the number of votes that were given to the old member. For fifteen years Mr. Lambton represented the county of Durham in Parliament; and both in the House of Commons and in the north, took an active part in all the great political questions of the day, adhering strictly to those liberal principles which have influenced the public conduct of his noble relation, Earl Grey. In 1826, in consequence of a severe and protracted illness, occasioned by unremitted application to his parliamentary duties, Mr. Lambton was obliged to repair to the south of Italy; on his return from thence, in January, 1828, he was called up to the House of Peers, with the title of Lord Durham; and, on the 22d of November, 1830, was appointed Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and a member of the Cabinet.

Lord Durham is considered as having one of the most productive landed and mining estates in England; and his influence in the northern counties, and also in Parliament, is therefore great. Lord Durham is the representative of a family which, for centuries, had sustained the highest rank amongst the commoners of England.

It appears, indeed, from Surtees' History of the County Palatine of Durham, that "no earlier owners of Lambton are on record than the ancient and honourable family which still bears the local name. The regular pedigree can only be traced from the twelfth century, many of the family records being destroyed in the civil wars; but the previous residence of the family is well proved by attestations of charters and incidental evidence, from a period very nearly approaching the Norman conquest."—Robert de Lambton, feudal lord of Lambton Castle, died in 1350. From him, the eighth in lineal descent was

John Lambton, Esq., born in 1505. He married Agnes, daughter and coheirress of Roger Lumley, Esq., of Ludworth, niece of Richard, Lord Lumley, and great-grand-daughter of King Edward IV.,

through his natural daughter, Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Thomas Lumley, eldest son of George, Lord Lumley.—His great-grand-son,

Sir William Lambton, who received the honour of knighthood in 1614, was a colonel of infantry in the service of King Charles I. He fell at the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644. By his first lady—Jane, third daughter and coheirress of Sir Nicholas Curwen, of Workington, in the county of Cumberland—his eldest son and successor was

Henry Lambton, Esq., who married, in 1635, Mary, daughter of Sir Alexander Davison, Knt., of Blakeston. His three eldest sons dying unmarried, his youngest son,

Ralph Lambton, Esq., became the continuator of the line. He married, in 1696, Dorothy, daughter and coheirress of John Hedworth, Esq., of Harraton, and heir general of the D'Arcys, of Herrington and Harraton. His three eldest sons also died unmarried; and, in consequence, the estates ultimately devolved upon his youngest son,

John Lambton, Esq., a Major-General in the army, and Colonel of the 68th foot. He represented the city of Durham in six parliaments. His eldest son and successor, by his wife, Susan, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Strathmore, was

William Henry Lambton, Esq., also M.P. for the city of Durham. He married, in 1791, Anne Barbara Frances, daughter of George Bussey, fourth Earl of Jersey, by whom he had—

1. John George, now Lord Durham;—2. William Henry, born in 1793, married, in 1824, Henrietta, second daughter of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., M.P.;—3. Hedworth, born in 1797;—4. Frances Susan, married, *first*, the Hon. Henry Frederick Howard, who fell at Waterloo; *secondly*, H. F. Compton Cavendish, Esq., M.P., grandson of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Lambton died on the 30th of November, 1797; and his widow afterwards became the wife of the Hon. Charles William Wyndham. He was succeeded by his son,

John George Lambton, Esq., whom his late Majesty, George IV. was pleased to promote to the dignity of the peerage, on the 17th of January, 1828, by the title of Baron Durham, of the city of Durham, and of Lambton Castle, in the county palatine of Durham. His Lordship was born on the 12th of April, 1792. He married, *first*, in January, 1812, Miss H. Cholmondeley, by whom (who died in July, 1815) he had three daughters:—Frances Charlotte, born on the 16th of October, 1812; Georgiana Sarah Elizabeth, born on the 2d of March, 1814; and Harriet Caroline, born on the 30th of May, 1815. His Lordship married, *secondly*, on the 9th of December, 1816, the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, second Earl Grey; by whom he has two sons, and two daughters:—Charles William, born on the 16th of January, 1818;—George Frederick D'Arcy, born on the 5th of September, 1828;—Mary Louisa, born on the 8th of May, 1819; and Emily Augusta, born on the 17th of May, 1823.



## THE BRIDE OF DEATH:

*A Swiss Legend, from the German of Wilhelm Bräunlitz.*

THE sun sank deeper and deeper, its rays broke over the near and distant glaciers in all the beautiful colours of the rainbow, the Alpine horns answered each other on the mountains, and the echoes resounded in the deep gorges and caverns. The melody of the birds, dying away into stillness, the sound of the distant sheep-bells, and the indistinct song of the shepherds, returning to their huts, formed the enchanting evening chimes. I stood absorbed in the contemplation of the lovely and majestic works of nature which surrounded me; sweet dreams of the imagination filled my mind; all my past days swam like airy visions before me: it appeared to me as though I had been wafted across the stream of life, and now stood in the happy paradise, which had hitherto existed only in my imagination, but I knew not what skiff or conductor had conveyed me there. A noise now aroused me: it was a young kid, which, in the stillness and gloom of the twilight, was seeking the lower regions of the mountains, and had ventured the hazardous spring from a lofty rock, to that on which I stood.

I now first perceived that the sun had long since set; the icy summit of the distant glacier had exchanged the golden crown placed on it by the declining luminary, for a pale glimmer thrown over it by the moon, now rising out of the Zurich lake. I sought the path by which I had come, in order to return; and, after a short time, by the help of the moon, appeared to have found it. I walked hastily that I might soon reach the village where I intended to pass the night. The freshness of the air, and the solitary gloom which surrounded me, made me redouble my pace. I descended from mountain to mountain, and scrambled, as well as the darkness would allow me, from rock to rock; my feet often slipped, and as the small stones loosened from under me, I heard the resounding noise as they rolled in the stillness of night into the depths beneath. At length, after encountering many difficulties, and feeling much ex-

hausted, I discovered that I had lost my way.

In the hope that some solitary cottage would perhaps afford shelter to a lost and wearied traveller, I proceeded, though not without great danger. Impenetrable rocks extended before me like dark clouds; trees, that had existed for ages, stood single and erect like spectres, the moon shooting her pale rays through their leaves and branches; over my head hung huge masses of rock, which threatened every moment to crush me by their fall. A death-like shuddering ran through my veins whenever my eye encountered them. After long and fruitless wandering, I found myself in a small footpath that extended along the sides of precipitous rocks. I hastily pursued this narrow pass, which, however, appeared interminable, and continually increased in gloom.

After a long and hazardous walk, I reached the end of the rocks, when the path made a sudden bend and terminated. I found myself on the summit of a tremendous rock, under me a deep ravine, from which ascended the rushing noise of a waterfall; opposite, I saw a mountain overgrown with trees, and at the foot of it, a hut in which a light still glimmered. To cross over to it by night was impossible; one false step, and I should be dashed to pieces in the raving abyss beneath. To reach it by any other road, was likewise impossible; for an endless chain of rocks, lost in the deep shades of night, stretched out like a barrier before me, and over it I must have clambered to find a way. Forced, therefore, to decide on remaining for the night under the canopy of heaven, I sought a spot where I could lie without risking my life by a fall in the yawning chasm beneath. My wallet served me as a pillow, and as the moon shone brightly I could see by my watch that it was near midnight.

Fatigued by my useless exertions, I fell into a slumber, from which I was soon aroused by a rustling noise, and the sound of steps. I listened, but all was silent

again; nothing was to be heard but the wild rushing of the waterfall, interrupted at times by the mournful screech of the owl. I considered the rustling noise and near sound of steps as a dream, and was composing myself again to sleep, when I heard a voice close by me singing. It was the fine, clear, only at times somewhat tremulous, voice of a girl. The ballad—the trembling accents, seeming to proceed from a heart oppressed with love and sorrow—the stillness of the night—all struck on the deepest chords of my heart. I arose softly, and saw, a few steps from me on the rock beneath, a girl, who appeared not to belong to this world. A dress, whiter and clearer than the silver moon, enveloped her limbs, while luxuriant golden locks flowed from under her straw hat. She was kneeling on the ground, diligently plucking herbs, which she placed in a basket beside her. She had not knelt long when she sang again in a trembling voice. By the time she had finished her little song, the last words of which she trilled in a firmer and more melodious tone, her small basket was full; she arose, and I could now distinctly see her face. A youthful, fanciful imagination played on her forehead, her eyes beamed with soft enthusiasm, her cheeks were pale, and strong traces of sorrow and melancholy were apparent in her lovely innocent countenance. She took her basket and was hastening away, when I stepped lower down on the rock, and called to her.

The sweet girl was not a little alarmed, to see, in this hour of repose, a strange man stand before her. The little colour she had fled entirely from her cheeks, and she recovered not from her terror till she found that I was no bad spirit come to hurt or torment her, but a poor lost wanderer. In answer to my question, whether she could not conduct me to some hut where I might pass the night, she hospitably offered me that of her parents, which lay just below at the foot of the mountain. Nothing could be more acceptable to a weary traveller than this kind and friendly invitation. I offered to carry her basket, but that she would not suffer, notwithstanding my earnest entreaties. As she knew the way well, she soon brought me again to a footpath,

and we easily descended the steep rocks. I followed her long in silence, till we reached the mountain torrent, across which was a hanging bridge: like a protecting genius, she glided lightly over it before me, and when at a small distance from the hut I began the following conversation:—

“For whom, lovely girl, have you gathered these herbs?”

“For my poor sick William.”

“But why just at midnight?”

“Because they have not so much virtue when gathered at any other time.”

“And why not?”

“When the moon and the stars shine, lovely little spirits fall from their rays on the plants; and if you pick them at this time, and lay them on the heart, the spirits pass into it, from the plants, lull the sick to sleep, and then cure his maladies.”

“Are you not, however, afraid to seek plants on these rugged rocks, quite alone, and at the hour of midnight?”

“Oh, no! were the night still more silent and gloomy, if love only be awake, my heart feels no fear; and for my William I would do any thing. Oh, he is so good, so good—when I see him lie there, and cannot help him, and he smiles and fixes his expressive eyes on me, I would remain out the whole night in storm and tempest, and seek plants for him on the highest and most dangerous rocks.”

During this conversation, which made me curious to know the lover of the girl, we reached the hut. A light still burned dimly in the room—the same which I had seen on the rock—and in the window I perceived a venerable hoary head. The girl hastened before me, to carry alleviation and comfort to William. The old man whom I had seen at the window came out of the hut to meet me. His fine venerable countenance inspired me with respect. Frank and honest, like a true Swiss, he pressed my hand, and with expressions of sincere regret that he could not entertain me better than as the inhabitant of a poor Swiss canton, he led me into a small but clean and neat room. An old woman with silver locks sat at a table, reading the bible with deep attention.

On my entering the room, she removed

her spectacles, arose slowly, tottered towards me, held out her trembling hand, and bade me welcome. At the farther end of the little room stood a bed, on which lay a young man: he had not observed my entrance; neither could I see his face, for the girl was covering it with kisses, while she laid the herbs on his heart.

After a time she raised herself from the bed of the beloved invalid, took me by the hand, and led me to him. He was a remarkably handsome young man, with fine expressive eyes and a noble countenance. He held out his hand to me with a melancholy smile, looked at me long in silence, and then again pressed Maria to his heart.

As I knew a little of medicine, I endeavoured to discover the nature of his malady; but at every question I put to him, he shook his head with a smile, and pointed to his heart. All my attempts were fruitless, and I could not ascertain his illness, or its cause; but as he appeared not to be in danger, I strove to comfort him, and ventured to predict a speedy recovery. Maria seized my hand and pressed it with fervour, thanking me for the consolation I offered; the invalid only shook his head with a faint smile. A short time after he turned his eyes towards the window, and kept them long wildly fixed on one spot, as though in the observation of some particular object. He then looked at me, his countenance still paler than before, and said trembling, and in so low a voice that neither the old woman nor Maria could hear him, "It will soon be over!" There was something so mysterious in the whole conduct of the young man, as to produce in me sensations inexplicable even to myself.

The excessive fatigue I felt, allowed me but short time for reflection. I begged my venerable old host to shew me my sleeping place, and he conducted me immediately into a small room: a press and a bed were all it contained. He related to me how he had taken the youth into his house after the death of his parents, and brought him up with Maria; how they had become attached, and at last engaged to each other; and that, as soon as William should get well, they were to be married. In answer to my questions

about William's illness, he could only reply, that a few evenings before, he had returned home unwell from the chamois hunt.—Ere the old man left me, he entreated me so earnestly to remain with them till William should be better, that, unable to refuse his request, I consented.

I was too much exhausted to remain long awake. Sleep and peace, however, seemed to have sworn against me for that night. I had scarcely closed my eyes, when a frightful storm arose, which, beating through the broken panes of my window, soon awoke me. I looked up; the moon was no longer clear, heavy clouds rolled over it, and it was just concealed behind one, as the door softly opened. I knew perfectly well that I had bolted it, and could not comprehend how it was opened from the other side without noise. I raised myself up to look, but all was dark. Soon I observed a tall figure approaching softly, enveloped in a white robe; the countenance was pale, the eyes fixed and staring. "Who is there?" I cried; but, without attending to my question, the figure walked slowly up to the old press, opened it, seemed for a long while to be seeking something within it, and at last brought forward a white bundle. She—for the appearance was that of a woman—unfolded it, and I distinctly perceived that it was a shroud. She looked at it some minutes, bowed her head three times, re-folded it, placed it again in the press, which she locked, and then left the room as softly as she had entered.

Fear, I knew only by name: I had never experienced the sensation; but now I was seized with a cold shuddering. I was unconscious whether I had dreamed or not. The storm had ceased, the clouds had dispersed, and the night was as clear as before. I arose, and looked at the press; it was locked: I went to the door; it was bolted: I opened it, and looked out, but it was dark, and I saw nothing that could afford me any explanation of what had passed. "It was nothing but an idle dream," said I to myself, and lay down again to sleep. My fatigue had, however, vanished with the apparition; I found it impossible to sleep, and I passed the remainder of the night in watchfulness, ruminating on what had happened.

Early in the morning my old host came to me. I asked him if any one had been in my room during the night, and related what I had seen. The old man's countenance suddenly changed; tears came into his eyes; he folded his hands together, and I saw that he prayed in silence. After a pause, he said to me, trembling, "Alas, my good Sir, it was the *Bride of Death*! That is a bad presage; if she is wandering about in our house, some of us will soon die."

"This is a presage, then," said I, shaking my head, and accompanying the old man into the room of the sick youth.

He appeared to me much better than on the preceding evening: he was sitting up in the bed, and Maria near him; but there was something unaccountable and peculiar about his eyes, which were constantly directed towards the window.

After a time, when Maria was absent, the father busy out of doors, and only the old woman in the room, he called me to his bedside, and made me sit down by him. "When I am no more," said he, "then comfort my Maria; in the other world I shall see her again, but here my time is short, for to-day the *Bride of Death* will carry me away."

"The *Bride of Death*?" said I, astonished; and the figure I had seen the preceding night, presented itself to my imagination.

"Listen!" said he, after a pause; "I will relate every thing to you. You are the only one who will have heard it, for I would not destroy the hopes of my Maria, and her aged parents, before it is necessary." I drew nearer to his bed that I might not lose a word. He paused a little, and then began:—

"A few days ago I lost myself at the Chamois hunt. It was quite dark when I perceived I was on a frightfully high glacier. I looked around me to see which way I should take to return home. Suddenly a most beautiful maiden stood before me—ah! more beautiful even than my Maria! I could not comprehend how she had ascended the glacier. She looked at me long in silence; at last, she called me her bridegroom, in a sweeter voice than I had ever heard before. I felt an extraordinary sensation at my heart. 'I am already promised,' said I, trembling;

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'Maria is my bride.' 'I am your bride, and you are my bridegroom,' said she, in a soft voice, accompanied by a smile; 'and when you see me for the third time, then will be our wedding.' On these words she pressed me to her bosom; but I disengaged myself with horror, for I felt that no heart beat within it. She, however, drew me forcibly towards her again, took me in her arms, and rocked me like a child. All around, wheresoever I cast my eyes, the morning twilight seemed to glimmer. She sang a lullaby, and I fell asleep in her arms. I dreamed that I saw the maiden who had rocked me in her arms struggle for me with my Maria. Alas! alas! Maria was overpowered, and I saw tears of blood stream from her eyes; she looked at me, sobbed loudly, and disappeared. All around me was gloomy, and I soon perceived that the strange maiden laid me in a black cradle—it was a coffin! I slumbered in it only a short time, and then awoke. Around me was still nothing but the morning twilight, and in the east, as many suns seemed to rise as had set since the creation of the world; and the stars were changed into myriads of spirits that flew away with the suns; and I saw the maiden again who had lulled me to sleep and laid me in the black coffin. Her features changed, and she stood before me in ethereal drapery under the semblance of Maria. I seized her hand to kiss it, and again I awoke. I was no longer on the glacier, at a distance from home, but was lying under a high tree, not far from the hut. It was night, and I saw a light burning within. I considered this all as a frightful dream; at the same time could not comprehend how or when I had got under the tree. I arose hastily, and went into the hut; all were terrified when they looked at me, for my countenance was pale and haggard. The father asked me why I had remained so long hunting, and where my gun was. A weight seemed to fall upon my breast: 'I have lost it,' said I, stammering; and I took hold of the nearest chair to prevent myself from falling; for I was suddenly so weak that I could scarcely stand. The languor continued increasing, and I lay down never more to rise.

"It was the *Bride of Death*," said he,

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after a short silence, "that I saw on the glacier. She has already appeared to me twice; the second time was yesterday evening, when she seemed to me to fall from a star, and had a crown in her hand. She will appear to me a third time, and then—it will be all over!"

This relation had so fatigued the invalid, that he fell into a slumber. I saw him frequently smile in his sleep, and attempt to seize something with his hand.

In a few hours he awoke in the arms of Maria. He appeared cheerful, and felt himself much refreshed and strengthened. I considered this a good presage, and was disposed to regard his whole tale as an illusion of the imagination.

His cheerfulness continued till towards evening, when he suddenly became melancholy and cast down. Maria wished to fetch herbs again, but he would not allow her; she must remain by him.

The evening grew darker and more gloomy, and the invalid weaker and more melancholy. I now observed a woman with dishevelled hair, and pale countenance, gazing fixedly at the house. I drew Maria's attention to the appearance; she turned pale, exclaimed with a shriek, "Merciful God! the prophetess of death!" and fell senseless.

"What appearance is that?" said I again, full of astonishment, to the old man. "Alas!" said he, sighing, "that is the prophetess of death; she walks two hours in a circle round the spot where some one is soon to die. She gives notice to every one before his last hour."

William was solely occupied with Maria, and, through his assistance and mine, she soon recovered. But her mind was a prey to inconsolable grief—she wept incessantly.

As night approached, the strength of the invalid decreased rapidly: his face was covered with a cold perspiration. Every thing appeared so gloomy and mysterious around me, that I felt strangely affected. The father stood with his hands clasped together, praying fervently: the old mother was sitting at the table; sometimes she read aloud, out of the Holy Scriptures, and sometimes she repeated the Paternoster: Maria was lying on the bed close to William, weeping. Suddenly an owl fluttered about the window; a pale countenance, with fixed eyes and

disordered hair, was observed looking through the casement; it was the fatal apparition. "*The Bride!*" cried William—pressed Maria's hand convulsively—and expired.

The only consolation of the old people was in their great age; but Maria stood over the corpse of her lover in wild despair. All was sad and gloomy in the house; I waited for the break of day with impatience, and hailed with pleasure the first rays of the morning sun. It was a serene and lovely day: I took leave of the old people, and continued my journey.

A year elapsed. I had wandered through Italy, and was again in Switzerland, on my return to my native country. It was a fine autumnal evening when I reached the spot where the hut of my hospitable host stood. My road led me by it; and as it was late, I decided on again passing a night in it. I looked through the window, and saw the old man sitting alone at the table; a book lay open before him, and I heard him singing in a trembling voice. When he had finished, I knocked at the door. He opened it, looked at me long before he recognized me, and then bade me a hearty welcome. As soon as I entered, I inquired after his wife and Maria. "They are gone before me!" was his answer; "but I shall soon follow them," said he, after a pause. "Yesterday I saw the *Bride of Death*. She has no doubt been here for the last time, for the shroud is no longer in the press—a proof that she will not appear again." He was cheerful, and assured me that he placed all his hopes in the other world. After a time, he conducted me to the room where I had slept on my former visit. I felt not altogether at ease; but, being fatigued by my journey, I soon fell asleep.

The sun had long since risen when I awoke. I dressed myself quickly, and went into the sitting-room. The old man was at the table, his head resting on his hand, and he seemed to be reading earnestly in the Bible. I did not wish to disturb him; but, after waiting a considerable time, I grew impatient, and went up to him to take leave. But it was too late—for he was dead! The Bible lay open before him; his finger pointed towards a spot; I read the following words—"Truly, the sons of men have no help but in God."

## SATIRE AND SENTIMENT: A SKETCH OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

"You know Ireton, do you not, Milcolm?" said Lord Osborne, as he was walking on a fine frosty morning in the park at Forest Hill.

"Yes, I think I do," replied his companion; "a little man, rather lame, squints dreadfully."

"Your memory is accurate," replied Lord Osborne. "I never saw a man squint so in my life—did you, Anne?"

"Never," replied his sister, smiling.

"But what of him?" inquired Lord Milcolm.

"He is ruined, poor fellow!"

"I am sorry for it, but I don't see what great consequence it can be to a man that squints."

"You seem to have forgotten your feeling, as well as every thing else," said Lord Osborne, gravely.

"Oh no, I pity him; but I dare say he does not much feel it himself; he must look at things in such a different way from what we do. But was not his father rich?"

"He was thought so, but he died insolvent."

"That was worse than living too long. I suppose, as Carp says, 'the only debt he ever paid was that of nature.' But Ireton has good connections, has he not?"

"He has, but his father made them all his enemies; and we, distant as we are, are the only ones with whom he ever had any intercourse."

"He is coming here to-day," said Lady Anne Leslie.

"I hope so," replied her brother; "we must be very civil to him."

"Perhaps," said Lord Milcolm, "he is even now contained in this post-chaise which we see approaching."

"That is certainly Mr. Ireton," said Lady Anne, when the vehicle was within a little distance; "but who is it with him?"

"His servant, perhaps," replied Lord Milcolm. "No, as I live, it is Deddy Carp."

"So it is," said Lord Osborne. "I did not expect him to-day; for he fixed positively to come, and he values himself on his unpunctuality."

The chaise now stopped, and mutual salutations were given with great cordiality.

"Will you get out and walk with us?" inquired Lord Osborne; "or shall we get in and ride with you?"

"I always choose the least of two evils,"

replied Mr. Deodatus Carp: "so open the door if you can."

Ireton descended first from the vehicle, and as he approached Lady Anne, the elegance of his gestures, and the manly beauty of his person, contrasted so strongly with the confused recollection of the amazed Lord Milcolm, that she could ill suppress her laughter. Her averted countenance and half-pronounced welcome offended the morbid sensitiveness of Ireton; he thought her manner careless if not contemptuous; and feeling less than ever disposed for conversation, he made an excuse for proceeding in the chaise towards the house.

"So this is Mr. Ireton?" said Lord Milcolm.

"Alius et idem," replied Lord Osborne; "did you observe that he squinted?"

"Quite the reverse."

"Pray what is the precise nature of that disease of vision?" inquired Mr. Carp.

"What most surprises me is the skill with which he conceals his lameness," continued Lord Osborne; "do you know how he contrives it?"

"If you wish me to answer all your questions, ask none," replied Lord Milcolm, annoyed by the evident amusement of Lady Anne. "Carp, how did you fall in with this elegant monster?"

"Just as I became acquainted with your Lordship, by an unlucky accident. You must understand —"

"Must, indeed!" interrupted Lord Osborne. "I would have you to know that Milcolm and I are whigs, and claim perfect freedom of choice in the exercise of our understanding."

"I suspect your power is over when it is only negative," replied Mr. Carp; "but if it please you, hear my misfortune."

"It can scarcely fail of pleasing us, so proceed."

"You know Mr. Barmouth, do you not?"

"Certainly, he is a very particular friend of mine."

"Nay, I don't see what right you have to speak ill of him behind his back: but to my subject."

Mr. Carp proceeded to detail the particulars of his journey, and while he was so employed, Ireton reached the house, and was received, first, with eager affection, by Lady Fanny, a beautiful little girl of nine years old, and afterwards, with kind politeness, by Lord Moray and his Countess.

Mingled, however, with their kindness, he thought he could perceive traces of pity and conscious superiority, and indeed he could not but feel that the change in his fortunes, if it had not actually lowered his rank, forbade him to claim equality with them, or cherish any longer a passion for their daughter, which he had secretly entertained in happier days.

Yet it was not a passion to be surrendered without a struggle. Lady Anne was placed next him at dinner, and never had her person seemed more lovely, or her manners more captivating. At first, a sense of politeness, joined to the remains of his former pique, induced him to address part of his conversation to Miss Rugby, the daughter of a country baronet, who sat on his other hand. But he soon abandoned the attempt in despair, for the young lady appeared to think, that, as country-people are not to be married, so questions are not to be answered till they have been asked three times. At the first statement of the question or remark, she dropped her fork, and turning round her face, uttered a distinct *what?* The second was rarely more successful; but to the third, if she saw no just cause for withholding it, she returned a sufficient answer, and ever after held her peace.

Thus, having no choice left him, Ireton addressed his whole conversation to the ear of the intelligent and animated Lady Anne; and it was not now for the first time that he felt towards her a species of mental magnetism, which made every subject interesting, and rendered reserve impossible. He was enchanted, and scarcely conscious of the presence of any other person, till she was summoned from his side, and odious indeed did the custom appear which caused the separation.

After her departure, Lord Osborne took the seat next him, and inquired in a low voice whether he had seen the last publication of Mr. Carp. Ireton replied in the negative, and asked its title.

"Tales of Adultery," replied Lord Osborne; "it has taken greatly, from its adaptation to the times."

"It is against the seventh commandment, then?"

"Not exactly; its professed object is only to shew that adultery should be managed very cautiously. He is now engaged in spelling and putting together the reminiscences of a retired dancing-master. Observe Milcolm trying to hold a conversation with Sir John Rugby."

Lord Milcolm had just muttered "n'im-

porte," as the conclusion of his fruitless endeavour.

"Eh, what?" said the Baronet; "port! I shall be glad, Sir, if you'll talk English: I'm an old-fashioned man."

"You are too hard upon his Lordship, Sir John," said Mr. Carp. "Perhaps, too, you are not aware that we talk French and Italian on principle, hoping to produce emigration by the means which operated so successfully at Babel; namely, a confusion of tongues."

Ireton was in excellent spirits, and took his part in the talk which ensued, but he hailed with delight the period of retiring to the drawing-room.

"You were in excellent luck at dinner," said Mr. Carp, as they entered it together; "and you seemed to know it: there she is, teaching her little sister the moves at chess. I wonder if she knows that it looks amiable."

"I do not believe she has an idea of the sort," said Ireton.

"Nor I. Depend upon it she is amiable, for her sisters like her."

"Can you find no fault with her?"

"Oh, yes; she is too good for me: that old parson has spoiled her. Osborne, between ourselves, don't you think the parson something of a humbug?"

"On what grounds?"

"For pretending to be better than other people, and all that sort of thing."

"Better than yourself, that is to say. I don't see much in that: if he pretended to be worse, I would grant him to be the most detestable hypocrite breathing."

"Hush!" said Mr. Carp, "Miss Rugby is on the point of making a series of shrieks. I am not at all surprised at that girl for never talking, she has no voice."

"Has Sir John said anything to you about the French play yet?" said Lord Osborne; "you will not escape long: he was there once last season, and can think of nothing else. Poor fellow! he knows not a syllable of French, and there he was quite by himself, sitting bolt upright and half asleep. Here he comes."

Sir John approached and made the predicted inquiry of Mr. Carp.

"No," he replied, "the Spanish play took my fancy much more."

"The Spanish play! I never heard of it."

"Few persons have: it is quite a private thing."

"I should exceedingly like to go."

"If you wait another year, you may expect a much higher enjoyment. Captain

Parry is going out for the sole purpose of treating with the prima donna of the Esquimaux opera, or Kooi-Kooi, as they call her: it is said she can make herself heard at the distance of four miles over the ice. The only difficulty will be to supply her with a hundred weight of fresh blubber every day, and less she will not hear of."

Sir John perceived that he was the object of the jest, but did not choose to be offended, and laughed very loudly.

Meanwhile Ireton approached Lady Anne, and was observing the progress of her lesson, when her sister rose from her chair, and pushing him into it, insisted on his playing with her preceptress. Then, with a childish economy of comfort, squeezing herself into the same chair with Lady Anne, she put her arm round her neck, and prepared to observe the movements of the splendid ivory warriors. Ireton acquiesced very willingly in the proposition, but soon grew too much interested in conversation, to think at all of the game, and though he made a variety of moves, he did not trouble himself to observe the consequences, or even the possibility of any one. Nor was his antagonist much more attentive; and as she generally permitted her sister to move for her, the board soon exhibited an appearance not to be met with in Philidor.

"Patent chess, warranted not to interrupt conversation," said Mr. Carp, approaching the table; "which has the best of the game? Why, Mr. Ireton, did you see this bishop? and this knight? Oh, I beg your pardon, I see you are check-mated yourself, but how I have no idea. The board is in a most extraordinary position."

"Very," replied Ireton, huddling all the pieces together upon the tessellated marble.

"What, have we beaten you?" exclaimed Lady Fanny.

Ireton replied, that by being check-mated a person lost the game; and when the little girl proclaimed her supposed victory, every one applauded his good nature.

Since fate had placed an insuperable barrier before his growing hopes, all things seemed, as if by a general conspiracy, to enhance the merit of Lady Anne in the eyes of Ireton. The next day was Sunday, and accident made him the companion of her walk to the neighbouring church, and though in returning he was separated from her, he was destined to hear her praises from Mr. Carp.

"Ireton," he said earnestly, "is not Lady Anne an angel? I have been looking at her all service-time."

"I don't see how that should make her so," replied Ireton; "nor, to answer your question seriously, do I think her at all like the angels over the altar-piece."

"Pooh! but has she not a sweet face? and her figure is exquisite. You have no idea how she was admired last season in town; perhaps this Lord Milcolm will get her, but he ought to be hanged first, as all his ancestors were."

"Pray what are you discussing so earnestly?" inquired Lord Milcolm, who, with Lord Osborne and his sister, now overtook them.

"Really," he replied, "I am rather ashamed of my subject."

"Then, beyond a doubt," said Lord Osborne, "it was something good, for, to speak the truth—"

"Pray listen, gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Carp, "you may not have another opportunity."

"Fie, Mr. Carp," said Lady Anne; "you will scarcely escape my reproofs."

"Your reproofs!" he replied; "I would almost do wrong for the sake of incurring them."

"You must have many much more powerful motives of action," said Lord Osborne, "or you would not quite do wrong so very often."

"Good," replied Mr. Carp, "and in return, I will tell you the subject of our conversation. We were discussing whether angels were not all of the female sex, and we decided in the affirmative, because we could not recollect any man of our acquaintance who could be metamorphosed into any thing like an angel, without a total destruction of his personal identity, whereas we knew more than one lady who needed to undergo no change at all."

The conversation continued in the same strain of railery, frequently approaching more nearly to rudeness than to wit, till the party reached the house. The day passed rapidly away, and Ireton, soothed by kindness and exhilarated by gaiety, almost forgot the difficulties of his situation.

Early, the next morning, a messenger arrived from Sir John Rugby, announcing his intention of hunting a stag, which (and he piqued himself extremely on this instance of singular humanity) he had already hunted thirteen several times. As the frost was gone, and the weather not unfavourable, the invitation was accepted, and, at the appointed hour, the whole party, some on horses, and some in carriages, set out for the place of rendezvous. Ireton, however, was not



destined to share in the amusement of the day, for scarcely had he left the house, when some trifling accident compelled him to return, and then a letter was delivered to him, containing a proposition which required an immediate answer. It was an offer from a noble relative, of the secretaryship to an eastern embassy, and the acceptance or refusal of the appointment was a matter for deep consideration. On the one hand lay immediate need, and on the other, a complete abandonment of all hope respecting Lady Anne, whose recent kindness, though it added nothing to his rank or fortune, made the idea of relinquishing her doubly painful.

Ireton felt strongly inclined to close at once with the diplomatic offer. He was indeed a little disappointed in the dignity and emolument of the appointment, for he had never fully considered what a host of candidates, of every degree of disqualification, presented themselves for the higher political offices; what a herd of Lord Charleses and Lord Henrys were to be accommodated; nor had he esteemed as highly as it deserved, the pious eagerness of their noble relatives to escape the censure of the apostle, and prove themselves not worse than infidels, by carefully providing for those of their own house.

He thought he could perceive something of sadness in the manner of Lady Anne when she was first informed of his intended departure, and her subsequent demeanour afforded him a strong temptation to confess his love. But the impression he could not but entertain of the utter futility of such an avowal, whether approved by her or not, withheld him, and, painful as the effort was, he suffered not a word or look to express any more peculiar sorrow than he might be supposed to feel at the prospect of a long and remote exile. The act of parting, as he believed for ever, overwhelmed him with acute sorrow; but the presence and raillery of his companions supported him in his fortitude.

"Farewell," said Mr. Carp; "commend me to all friends abroad."

"What! do you suppose Ireton is going to Botany Bay?" inquired Lord Osborne.

"What if I did?" replied Mr. Carp; "any man might be transported at parting with you. Pray, Ireton, do not look so very grave; in a year or two we shall meet again. I dare say you are impressed with some sad idea of being absent half a dozen centuries. Then you return, and finding us all dead, you exclaim—'The friends of my youth,

Osborne, Milcoln, where are they?' And an echo answers—'Gone to the devil.'"

"Mr. Carp," said Lady Fanny, when Ireton was gone, "what will Mr. Ireton have to do where he is going?"

"It is a diplomatic situation," he replied; "his only business will be to tell lies."

"Then," she inquired, not fully comprehending the answer, "would not you or any body have done for it as well? I wish you or Lord Milcoln had gone instead."

"My Lord," said Mr. Carp, "allow me to offer you my sincere condolences."

"Oh, Anne said so first," cried Lady Fanny, suspecting there was something wrong.

Lady Anne blushed deeply and tried to laugh; and Mr. Carp did laugh; but Lord Milcoln was deeply offended. He loved Lady Anne as much as was in his nature, but he had, with ready jealousy, long suspected her of a preference for Ireton, which the present occurrence fully proved. His love was not, however, overcome by the conviction, but combining with other passions as strong, though less pure, it produced a stimulus of the mind, which animated him to greater eagerness in the pursuit.

Meanwhile Ireton entered the coach which was to convey him to the metropolis, and he was congratulating himself on having it wholly to himself, when a young man, hallooing loudly, rushed from the door of the inn.

"Confound it," he said, seating himself, and picking his teeth with a penknife; "the scoundrels won't give a man time to eat his breakfast. I've had nothing in the world, Sir, but a little toast and a roll or two, and some slices of beef and ham, and a few eggs, and tea, and coffee, and muffins. The rogues wouldn't give me time for any more."

The appearance of the speaker proclaimed him that laughable monster, the fine gentleman of some undiscovered country town. For his silent absurdities Ireton cared little, but he was much annoyed to find that to these horrors he added an extreme loquacity. Fortunately, however, he was free from the most execrable vice of great talkers, the exaction of interest and sympathy. Apparently conscious that his communications concerned no human being but himself, and content with an ostensible auditor, he proceeded to tell *up*, as he called it, stories of himself and his friends; how many sisters he had, and whom they married, or why they remained single; what nice girls there were in —, and how by the interest of some great man he was just appointed to a situa-

tion in a government office. All this and much more he told with unwearied exactitude, embellishing his ridiculous account with hideous provincialisms and absurd asseverations.

Unutterably odious as the pertinacious loquacity of Mr. Willoughby Hodge was to Ireton, it was of real service to him in blunting the first acuteness of his grief, and diverting by temporary irritation the deep current of his mournful thoughts. Yet he was ungrateful for the unconscious benefit, and bailed with joy the period of his escape. Mr. Hodge shook hands with him at parting, and considering it generous to bestow on him a little patronage, expressed a kind concern that they could not sleep at the same inn in Gracechurch Street, and breakfast together in the morning.

Ireton was occupied for one week in making the necessary preparations for his departure; but when hope had completely deserted him, he found himself, by a sudden reverse of fortune, placed within reach of all that he desired. A distant relative, who had greatly injured his father, and therefore had uniformly exhibited towards him the most inveterate animosity, died suddenly, leaving his immense fortune divided between charitable institutions and the son of his former enemy. Ireton was totally unprepared for the bequest; but considering it as a reparation in some measure due to him, and finding that none were disappointed by the arrangement but those who were very well able to bear the negative loss, he hesitated not to acquiesce in it.

But the change produced in his feelings was even greater than that in his fortunes. Despondency and gloom gave place to the gay creations of hope; successful love seemed waiting to crown his happiness, and he delayed only for the accomplishment of the necessary forms of business before he should lay himself at the feet of Lady Anne, and commit to her the decision of his future destiny. There was something in his impressions, strengthened perhaps by a certain degree of lurking vanity, that bade him anticipate the fulfilment of his wishes as more than possible; but lest any neglect of his own should frustrate the kindness of fortune, he wrote immediately to Lord Moray, acquainting him with the *happy* change in his circumstances occasioned by the *melancholy* death of his relative, and intimating a wish to receive the personal congratulations of one who had been so friendly to him in a different condition.

One morning, having completed the last

necessary arrangement for his affairs, he happened to pass the police-office in Marlborough Street, and was not a little surprised to see Mr. Carp emerge from the spacious vehicle in which the nightly offenders were conveyed thither from their dormitory. He appeared far from satisfied, and surveyed his companions with an air of assumed gaiety, in which there was something highly ludicrous.

"Ah, Ireton," he exclaimed, "I am rejoiced to see you. I never was more amused in my life, ha, ha!"

"What has so much diverted you?"

"Why, the most amusing occurrence possible. I have been in the watch-house all night."

"I am sorry for you."

"Pooh! I might have got out easily, but one sees so much character in a place of that sort, I would not have left it for the world. I thought, too, if I sent for my friends, they might have laughed at me, and told the story all over London. My name here is Davis, and I shall think it kind if you will never mention this affair."

"Certainly not; but what is your offence?"

"The head and front of it is this. I was going home last night through Dean Street, when I heard the sounds of music and dancing, and being in the cue for an adventure, I thought I would just look in and see what was going on."

"You do not seem to have been disappointed?"

"Well, I knocked at the door, and asked for Miss Smith. It was a moral certainty there was a Miss Smith there; but I was rather puzzled when the fellow asked which Miss Smith? However I got over the difficulty, and was ushered into a room full of the most absurd people, hopping about like the dampers of a piano. I verily believe they were dancing by steam, for the room was full of it."

"Did you find Miss Smith?"

"The principal beast in the assembly came up and led me to her. Of course she looked excessively foolish, and blushed deep brick, like the outside of Almack's. 'I fear,' I said, 'I have made some mistake. Is not this Mr. Puggins's?' They all replied in the negative. 'How unfortunate!' I cried, 'I have sent my carriage away, and told my coachman to call for me in an hour.' And then I began to tell a story in point, and took a glass of negus off the table; but my host did not seem at all at his ease; just then I was exceedingly amused by hearing

one of the brutes say,—‘he’s a confounded ill-looking fellow, remarkably like a thief;’ and the next minute I was placed in the hands of a constable, and, lo, here I am.”

“Shall I speak to your character?” asked Ireton.

“By no means; it would betray me.”

The case was the first entered into. The master of the house had already made out a strong proof; and an officer of the establishment had expressed his belief of the prisoner’s being “an old un,” when Sir Jehu Mac Nimshi, who knew Mr. Carp, happened to enter the office to justify his coachman, a very valuable servant, for having driven over an old woman of no apparent value. Not being prepared for the spectacle, he pronounced the name of his offending friend with some surprise, and the consequence of the announcement was that the charge was immediately dismissed, though the rough old magistrate could not refrain from some sarcasms on the culprit, and an admonition never in future to seek to avail himself of the hospitality of his inferiors, with a view to making them the subject of ridicule with his superiors.

Some extracts from letters written about this time by Lady Anne Leslie, to her intimate friend Mrs. Mortimer, may serve to explain the ensuing parts of the story.

#### LETTER I.

March 12.

• • • • • Surely there is not much reason to wonder at the feelings of the Jews, who thanked Heaven for creating them men rather than women. What can be more unhappy than the condition of our sex, condemned to love in secret, and forbidden to court affection! If we marry it is rarely to indulge personal inclination, and if we remain single we are derided for want of attraction, or condemned for fastidious coquetry.

I shall weary you with my demands for sympathy, but when you first received my confidence, you must have known the danger to which you exposed yourself; and indeed the pleasure I derive from confessing to you emotions concealed from all beside, is so great, that your kindness would not easily deny me the gratification. I cannot dispute the wisdom of your advice: I know not even that he loves me: my vanity may have misled me, and his circumstances may have imposed no restraint on feelings which did not exist. But he is gone, in apparent sorrow indeed, but in complete silence; and what-

ever were his regrets, they must ever be a secret from me.

P.S. I open my letter to communicate to you intelligence, which has affected me I cannot say how deeply. A sudden change of fortune has befallen him. Mr. — is dead, and has left him heir to the greater portion of his immense fortune. He is now independent: certainly he will not go to Constantinople, and more than all, he has written to promise us an immediate visit. What can I think? I live in the extremity of doubt and agitation, till he comes, and then—pity me.

#### LETTER II.

March 18.

Alas, how frail is human happiness! One week has seen me raised from doubt to hope, and again thrust down to absolute despair. You can scarcely conceive the misery I experience, or the relief I find in unbosoming myself to you. Perhaps, however, even you will condemn my unfeminine regard for a man who never professed to love me. But I deny his innocence. He made, indeed, no direct avowal, but if words, if looks, if attentions the most minute and the most endearing could win the affections of a woman, and implicate the honour of a man, I am excused, and he is bound beyond redemption. But I am communicating my distress to you, leaving you still in ignorance of its cause. Judge whether that cause is inadequate. The day he had himself fixed, he came not, nor on that following, and on the third, a hasty note arrived, informing us that he was on the point of setting out for the east in the same vessel that was destined to convey him thither in an official capacity. Could any thing be more cold, more cruel, more unfeeling? So much for the honour, the generosity of men! • • • • •

#### LETTER III.

March 25.

I see the inconsistencies of which you accuse me, but I am too angry and disturbed to regard your censures as I ought. Lord Milcoln presses me for an answer; I have told him I do not love him, yet he perseveres. What can I say? My friends urge me to accept him, and I know not what reason to assign for a refusal. I was asked if my affections were pre-engaged, and I denied it: you cannot condemn the falsehood too strongly, but how could I confess what I fear is already suspected, a partiality for a man who has voluntarily removed himself half the globe from me? They say Lord

Milcolm's character is unexceptionable, nor have I any thing to object to it, but that I neither like nor respect him. I care little what becomes of me.

I have accepted him: he knows with what coldness and reluctance, but he engages to make it the object of his life to gain my affection, and, on my part, I shall endeavour to make him happy.

## LETTER IV.

May 13.

It is now a year since the newspapers spoke of me as a lovely bride in fine blond, and announced the departure of the *happy* pair for his Lordship's seat in —. Can marriage, a connection which may embitter a whole existence, be of divine institution? or ought I not rather to blame myself, for consenting to what I could not approve? Yet I certainly thought he loved me, and little did I foresee my present misery. He married me out of mere revenge: he has just owned it. Words cannot describe the cold, mean cruelty of which I am the victim. He is unfaithful to me, but I suppose this is an universal failing, and I would it were all. There are particulars in his conduct towards me, too shocking to be detailed.

## LETTER V.

December 12.

What can be conceived more miserable than my present condition? The six months since our separation have been scarcely less wretched than the year of our marriage. I feel myself an object of general scorn, neglected by one sex, and pitied or insulted by the other. He has all the world on his side. He complains with hypocritical pathos of my desertion, and has all but published a letter he wrote to me after our parting, full of affection and falsehood.

He is calm and gentle, and those who know not half the cause of my indignation, conclude him grossly injured. I heard it remarked of him the other day, that he was a most amiable man, but, unfortunately, had married a sad vixen of a wife: so completely can he assume in public a character totally different from that he exhibited in private.

## LETTER VI.

February 8.

Yes, he is dead, and again I must undergo the ordeal of public censure. It will be said I killed him, and every obsolete calumny will be revived with fresh malignity. I feel

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no anger against him; perhaps I have sometimes spoken of his faults too severely, and as some atonement, I will now breathe not a reproach against his memory. I have wept much; not from grief, for that I cannot even affect, but there is something in this fatal termination of our connection irresistibly depressing and melancholy. My resentment is buried with him.

## LETTER VII.

September 10.

Still I am living on, a burden to myself and others. My temper is failing; and my glass tells me I have lost all pretensions to beauty. I sometimes wish for the protection of a husband, and could I find any man of worth and sense willing to connect his fortunes with mine, I should feel careless of public opinion. But such an event is impossible. Our separating fixed an indelible stain on my character. I have offers of marriage indeed, but from whom? From the mean and the mercenary—from men who could neither confer respectability nor enjoy domestic happiness. I must remain as I am, in peculiar loneliness, and pointed at by the finger of scorn, as the woman who ceased to be a wife before she became a widow.

## LETTER VIII.

January 5.

I told you in my last that Ireton was returned to England. I have since then seen him. It was at the house of Mrs. H—, one of the few persons whose kindness makes me willing to visit them. At first he gave me no signs of recognition; and I was shocked beyond expression by the idea that he wished to renounce my acquaintance, but a moment after he coloured deeply, and with evident agitation shook me warmly by the hand. For the remainder of the evening he conversed freely and easily with me, but gave me nothing peculiar to remark in his conduct. He is much thinner, and his complexion darker than it used to be; his manners too are more sedate, but I scarcely know whether he is improved or not.

## LETTER IX.

January 6.

Rejoice with me, my dear friend, yesterday he called on me, and every word of our conversation is deeply engraven on my heart. I knew not what to infer from his first expressions; I doubted whether it were not his intention to reprove me, and to condole with me on my public disgrace. At length

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he confessed that he loved me, but — ; and here, as he paused, I anticipated the mention of some insuperable barrier to our union—but he feared he had no interest in my affections! Conceive my delight, my rapture! At such a time, and under such circumstances, to love me, and more, to avow it! I was completely overcome by my sense of his generosity and honour, and could not restrain my tears.

I cannot tell the half of what ensued. His professions of deep respect, of admiration, of confidence in my merit, and resolute discredit of all the charges against me, and, finally, his positive refusal to doubt or inquire further, were irresistible. I could answer only faintly, and in broken sentences; and when he pressed for my acceptance of his hand, I know nothing of my reply, except that it was not in the negative.

But I have yet to tell you, what will surprise you more than all. He says he cannot remember when he did not love me; and all that prevented him from making the avowal before he left England, was an idle jest of Mr. Carp's, who informed him that every thing was fixed for my marriage with Lord Milcoln, and gave so many ingenious proofs of his assertion that he could not doubt its truth. Overcome with annoyance, he determined instantly on the course he adopted, and leaving Mr. Carp asleep (for he had

spent the whole of the preceding night in the watch-house, having been mistaken for a thief, which I do not much wonder at) he set out the same night for Portsmouth, and in two days embarked in the vessel prepared for the Embassy.

I am too happy to be angry. United to a man of character and excellent sense, who has known me from childhood, I shall need no approbation from the world. I have always loved him; but how can I ever sufficiently display my gratitude for that generous confidence which could not be shaken by all the calumnies and suspicions I have encountered. I have said I am too happy for anger, yet is it not strange that nothing is considered a fairer subject for pleasantries than a connection which affects the dearest interests of life? Love is allowed to be the most powerful of human passions, but no sooner is a man suspected of labouring under it, than he is assailed by all the impertinences of fools, his feelings sported with by every pretender to wit, and a fiction, which throws him into despair, is extolled as the perfection of pleasant ingenuity. I know not whether Mr. Carp possesses much sensibility, but if I may judge from myself, I do not envy his sensations when he learns that he has entailed on me two years of misery, and that his best excuse is—"He was only in jest."

## SCENES IN THE UPPER REGIONS.

### No. I.—HUSBAND HUNTERS.

"And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,  
And a hunting we will go."—OLD SONG.

"With hark forward! huzza!"—DIBDIN.

"CAROLETTA, my love, how very red your nose looks this morning."

"Only tintel, mamma," remarked the witty Sophia to her admirable parent—Lady Jane Seldon, who was touching (after her maid's departure) her cheek with a peculiar-looking cotton.

Caroletta darted a look of furious indignation at her little *piquante* sister, and for the twentieth time twisted her ringlet at the long glass, that was placed in the most advantageous light in her mamma's dressing-room.

"Where's Jemima?" inquired Lady Jane.

"Making up for the beauty-sleep she lost last night," replied Sophy.

"And Amelia?"

"At her harp, with Latrobe."

"Industrious creature!" ejaculated the mamma. Miss Sophia smiled; there was a meaning in it which her mother could not understand; but Sophy was a wit, and consequently privileged to smile when or how she pleased.

"Have you seen Corinne, to-day?"

"No," simpered forth Caroletta; "but she disturbed me at eight this morning—before a creature was up—reciting her translation from Racine in her boudoir."

Sophia sneered. "That is a revival of the spirit, I presume then," said she, after indulging her severity for some time—"mio *Corinne*, resigned her 'ruby-tipped pen' after her *Annual* disappointment." Caroletta laughed; it is astonishing what spiteful laughs I have seen linger on the lips of beauty.

"I am sure," proceeded the little witty lady, "I see no reason why her Ode to the Shadow of a Sun-beam should not have illuminated that book of crimson and gold—*par excellence*, the *Annual* of the Aristocracy; however, it was returned in a perfumed envelope, and was then presented to the 'Souvenir'; it was detained some time by the editor; *Corinne* triumphed, and thought she would make assurance doubly sure, by waiting on the gentleman, with her muff full of presentations. She, as well as the luckless sonnet, however, quickly returned; and we had nothing but nervous fever for the three following days. The poem then went the round of the *Annals*. The editor of 'The Amulet' declared it wanted gravity; he of 'The Forget Me Not' said it was deficient in gaiety; it was too rich for 'The Gem'; and not varied enough for 'The Iris'; in short, the Shadow of a Sun-beam, like the dove from the ark, found no place whereon to repose in peace: and poor *Corinne* foreswore conversazioni, blues, and black-letter."

"I cannot think how a rage for scribbling could have ever entered into the head of a child of mine," observed the lady, proudly; "there is something, according to my ideas, extremely low-bred in a gentlewoman doing any thing—except it be dressing—in short, in doing any thing for money——"

Sophia finished the sentence:—"Except *marrying*, mamma. But I fear *Corinne* will never succeed in that way, for here are some lines, and printed ones too, that will make all the men in town her sworn foes. Listen—

"Alas! in these degenerate days  
How every noble thought decays—  
I fear me, ne'er to bloom again:

A man would ask his future son,  
In days of yore, when men were men,  
'How many battles have ye won?'

"Our sires pursue another plan—  
They ask not—care not—who's the man,

For when one seeks to wed his daughter,  
Of blood or blade he asketh not—  
But 'have ye yet a carriage bought her,'  
And—'how much money have you got?'

"Indeed each marrying maid herself  
Grows such a mercenary elf,  
That he who seeks to carry her,  
Must use an argument of power,  
And woo, like ancient Jupiter,  
In semblance of a golden shower."

"Psha!" exclaimed Lady Jane, much annoyed, and taking at the same moment a large pinch (she was of the old school) of rappee.

"Lady Mary Thornton would be glad to see you, my lady," said the waiting-maid, entering; "and if your ladyship pleases, she would speak with you here, or any where *in private*."

"Oh, by all means—request her to walk up. My dear girls you must leave us"—the young ladies lingered—"go, Caroletta, my love, and put some cream of roses on your face; these March winds are destruction to a delicate complexion like your's; and you, my lively Sophy, go and—"

"I shall find occupation, mamma," she replied. "I will go and see if Latrobe has finished his *lesson*." The peculiar emphasis which Sophia laid upon the last word set Lady Jane thinking; but before she had brought her ideas to any conclusion, Sophia had departed, singing—

"Not at home till my ringlets are curled;  
If the jeweller calls with his little account,  
Not at home—not at home—for the world!"

And Lady Mary Thornton had entered, and seated herself *vis-à-vis* to her *ancienne amie*.

The dowagers greeted each other with all the outward demonstrations of respect and friendship. Lady Mary was considered one of the most clever, most sensible women in London. She had been left in pretty much the same situation as Lady Jane—that is to say, with high rank, a small annuity, and four portionless and somewhat plain daughters. Yet during the last season she had got rid of her youngest dead-weight, to eighteen thousand a-year, and next heir to a dukedom! No wonder that all ladies who had daughters on hand now courted her

acquaintance, and set her maxims to heart. She positively lived without any expense. Waited upon by the servants of one family; driven in the carriages of another; had boxes at the Opera, and French play, at her command; and was overwhelmed by donations of the most varied taste and quality—from the brace of partridge, sent (carriage paid) by the lawyer's lady, who rusticated in Bedford-square, to the Venetian chain, or gaudy necklace, presented by some speculating mother, or anxious maiden in Park-place.

She was not one of your graceful, elegant women, whose courtliness and dignity cover a multitude of sins. Her voice was loud—her step a stride—her figure lofty—her whole demeanour masculine. She certainly "towered," like the virtuous Marcia, "above her sex"—but not exactly in the way described by the poet. She was more of the gaudy sunflower than of the stately lily. With frankness of manner she blended much acuteness; and long knowledge of the world and its ways rendered her observant and suspicious. Lady Jane was equally cunning, but not so clever; and her anxiety to get her daughters off was ever too obvious to be successful.

Lady Mary designated her (when absent) as "*une pauvre, très-pauvre femme*." And Miss Sophia had long ago found out, to use her own undutiful and rude expression, "that mamma wanted brains." This knowledge had gradually spread to the other members of the family, and, consequently, Lady Jane found her daughters very untractable.

Suppose, my kind reader (all readers of *La Belle* are kind!—delightful!—exquisite creatures!) suppose, then, these two representatives of the *beau monde* seated, and after the usual topics have been discussed, "listen to their varied notes"—

"How exceedingly fond of money Lord Jermingham grows," observed Lady Jane. "Do you know we met him at Howell and James's the other day, and he did not order a single thing either for himself or any body else."

"You did not pretend to notice it, I hope," observed the tactician. "Though he is *un peu passé*, he would do vastly well for *Jemima* or *Amelia*—*la Belle Carolette* must have something better.

Lady Jane shook her head. "My dearest Lady Mary, you are the most fortunate woman in the world 'Tis true, you *had* four daughters—but then they were *such* girls! Never thwarted you in any way—never thought for themselves—and, without being beautiful, had so much style about them! Ah, my dear lady, you had neither a wit nor a blue-stockings amongst them."

"True, my poor friend. And why? I never suffered my girls to read improper books—nothing beyond a few fashionable novels, which do not enlighten in the least. And really I must think you very much to blame in suffering those author people to visit you, even occasionally. It makes those who do not know the contrary, think your girls clever. The men like to judge for themselves, and all hate bookish women."

"I fear *Caroletta* has fallen off this season. It is astonishing what dreadful ravages three winters make!" sighed Lady Jane.

"Do you know, my dear friend, I cannot think her judicious. In the morning she parades without a veil. Now your rich delicate blonds assist a complexion extraordinarily. And I assure you she is vastly wrong in leaning on the arm of that honourable fop Lorton. No woman of reputation ought to have anything to say to younger brothers, at all events until past five-and-twenty. I was quite shocked that she should have been found guilty of such imprudence, particularly last night. I assure you, Lord Fitzrey elevated his *lorgnette*, and asked me who she was. I told him. And he repeated two or three times—'Miss Seldon, Miss Seldon, surely that cannot be Miss Seldon!' I perceived in a moment that he was astonished at seeing her so familiar with a cadet."

"You positively alarm me; and I will speak to *Caroletta* about it. What a blessing is a watchful friend!"

"I thought Sir Cosmo Burgoyne seemed vastly attentive to *Amelia*. You are right in shewing her off at the harp: her hand and arm are beautiful."

"Sir Cosmo is music mad; but do you know I never could discover which of the two, *Amelia* or *Jemima*, he was most smitten with? He admires dark hair;

and I have had Frontel to dye Jemima's two shades darker at least; Amelia is, unfortunately, a *blonde*."

"Very right; but, my dear Lady Mary, why do you not send off two, the witty and the learned lady, to your uncle's in Somersetshire. I would engage to look after Amelia, whose *tournure* is much admired; by the way, I wish her dresses were not *quite* so short, and—"

"She has such a pretty ankle," observed the mamma.

"Doubtless; but it is well to leave something to the imagination," retorted the clever lady. "As I was saying, I would look after Amelia; but your wild sweet-briar, and your scientific girl, must be sent to the country; their birth and rank will get them decently off *there*; but *here*, the wit of the one, and the talent of the other, keep off a great many—(I assure you I speak from the best authority)—a great many very eligible men."

Lady Jane looked distressed; she had, despite her fashionable education, a good many of a mother's feelings lingering round her heart; and though her daughters lacked the duty and tenderness, in the olden time considered necessary for children to bestow upon their parents, still she loved to have them with her.

"Lady Jane Seldon, and five portionless, unmarried daughters!" persisted Lady Mary. "Think—ponder on the awful sound."

"I am really much to be pitied," replied Lady Jane. "As if on purpose to annoy me, my brother-in-law died, and bequeathed me the care of his only child, Emma; she ought, by rights, to have been brought out last season."

"I have seen her, I think—a pale, modest-looking maiden. It is astonishing how those sort of girls take with some men;—from their rarity, I presume."

"She has been always with her grandmother, but as she is grown up now, was returned to me last month with some game from the country—by the way, I hope you received the pheasants?"

"Yes, thanks—but as I live!" exclaimed Lady Mary, withdrawing the silken shade from the window, as a thundering knock echoed up the staircase, "Lord Fitzrey's curricule is at your door—you said, not at home, too—there he is

driving off; I had no idea you knew him."

"We met last night—but no introduction took place. I asked Mrs. Turtoman to present me, but she made some excuse, though I saw her blind, stupid daughter ogling, and smiling, and singing at him all night."

"No great mark of stupidity either," replied Lady Jane; "but really one cannot expect a mother who has daughters of her own to introduce young men of wealth to other people's girls,—I never did it, never, till my girls were off: now, matters are different."

"So they are; Lord Fitzrey must have been struck with Caroletta, or why call? Yet it is very odd."

"I'll tell you what, my friend, carry the thing by a *coup de main*, issue cards for a *fête* on the third, and invite—"

"Lord Fitzrey," interrupted the delighted mother. "Excellent! do you know any thing of his likings or dislikings—or of his peculiarities?"

"No, not exactly, except that he patronises hot suppers, and domestic ladies."

"How very odd!"

"You can engage *Ude* to give Carro a few lessons in the nomenclature of cookery, and it is easy for her to display her knowledge; carefully, however, or it might destroy her prospects in other quarters."

"She has so little tact; if you, my dear kind friend, would condescend to give her a little advice."

"Rely upon me; I will now take her home, while you make the other arrangements for your *fête*; but, *remember!* as you hope to marry your daughters, avoid younger brothers."

"My best friend!"—

"And I would advise you to get that harp re-gilt, every thing *tells*; and I know he is even more devoted to music than Sir Cosmo."

"Admirable creature!"

"A whisper here and there will not be amiss, intimating, *delicately*—mind you—that a certain youth—the star of fashion—the magnus Apollo—has been smitten, by a certain lady, not a hundred yards from Cavendish-square."

"My beloved Lady Mary, how superior are you to all other women!—Ceriase,



tell Grandy to put those pines into Lady Mary's carriage, and tell Miss Seldon to prepare to drive with her ladyship. And Cerriese, don't let your young lady put on her *chapeau* blue, but her cottage-bonnet à l'Angloise."

"And a veil," added Lady Mary, "we may meet Fitzrey in the Park, and so modesty must be the order of the day: a girl must always study the lover's taste before marriage, and her own after."

In a few minutes the carriage rolled off; the despised wit was called upon to arrange the invitations; the harp was sent to be re-gilt, and all was in confusion. The same evening Lady Jane received the following billet from Lady Mary:—

"My dear friend, I cannot suffer a moment to escape without informing you of our success. We met *F.*, and he expressed his determination of calling *again* on you to-morrow morning; but this is not all, *S. A.* told me, *confidentially*, that his lordship had said, that Miss Seldon interested him more than any girl he had ever met. We encountered Lorton; Carro behaved admirably—cut him dead—ever yours—*M. T.*" To this precious billet a P.S. was added, as follows:—

"Fitzrey chooses to be particular, and sends up cards before people are up: he visited a friend of mine *at one*, only imagine—yet he cannot think of calling upon ladies before two—but be in readiness."

"Before two"—before one even the next morning, this hunted man made his appearance; the servants had received strict orders to admit him—and when he did arrive, the various dressing-rooms were thrown into consternation, Caroletta's nose looked even more "tinted" than usual, and the application of milk of roses failed in its boasted operation; how she mourned that pearl powder could not be safely used by daylight: Amelia was out of humour: Sophia, while occupied in pinning on her bows, declared she loved the man even for his singularity; and Corinne left off in the middle of an ode she was penning on "Disinterested Affection," to meditate on the charms of a rich husband, and the arrangement of a *demi parure*; Jemima shared the general confusion, and before one of the party was fit to appear, the nobleman had been kept waiting an entire hour.

When at length Lady Jane, attended by the well-tutored beauty, entered the room, her good-breeding hardly restrained the expression of astonishment which rested on her lip; his lordship was absolutely leaning over the chair upon which "cousin Emma," the little neglected niece, sat—both evidently delighted with the *tête-à-tête*. She had been turning over some music upon the harp stand, and her fingers rested upon, without pressing its leaves; she was apparently intent on defining the pattern of the Brussels carpet, and her usually pale cheek was blooming as summer roses. Even Lord Fitzrey seemed embarrassed—it was not, however, the embarrassment arising from want of breeding, but of real feeling. Poor little Emma attempted to stand up, but she was quickly obliged to resume her seat; and the angry look of her angry aunt made her tremble and turn paler. After the usual salutations had passed, Emma, having gained her self-possession, rose to withdraw. Lord Fitzrey extended his hand to her—"You are not going, I hope, Emma?" he said; "pray do not leave us. I knew that Miss Seldon could not so soon adopt London habits, and forgetting those which made us so well acquainted." He continued, addressing Lady Jane, who sat boiling with vexation—"And I called early, certain of finding her disengaged—at her grandmamma's I was a privileged person; and we were often on the Downs at eight—to me they were delightful mornings. I feared London would spoil my sweet companion; but except that she is somewhat paler, she is as yet unchanged. I have engaged her, with your permission, for the first quadrille at your approaching ball; and if she is not ashamed of her old friend, we shall dance it as happily as we used long since with our country neighbours at the rural gipsyings of Heatherdon."—"First quadrille"—"rural gipsyings"—"old friend"—"partner"—with little Emma Seldon, Countess of Fitzrey, and Heatherdon in the distance, bewildered the brain and the imagination of the hapless Caroletta; while Lady Jane was blinded by a mother's partiality, and indulged in the idea that it was a country whim of the noble's, which knowledge of the world, and her daugh-

ter's beauty, must obliterate. The earl soon made his adieu; and before he left the room pressed the hand of Emma Seldon tenderly and respectfully to his lips.

This was too much for the patience of either mother or daughters (for the other husband-hunters had no idea of Caroletta's monopoly, and had one by one entered the *salon*, to prevent it); had the gentleman bestowed a similar salute on either of the sisters, I much doubt if it would have been objected to; but as it was, all joined in full cry at the impropriety—rudeness—incorrectness, &c. &c.—and "cousin Emma" had to support it all.

"Your innocent demeanour, young lady, was assumed then, doubtless," said her aunt, sharply; "for you never told us you knew Lord Fitzrey."

"Indeed I had no opportunity," she replied; "I did not imagine even that he was in town, and my cousins and I are so little together, that—"

"That will do, child. I suppose, as it is the whim of his peculiar lordship, you must appear on the third, and I will order you a *robe à l'enfant* for the occasion; you must not suppose that his attentions to you are particular—all men in London are attentive, and your cousin's rank—"

"Indeed!" replied the young lady; "Lord Fitzrey was a great deal at grand-mamma's, and very kind to me there. Dear aunt, do not order me a dress *à l'enfant*, for I am quite as old as Jemima, and she appears as a woman; but I should not like French curls—because—because—"

"Because what, child—are you suddenly affected with loss of speech?"

"Grandmamma does not like them," she replied, colouring at the equivocation, for if truth must be told, it was Lord Fitzrey's antipathy she dreaded.

"Go to your chamber, child, and learn to be satisfied with what those who know best direct;" and the young lady, as the tears gathered in her eyes, disappeared unrepiningly. Hope whispered that the tyranny would not be of long duration.

As the evening advanced, notes passed between the dowagers; the following extracts, from one of Lady Mary's billets, will shew exactly how matters stood.

"If any proposal comes, support it

with a good grace; *always keep on terms with influential persons*, one wedding often makes another. \* \* \*

I have read of, and indeed known men, who have indulged such ideas, and *entre nous*, it is not much to be wondered at, when we see what wretched wives some of our fashionable girls have made. \* \* \* Strange! I am acquainted, at this moment, with *more than thirty* people, who are setting every fashionable engine at work to catch him, and I am not surprised—think of his rank, and his rent-roll. \* \* \* *Let matters turn out as they may, keep up appearances*. Some of those young things are astonishingly clever." \* \* \*

Poor Emma! she had not a particle of that odious attribute—cleverness. She would never have been celebrated even under Lady Mary's tuition, as a tactician, and I doubt if Prince Metternich could have moulded her into a diplomatist.—She was nothing more (despite at times her pale, statue-like appearance) than an animated innocent girl of seventeen, with an inconvenient portion of heart, and (for a woman) a fair portion of head;—the very thing that Lady Jane despised, happened to be the very thing that Lord Fitzrey admired—her pure freedom from all affectation.

She had caught his heart on the rebound, he having discovered that a widow whom he fancied himself desperately in love with, had never been married, and having determined (as disappointed men generally do) that all the sex were good for nothing, shut himself up in the priory at Heatherdon. The third day found him dull and dispirited; the fourth, at old Lady Seldon's gate; the fifth, gathering chickweed for Emma's canary; the sixth, training her pony (the animal was restive, and he reconciled himself to the task by imagining if he *did not do so*, the creature might break her neck); the seventh, escorting her to the village-church, and visiting some sick cottagers afterwards—N.B. he thought she looked very lovely that morning;—the eighth, presenting her flowers, which he was mortified to see *did not* grace her bosom; the ninth, called early, and found her transferring the beauties of his gift to Bristol board (thought

she painted flowers as well as Mrs. Pope); the tenth, sang the duet, "Dost thou remember," with her twice—(liked her singing better than Sontag's); and on his way home that night, the Lord Fitzrey was convinced that he was deeply smitten by the untutored charms of a little maiden of seventeen, whom all the village loved;—consequently he read Wordsworth, quoted L.E.L., and mystified—a little, only a little—with Byron. When he heard of her going to London, he resolved to follow; and thought he would like to see the effect of its gaieties upon her heart; but—if confessions are allowable—he trembled at the idea of her being contaminated by a London life. He was not so blind as not to perceive the thousand-and-one schemes that were laid for his captivity; and distinctly did he see the would-be invisible meshes woven for him by the hands of the bright, dark, rich, poor, young, old, witty, and beautiful husband-hunters; he was, moreover, wise enough to distrust himself, and, consequently, the next morning brought a letter, over which Lady Jane wasted three boxes of snuff!

"Lovely niece"—"strong affection"—"hope deferred"—"request her sanction"—"written to grandmamma"—"when united, hopes the Seldon family will often

honour Heatherdon"—were the sentences which, like the spectres in Macbeth, stood out from the unconscious Bath-post.—Lady Jane would have shewn temper at this, but for the sagacity of Lady Mary, who had learned to turn even her old silk dresses to advantage. She therefore lavished much tenderness on her "beloved niece"—talked of her extraordinary likeness to her "excellent brother"—took much trouble in the arrangement of the *trousseau*, and graciously accepted the jewels which Lord Fitzrey generously presented to his cousins (in perspective)—gave the wedding *déjeuner*—and went into hysterics as the company were departing; and no wonder—the pretty Amelia had eloped with Latrobe! Her attention, however, was soon directed to another quarry—a German prince, with an undefinable name, and a definable income, but who was nevertheless a Prince; and while Lord Fitzrey and his lovely bride were spending the honeymoon, in happiness, at Heatherdon, the view-hollow! was again opened, and a fresh start made by the *husband-hunters*, for the hand and moustache of his Excellency Prince Burkhandorterechdousleyden.

A. M. H.

## MOORE'S MEMOIRS OF BYRON.

So, we have at last got the second volume of "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore!" And what are we to do with it? What Moore has done with his subject—little or nothing. No analysis, howsoever extended, could suffice to give a distinct and accurate view of this intrinsically valuable quarto of more than 800 pages, every page of which is a little world of variety, and the aggregate affording material for a thousand essays and dissertations.

Repeatedly have we had occasion to place upon record our opinion of the general character and conduct of Lord Byron, and of those of his lady-wife; repeatedly, too, have we expressed our sentiments respecting Mr. Moore's conduct in violating the sacred trust reposed

in him by his friend, in the destruction of his auto-biographical manuscripts. On all these points—one way or the other—the public mind, as well as our own, has, we apprehend, long been made up; and there is nothing now before us to induce a change, or the shadow of a change.

As to the affair of the Guiccioli, about which all the world has heard so much—and that of Marianna—and the "gentle tigress," the Fornarina—and the thousand-and-one other unhallowed connections, in the meshes of which Lord Byron was from time to time entangled—this is not a place for their discussion or elucidation. We may remark, however, *en passant*, that, in no instance, excepting perhaps in that of his first boyish flame—not even in his attachment to the Countess Guiccioli—had Byron's love the fea-

tures, the essence, of pure and generous affection—the affection that is deep, and silent, and enduring—that lasts until death—that looks forward, in the vividness of immortal hope, to a blessed and beatific elevation in a world beyond the grave. No! no! Byron's love was “of the earth, earthly.” Excitement, animal as well as mental, was the soul of his existence. It is evident, from the whole tenor of his proceedings, that his passion for the Guiccioli had gone off; he panted for new excitement; and so he entered upon the silliest of all silly crusades, an expedition in favour of the Greeks—an expedition which fifty Byrons could not have rendered successful.

But every body must read this book; not for what Moore has contributed towards its fabrication, for that, as we have already intimated, is next to nothing, but for the sake of Byron's letters, journals, and memoranda—the *only* mirror of his mind—the *only* source from which any true view of his mind and character can be obtained. In reading these memoirs, every person will form an estimate of his own respecting the genius, the talents, the principles of Byron. There is not a man or woman of genius who, in their perusal, will not, in a thousand instances, assimilate—identify—him or herself with the poet. And this, more than all the arguments, all the disquisitions, all the criticism, all the illustration in the world, proclaims the wild, the eccentric, the versatile powers of his spirit—his great, noble, generous, but clouded spirit.—All that we shall pretend or attempt to do, in a brief and rapid sketch, is to offer a few of the striking points with which almost every page—excepting that portion of the volume which is devoted to the Greek business—is crowded.

The letters, in the entire work, extend to the number of 561: in the second volume, the greater, and the more interesting part of his Lordship's epistolary correspondence is addressed to Mr. Murray. The first letter bears the number of 242, and the date of Ouchy, near Lausanne, June 27, 1816. Mr. Moore tells us, that, besides the unfinished “Vampyre,” he began at this time a “Romance, in prose, founded upon the story of the Marriage of Belphegor, and intended to shadow out

his own matrimonial fate. The wife of this satanic personage he described much in the same spirit that pervades his delineation of Donna Inez in the First Canto of *Don Juan*. While engaged, however, in writing this story, he heard from England that Lady Byron was ill, and, his heart softening at the intelligence, he threw the manuscript into the fire.—So constantly were the good and evil principles of his nature conflicting for mastery over him.”

A little further on, Mr. Moore, taking credit to himself for having left unnoticed, in his former volume, certain affairs of gallantry in which Lord Byron had the reputation of being engaged, intimates that, the scene having been shifted to a region where less caution is requisite, he “shall venture so far to depart from the plan hitherto pursued, as to give, with but little suppression, the noble poet's letters relative to his Italian adventures.” Let the public, and the friends of Lord Byron, judge Mr. Moore on this point. We are sufficiently aware of the delicacy and difficulty of the situation in which, under such circumstances, a biographer must find himself. All, therefore, that we shall say is, that there are hundreds of passages in these letters which ought never to have been written—which, having been written, ought never to have met human eyes, but those to which they were addressed—and which, howsoever much the publication of them may tend to elucidate the character of the writer, cannot fail to operate as a curse and a withering blight upon his moral fame.

Let us get rid of this painful feeling. As Byron says, in one of his letters to Murray, “You talk of marriage; ever since my own funeral, the word makes me giddy;—pray don't repeat it.”

Here is an opinion of his Lordship's well deserving the attention of our romance writers and playwrights. Alluding to the tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, he says—“I hate things *all fiction*; and therefore the *Merchant* [of Venice] and *Othello* have no great associations to me: but *Pierre* has. There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a liar.”

Lord Byron's notion of painting and

sculpture, we hesitate not to pronounce ridiculous:—"I know nothing of painting; and I detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen, or think it possible to see, for which reason I spit upon and abhor all the Saints and subjects of one half the impostures I see in the churches and palaces; and when in Flanders, I never was so disgusted in my life, as with Rubens and his eternal wives and infernal glare of colours, as they appeared to me; and in Spain I did not think much of Murillo and Velasquez. Depend upon it, of all the arts, it is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon. I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came a league within my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and seas, and rivers, and views, and two or three women, who went as far beyond it,—besides some horses; and a lion (at Veli Pacha's) in the Morea; and a tiger at supper in Exeter 'Change." Now all this parade of words amounts to no more than that nature is superior to art; a position, the truth of which was never yet contested by any man in his senses.

In the opinion of his *own* art—the *art* of which he was a *master*, surpassing most of his greatest predecessors—we are not prepared to say that he is quite so much at fault. Gifford, indeed, observes—"There is more good sense, and feeling, and judgment in this passage, than in any other I ever read, or Lord Byron wrote." Here is the passage referred to:—

"With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he and *all* of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary system, or systems, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers [!] and Crabbe are free; and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly *Pope*, whom I tried in this way:—I took Moore's poems and my own and some others, and went over them side by side with *Pope's*, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the in-

effable distance in point of sense, learning, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly. Crabbe's the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject, and \* \* \* is retired upon half-pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."

With all this admiration of Pope, is it not perfectly astonishing that Lord Byron's pen should have given birth to that unreadable, unpronounceable piece of jargon which it was the hard fate of poor Elliston to deliver at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre? There is much, very much, that is excellent in Pope; Pope is *not* deficient in feeling, in passion, in invention, in imagination; in all the beautiful and exquisite mechanism of the divine art, we "of the Lower Empire" are, indeed, far, far behind him; but, that the moderns—the best of the moderns—with Byron at the head of them, "are all in the wrong" as to the essentials—as to the higher attributes of poetry, we must take leave utterly to deny. *Theirs* is the verse—the magic strain—that touches every tender and every bolder string—that opens every sluice of feeling—that breaks up the flood-gates of the heart. Not even Dryden, the master of Pope, with all his nerve and all his skill, could accomplish what Byron was capable of accomplishing. For grasp of mind, tremendous in its extent and power, England cannot boast of a single poet standing between Shakspeare and Byron.

Here is a sugar-plum for Lady Morgan; alluding to the attack upon her Ladyship in the Quarterly Review:—"What cruel work you make with Lady \* \* \*! You should recollect that she is a woman; though, to be sure, they are now and then very provoking; still, as authoresses, they can do no great harm; and I think it a pity so much good invective should have been laid out upon her, when there is such a fine field of us Jacobin gentlemen, for you to work upon. It is, perhaps, as bitter a critique as ever was written, and enough to make sad work for Dr. \* \* \*, both as husband and apo-

thecary ;—unless she should say, as Pope did of some attack upon him, ‘That it is as good for her as a dose of *hartshorn*.’” And somewhere else he speaks of her work upon Italy as a really good book, and laments that he had not been near her to give her some assistance.

Once for all we protest against the biographer’s silly mystification of substituting asterisks for proper names, in cases where, notwithstanding the affected disguise, the names themselves are so obvious that not even a child could mistake in tracing them ; in cases, too, where, without the shadow of a reason, one way or the other, the name that is starred in one page is given at length in the next.

When the poem of Don Juan is first mentioned, its elements—or the elements of the writer’s mind—are not badly characterised by Moore :—“The cool shrewdness of age, with the vivacity and glowing temperament of youth—the wit of a Voltaire, with the sensibility of a Rousseau—the minute, partial knowledge of the man of society, with the abstract and self-contemplative spirit of the poet—a susceptibility of all that is grandest and most affecting in human nature, with a deep withering experience of all that is most fatal to it—the two extremes, in short, of man’s mixed and inconsistent nature, now rankly smelling of earth, now breathing of heaven—such was the strange assemblage of contrary elements, all meeting together in the same mind, and all brought to bear, in turn, upon the same task, from which alone could have sprung this extraordinary poem—the most powerful, and, in many respects, painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder at and deplore.”

Here is a picture ; and—mark the allusion at its close :—

“I wish you good night, with a Venetian benediction, ‘Benedetto te, e la terra che ti fara!’—‘May you be blessed, and the earth which you will make’—is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier if you had heard it, as I did two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large black eyes, a face like Faustina’s, and the figure of a Juno—tall and energetic as a Pythoness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight—one of those women who may be

made any thing. I am sure if I put a poniard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her—and into me, if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed. You may, perhaps, wonder that I don’t in that case \* \* \* \* \*. I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl, any thing, but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me. \* \* \* \* \*. Do you suppose I have forgotten or forgiven it? It has comparatively swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth, till a tenfold opportunity offers. It may come yet. There are others more to be blamed than \* \* \*, and it is on these that my eyes are fixed unceasingly.”

With what bitterness, too, does he speak of another individual, whose crime, after all, originated, it is probable, in a shortness of memory. But he was a lawyer—a HIRELING—one of the men who impudently and remorselessly stigmatised honourable men, who, by honourable means, dare to advocate an honourable cause, through the medium of the press ; and that says much. We forgive Byron for his bitterness against one of that class.

“But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at last seen \* \* \* shivered, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to upset my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation on my hearth, and destruction on my household gods—did he think that in less than three years, a natural event—a severe domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a Verdict of Lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary \* \* \*) reflect or consider what my feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment—while I was yet

young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But he is in his grave, and \*\*\*\*."

There is nothing like contrast—Byron felt it to be so; and here we encounter a love-letter—a *real* love-letter—so touchingly sweet and tender, that we cannot resist the impulse to transcribe it. It was written in the last page of Madame Guiccioli's "*Corinne*:"—

"My dearest Teresa,—I have read this book in your garden;—my love, you were absent, or else I could not have read it. It is a favourite book of your's, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these English words, and *others* will not understand them,—which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognize the hand-writing of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was your's, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in your's—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter,—to *what* purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, eighteen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had staid there, with all my heart,—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state.

"But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me,—at least, you *say* so, and *act* as if you *did* so, which last is a great consolation in all events. But *I* more than love you, and cannot cease to love you.

"Think of me, sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us—but they never will, unless you *wish* it."

*Did she ever wish it?* No; but *he* did; and they *were* divided.

Byron's account of the manners of the Italians is singularly striking and effective; but we can select only a few sentences.—"Their moral is not your moral; their life is not your life; you would not understand it; it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand."—"I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their

characters, and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions, which are at once *sudden* and *durable* (which you find in no other nation), and who actually have no society (what we would call so), as you may see by their comedies."—"Their *conversazioni* are not society at all. They go to the theatre to talk, and into company to hold their tongues. The *women* sit in a circle, and the men gather into groups, or they play at dreary *faro*, or '*lotto reale*,' for small sums."—"Their best things are their carnival balls and masquerades, when every one runs mad for six weeks. After their dinners and suppers they make extempore verses, and buffoon one another; but it is in a humour which you would not enter into, ye of the north."—"The women "are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers even to marry if they can help it, and keeping them always close to them in public as in private, whenever they can."

Here is a tickler for Tommy:—

"Murray, my dear, make my respects to Thomas Campbell, and tell him from me, with faith and friendship, three things that he must right in his poets: Firstly, he says Anstey's Bath Guide characters are taken from Smollett. 'Tis impossible:—the Guide was published in 1766, and Humphrey Clinker in 1771—*dunque*, 'tis Smollett who has taken from Anstey. Secondly, he does not know to whom Cowper alludes, when he says that there was one who 'built a church to *God*, and then blasphemed his name': it was '*Deo erexit Voltaire*' to whom that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet alludes. Thirdly, he misquotes and spoils a passage from Shakspeare, 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily,' &c.; for *lily* he puts *rose*, and bedevils in more words than one the whole quotation.

"Now, Tom is a fine fellow; but he should be correct: for the first is an *injustice* (to Anstey), the second an *ignorance*, and the third a *blunder*. Tell him all this, and let him take it in good part; for I might have rammed it into a review and rowed him—instead of which, I act like a Christian."

Of another poet—too much of the cockney, certainly—Byron thus expresses him-

self:—"No more Keats, I entreat:—flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling of the manikin!"—The Quarterly, as it may be well remembered, *did* flay him alive, and killed him. More fool he, by-the-by, for being so easily killed. But Byron was generous: at least he warred not with the dead. After reading the atrocious article on Keats's "Endymion," in the Quarterly Review, he says—"My indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, malgré all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus. He is a loss to our literature; and the more so, as he himself, before his death, is said to have been persuaded that he had not taken the right line, and was reforming his style upon the more classical models of the language." In another letter to Murray, alluding to the death of Keats, and to the effect which the attack upon himself, by the Edinburgh Review, had had, he says—"Instead of bursting a blood-vessel, I drank three bottles of claret, and begun an answer, finding that there was nothing in the article for which I could lawfully knock Jeffrey on the head, in an honourable way. However, I would not be the person who wrote the homicidal article for all the honour and glory in the world, though I by no means approve of that school of scribbling which it treats upon."

Byron meditated much, and often, and deeply on a future state; but he had not the confident hope, the consoling assurance of the Christian. "It has been said that the immortality of the soul is a 'grand peut-être'—but still it is a *grand* one. Every body clings to it—the stupidest, and dullest, and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded that he is immortal." He asks—"What is poetry? The feeling of a Former world and Future." Again:—

"Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure—worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious—does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow—a fear of what is to come—a

doubt of what *is*—a retrospect to the past, leading to a prognostication of the future? (The best of Prophets of the future is the Past.) Why is this? or these?—I know not, except that on a pinnacle we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we never fear falling except from a precipice—the higher, the more awful, and the more sublime; and, therefore, I am not sure that Fear is not a pleasurable sensation; at least, *Hope* is; and *what Hope* is there without a deep leaven of Fear? and what sensation is so delightful as Hope? and, if it were not for Hope, where would the Future be?—in hell. It is useless to say *where* the Present is, for most of us know; and as for the Past, *what* predominates in memory?—*Hope baffled*. Ergo, in all human affairs, it is Hope—Hope—Hope. I allow sixteen minutes, though I never counted them, to any given or supposed possession. From whatever place we commence, we know where it all must end. And yet, what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men better or wiser. During the greatest horrors of the greatest plagues (Athens and Florence, for example—see Thucydides and Machiavelli), men were more cruel and profligate than ever. It is all a mystery. I feel most things, but I know nothing, except ————— \*

How delightful how noble, and how just is Byron's defence of Dante, against the attack of some German writer:—

"He says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father's feelings in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and 'La Pia!' Why, there is a gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true, that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness—but who *but* Dante could have introduced any 'gentleness' at all into *Hell*? Is there any in Milton's? No—and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty."

The account of Byron's hypochondriac affection is distressing. In England, five years before the time of which he is speak-

\* \* Thus marked, with impatient strokes of the pen, in the original."



ing, it was accompanied by a thirst so violent, that he had drunk as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and yet remained thirsty. It may be remarked, however, that soda-water, though exceedingly refreshing, determines so rapidly to the surface as to have little permanent effect in allaying thirst.—“I presume,” says Byron, “that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) life like Swift—‘dying at top.’ I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly begun life at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.” And here, on the instant, he flies off at a tangent:—“Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz, which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing.” Ay, God knows, it is a strange thing; awaking in us, as Byron says of poetry, “the feeling of a former world and future!”

That Byron died in Greece, we cannot wonder; that he did not get his head chopped off in Italy, for his impertinent, offensive, insulting, and mischievous interference, as a foreigner, with the affairs of the country in which he was residing, is matter of extreme marvel.

How admirably does the irritated dramatist characterise our theatrical managers, when, in utter defiance of all entreaty and remonstrance, they impudently persisted in dragging his tragedy of *Marino Faliero* upon the stage:—“What curst fools those speculating buffoons must be *not* to see that it is unfit for their fair—or their booth!” And how we “dote upon” his truly gentlemanly, his truly aristocratic feeling—guineas *versus* pounds! “You are an excellent fellow, mio caro Moray, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet Street about you now and then—a crum of the old loaf.”—“I shall always be frank with you; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds—to poets, as well as physicians, and bidders at auctions.” True; pounds, shillings, and pence should be handled by none but dirty shopkeepers.

We love, too, the kind and amiable spirit in which Byron adverts to the fate of poor Scott, who was brutally slaughtered some years since in an ignorantly seconded duel.

While in Italy, Byron appropriated £1000. a year to charitable purposes. How infinitely more laudable than his subsequent tom-fool squandering of his substance amongst a gang of knaves and beggars, swindlers and ruffians, in Greece. This, however, reminds us of a certain “charity-ball” at home. In December, 1820, Lord Byron saw the following paragraph in a newspaper:—“Lady Byron is this year the lady patroness at the annual Charity Ball, given at the Town Hall, at Hinckly, Leicestershire, and Sir G. Crewe, Bart., the principal steward.” This drew forth some verses, “full of strong and indignant feeling,”—every stanza concluding pointedly with the words “Charity Ball.” Moore gives the following as some of the opening lines:—

“What matter the pangs of a husband and father,

If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,  
So the Pharisee’s glories around her she gather,  
And the Saint patronises her ‘Charity Ball.’

“What matters—a heart, which though faulty  
was feeling,

Be driven to excesses which once could  
appal—

That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,  
As the Saint keeps her charity back for ‘the  
Ball.’”

We wonder what Lady Byron felt—if capable of feeling at all—on the receipt of the letter, dated “Pisa, November 17th, 1821.” We regret our inability to find room for this kind and liberal, this generous and magnanimous effusion. Here are some of its closing sentences:—“I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving. Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things,—viz., that you

are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again."

In a letter to Murray, from Genoa, in October, 1822, Byron says—"To-day is the 9th, and the 10th is my surviving daughter's birth-day. [His natural daughter, Allegra, had died about half-a-year before.] I have ordered, as a regale, a mutton chop and a bottle of ale. She is seven years old, I believe. Did I ever tell you that the day I came of age I dined on eggs and bacon, and a bottle of ale? For once in a way they are my favourite dish and drinkable, but as neither of them agree [agrees] with me, I never use them but on great jubilees—once in four or five years or so."

Hastening towards a close, we designedly pass over all that relates to the Hunts, Williamses, Medwins, Taafes, Trelawneys, and "such small deer"—and also the expedition to Greece—as subjects with which every well-regulated mind has been long since surfeited and disgusted. Here, however, is a pill that may stir up the bile of many:—"As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being, except Lord Clare, for whom I feel any thing that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships." To be sure, he does, afterwards, make an "excepting, perhaps," in favour of "Thomas Moore." How flattering!

When in Greece—whither his natural constitutional restlessness, his want of *new* excitement, as we have already expressed ourselves, sent him—he thus writes to the deserted Guiccioli:—"I was a fool to come here; but, being here, I must see what is to be done."

We have said, the "deserted" Guiccioli—and we cannot retract the epithet. It is evident that, before Byron left Italy—when, for a time, he was half-mad for South America, and, consequently, before he got to Greece—the lady had lost her power over him. Amidst a host of other evidence, what can be more conclusive on this point, than the verses which he wrote on the completion of his thirty-

sixth year? Take, as a fair sample of the whole, two unconnected stanzas:—

"The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile!"

"Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be."

What has become of the erring, but lovely and devoted woman we know not; for Mr. Moore has not condescended to throw even the faintest light upon the subject.

Nor have we any new information respecting the death of Lord Byron. For the following sketch of his Lordship's physiognomical expression, we are indebted, it appears, to "a fair critic":—

"Many pictures have been painted of him, with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love.—This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly—I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment, brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forgot the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you." \* \* \*

We have been told that, some way or other—Heaven knows how—Mr. Moore has acquired the credit of being a skilful biographer. Hazlitt's remark, however, upon his *Life of Sheridan*, will not soon be forgotten; and, if he really possess any skill in the art of biographical composition, he has, on the present occasion, most ingeniously contrived to keep it out of sight. But, as we have said, every body will, and must read the book, for the sake of Byron's own letters.

## Original Poetry.

## SPIRIT SONGS.

*First Spirit.*

From the beautiful rivers of Heaven I come,  
Where the sunshine is sleeping on billow  
and spray;  
From the murmuring founts, where I have  
my home,

I have wandered to listen thy lovely lay.  
Oh, bright are the streams round thy bower  
of rest,

That whisper their songs to the wings of  
the sea;

But, oh! if there be a bright star in the  
west,

Or a harp of rich music, 'tis thee.

Oh, how lovely and sweet are the whispers  
that roll

In sunshine and music from every string,  
Like the faint hymns that wander 'round  
every soul,

While it waits o'er the wave for the morn-  
ing's wing;

And oh, if there be an elysium of light,

If there be in the heavens a world more  
fair,

Where no shadows come down o'er the  
beautiful night,

And no mists on the morning, 'tis there.

*Second Spirit.*

I have come, I have come from my pearly  
dome,

Where the beautiful sea-maid has kept her  
home,

Where the sea-snake rolls on with the  
emerald wave,

Where the shadows of beauty lie down in  
the grave;

With no dreams to break over their beautiful  
sleep,

Where they rest in the tomb of the darken-  
ing deep.

From my beautiful hall in the ocean shell,  
I have come at the sound of thy guiding  
spell,

I led on by the dolphin's dying light,

That shone like a star o'er the billowy night;

Thence have I come through the earth and  
the air,

Through the shadows that darken the day-  
light fair.

Oh! whither, oh! where must my pale wings  
flee?

Must I pass yet again o'er the shadowy sea,

Or wait, through the blackening hours of  
the night,

Till the morning comes up with her wings  
of light,

Like an altar-flame o'er the sea-waves' spray?  
Thou spirit of darkness and slumber, say.

*Third Spirit.*

I heard the voice of thy wild lyre's sigh,  
And the whisper that stole from thy min-  
strelsy;

I was closing my wings in a vale afar,

That lay in the light of a vesper star,

I heard thy song in my lonely bower,

And I rose from the couch of each beautiful  
flower,

Where I had been sleeping,

And a pale watch keeping,

Till the first star was set in the heaven that  
hour.

I spread forth my wings, and I passed away  
Through the darkness spread over the dream  
of day;

I saw the soul of each dream pass on

As they fell like the stars from the horizon,

To slumber and watch o'er each couch of  
sleep;

Through the holy hour of the midnight deep,  
They will shadow a light

Like a starbeam of night,

And o'er each eyelid's close a holy watch  
they'll keep.

\* \* \* \* \*

F. S. MULLER.

## A SCENE FROM A PAINTING.

It was a pleasant spot—

The wild flowers of the evening grew around,  
Shedding soft odour on the silent air;

And by the side of a clear water stood

A son of genius; pale and wan he seemed—

A sunken eye that fired with many thoughts,  
Deep passionate thoughts of an inspired  
mind,

Albeit, now they were lit up with looks  
That glowed on their horizon as a sun;

And by him stood, with one hand clasped  
in his,

The lady of his love, whilst out he poured,  
As genius aided by first love will pour,

A thousand "words of fire, and thoughts  
that burned."

He told her how he loved; and she, a wife  
Of five long summers, listened to the vows,

Unholy and unhallowed as they were.  
The impassioned boy lay as a tribute there

Upon the shrine he worshipped.

Alas ! that man with passions hot—impure—  
Will sully all the fairest things of earth !  
Alas ! that woman, frail, will list to them !—  
Was she not blest with all she could desire ?  
Was she not wedded to the man she chose ?  
Is cursed frailty ever thus to wait  
Upon the loveliest of creation's works ?  
Yet was there much that might be said for  
her.

True, 'twas her choice, but still she knew  
him not,

For he had worn a borrowed garb !

She deemed he was  
Of mighty intellect, and that his soul  
Was as a temple where was shrined all  
things

Of beauty—where a glowing seal was set  
To mark a being of a perfect mould :  
One who was fit to challenge all the world,  
And beat them single-handed. She mistook—  
He was the veriest common born of earth  
That e'er pretended things he knew not of.  
And when this boy—Poesy realized—  
Came offering his young heart—Oh, wonder  
not

She fell from her high pinnacle, a lost  
And nameless thing.

*Holloway.*

J. F.

#### WHAT IS THE HEART ?

*By H. C. Deakin, Esq., Author of "Portraits  
of the Dead," "The Deliverance of Swit-  
zerland," &c.*

What is the Heart ?—A page, whereon  
Passion with pride's engraven,  
Charr'd like the very thunder-stone  
By flame, by fire of Heaven !

What is the Heart ?—An ocean black,  
Whose dark waves foam and toil  
Before life's sultry whirlwind track,  
A conquest and a spoil !

What is the Heart ?—A cemetery  
Of withered hopes, strong fears,  
Anger and hate—the orat'ry  
Of anything but prayers !

Alas ! alas ! unseal the tomb  
Where buried dust lies spread,  
Unlock the earth's voracious womb,  
Womb ! which by Death is fed.

Dread cannibal ! she but devours  
Wretches who strive in vain  
To chain the never pausing hours,  
Be lords o'er life's domain.

Dread cannibal ! she slakes her thirst  
With her own children's blood,  
And the poor offspring she has nurst  
Eats for her daily food !

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Unseal the tomb ! What wilt thou see  
To pamper love or pride ?  
A cold, dust-mantled cemetery !  
Oblivion's stagnant tide !

Thou Heart ! behold thy throne of state,  
Thy lordly hopes—thy trust.  
Lo ! what will be thy future fate ?—  
King o'er a realm of Dust !\*

#### TO JULIA.

*By Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq., Author of  
"Vallery," "Eldred of Erin," "Essay on  
Creation," &c.*

ETERNAL sunshine of my mind,  
Whose soul within my soul's enshrined,  
Thou mak'st me love all human kind—  
My Julia !

When sorrow wrings this aching heart,  
Thou only hast the heavenly art  
To mitigate my woes in part—  
My Julia !

And when the joy of summer comes,  
With song, and flowers, and leafy domes,  
With smile more sweet than Nature's,  
roams—

My Julia !

Soul of my thought !—beloved of heaven !  
From dewy dawn to golden even,  
To thee be countless blessings given—  
My Julia !

My soul is like the morning star,  
Viewed through its golden shrine from far ;  
Earth cannot make thee more, nor mar—  
My Julia !

Oft hath this brow of clouded care  
Been pillowed on thy bosom fair :  
Kneel with me, dearest, kneel in prayer—  
My Julia !

And we will ask of God, who gave  
Love to our souls—our youth to save—  
That we may rest in one green grave—  
My Julia !

Then, when the dreary storm sweeps by,  
When horror rends the o'erclouded sky,  
In calm and placid peace we'll lie—  
My Julia !

Oh ! tis a bright—a blessed sleep !  
No woes shall wake our slumbers deep :—  
I'll breathe no more—Ah ! do not weep—  
My Julia !

\* This refers not to the state of the spirit  
hereafter.

## Records of the Beau Monde.

### FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1831.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

##### English fashions.

##### WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS composed of lilac *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* made up to the throat, and to sit close to the shape. It fastens behind. The upper part of the sleeve has the usual fulness to the turn of the arm; from thence to the wrist it sits close, but is disposed in horizontal folds laid one upon another, each about an inch and half in breadth. A light fancy silk trimming, a shade or two darker than the dress, goes round the border at the knee. The mantle is of green velvet, lined with white *gros de Naples*, and made with long loose sleeves. The cape is something longer than usual, and rounded at the ends. The collar is composed of five points of black velvet: that in the centre of the back is the deepest, those at the sides are smaller. Black velvet bonnet, worn over a morning cap of English lace; the brim, of a moderate size, lined with rose-coloured silk plush. The crown is decorated in a very novel manner with black velvet ornaments, edged with black blond lace, and intermixed with knots of black satin ribbon of the tulip form.

##### DINNER DRESS.

A DRESS of ethereal blue satin; the *corsage*, arranged in crossed drapery, is cut extremely low all round. The blond lace *chemisette* is seen only in the centre of the bosom. *Béret* sleeves. The skirt is trimmed just above the knee with three white satin *rouleaux*, laid on at some distance from each other: the last of these serves as a heading to a flounce of English blond lace, of uncommon depth and beauty: it is set on full. A knot of white satin, edged with narrow blond lace, is placed on the *rouleaux* at the left knee, and a full-blown rose, surrounded with buds and foliage, issues from it. A gold *bandeau*, with an emerald in the centre, goes round

the forehead. The hair is disposed in broad plaited braids on each side, and a *bouquet*, composed of a rose with buds and foliage, adorns the summit of the head. Neck-chain and ear-rings gold.

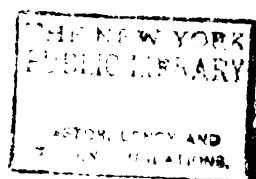
##### French fashions.

##### DINNER DRESS.

A GOWN composed of green *gros d'Orient*, *corsage uni*, cut low and round, in the bust, which is trimmed *en pelerine* with blond lace. *Béret* sleeve, excessively large, and surmounted by a row of satin points, corresponding in colour with the dress. The hair is dressed in the exact form of a helmet, and very high; and adorned with two *bouquets* of flowers, one placed at the summit, the other on one side: the *bouquets* are composed of roses and wild flowers. Ruby ear-rings, gold neck-chain and bracelets, with ruby clasps.

##### FULL DRESS.

A DRESS of *gris lavande* velvet; the *corsage*, cut low and square, is finished round the bust with a narrow falling tucker of blond lace; velvet lappels form the *corsage en cœur* in front and behind; they are open, and very deep, upon the shoulder, and are edged with blond lace. *Béret* sleeve, composed of white satin. The skirt is trimmed just above the knee with a twisted *rouleau* of velvet and satin, corresponding in colour with the dress. Satin ornaments of a novel shape issue at regular distances from the *rouleau*. The hair is combed back from the forehead, and arranged on one side in plaited braids, which turn back loosely, and disposed on the crown of the head in two soft bows, one placed upright, the other towards the left side. A light *bouquet* of flowers is placed on the right. Ear-rings, gold and rubies, neck-chain, &c. gold.







*Walking Dress.*

*Call Pich.*

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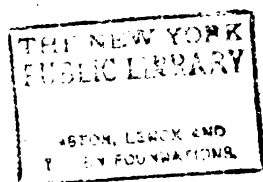




*Dinner Dress.*

*Full Dress.*





## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

## FASHIONS AND DRESS.

TRADE has benefited materially by the return of our noble absentees, many of whom, we believe, are not at all sorry to find themselves once more safe in old England, that only spot in the habitable globe where the true meaning of the word *comfort* is understood. Her Majesty's gracious intimation that ladies are to appear at Court on her birth-day in dresses of English manufacture, will also essentially serve the interests of our commerce, not only from the money actually laid out on the occasion, but from the opportunity it will give our fair fashionables of judging of the excellence of materials, which a predilection for every thing foreign has hitherto prevented many of them from even examining. We never yet saw a foreign article, whatever might be the merit of its original invention, which was not immediately eclipsed, in merit and in beauty, by the British manufactures.

Mantles continue much in favour both in carriage and promenade dress, particularly those of black satin, with a velvet pelerine, nearly, if not quite, half the length of the mantle, and a square collar, also of velvet, which, from its extraordinary size, may be considered as a second pelerine. Some of these cloaks have no trimming; but the cape and collar are cut in sharp points, and edged with satin. Others—and these are very elegant—are trimmed with a *rouleau* of sable in the *boa* style. The number of those made with sleeves, and without, is nearly equal.

Velvet, satin, watered silk, and silk plush, are all employed for promenade and carriage bonnets and hats: the brims of both are smaller, and the former are certainly closer than last month. The most novel carriage hats are composed of satin and lined with velvet. Gold-colour, or rose satin, lined with black lavender, and violet, with white, are favourite mixtures. The ribbon, which always corresponds with the two colours of the hat, is arranged in *nœuds* of the tulip kind on the crown, and forms a kind of half-wreath on the inside of the brim. The blond lace *brides* are broader than those

of last month. Feathers are generally adopted. We see, however, some hats which, instead of feathers, have an ornament composed of the material of the bonnet, and trimmed with black blond lace. It is not unlike a feather in shape, but broader: it is placed on one side, with a knot of ribbon *en tulippe* at its base.

*Gros de Tours* satin, and *gros des Indes*, are equally fashionable in half-dress. Some gowns have the *corsage* made at three-quarter height, with a lappel *en cœur*, and a trimming, also *en cœur*, placed immediately above the lappel. Satin dresses have the lappel of velvet, and *vice versa*; the trimming is formed of pipings of alternate velvet and satin. They are sometimes arranged in a Grecian border; and then two are of velvet, and the centre one of satin: sometimes they are put plain, one of each alternately, to the number of six or eight. Some *corsages*, made nearly up to the throat, have the lappel of fur: in that case the bottom of the sleeve, and the border of the dress, are trimmed to correspond.

Trimmings begin to be more generally adopted in half-dress. One of the newest consists of a band, *en treillage*, of alternate satin and velvet. It is arranged in shallow festoons immediately above the hem. Another style of trimming consists of folds of the *demi crescent* form, composed of the material of the dress, mixed with satin or velvet, and interlaced.

Velvet is much worn in full dress. The *corsage* is always cut low, and to sit close to the shape. Some are trimmed in the mantilla style, with white blond lace, and have long sleeves of the same material over short ones of velvet. Others have the bust trimmed with a full *ruche* of plain blond net. These are made with short sleeves, finished round the bottom with a *ruche* of blond net, smaller than that on the bosom. A row of blond lace, headed by a *torsade*, or a *torsade* only, is used to adorn velvet dresses.

Crape, and plain and figured gauzes, are in request both for evening and ball dress. One of the most elegant of the latter is composed of rose-coloured gauze, figured in white *bouquets*. The *corsage* is cut very low, and *drapé*. It is partially covered with a satin brace of the *deimi*

lozenge form, composed of three folds of alternately white and rose-colour, each edged with narrow blond lace. *Béret* sleeve, finished by a single satin fold, also trimmed with narrow blond lace. A double row of very broad blond lace goes round the border, as high as the knee. It is laid on very full, and divided in the centre by two *rouleaus* of white and rose-coloured satin twisted together.

Caps are much worn in full dress. They are always of blond lace. One of a singular but becoming form is shaped something like a *béret*: it is trimmed with a wreath of pale cherry-coloured daisies, and adorned with a very long point also of blond lace, arranged *en fichu*, on the crown, and falling in the style of a veil over the flowers.

Another elegant cap has the caul arranged in net work, discovering the hair half covered by a narrow band of blond lace, arranged in a serpentine direction; the front is adorned with a tuft of blond lace, disposed as a diadem, and mingled with small flowers.

We have seen a few dress hats in satin, trimmed with ribbon only; the ribbon always of gauze; and, either white or the colour of the hat, it is arranged in a wreath composed of cut ends, and placed obliquely on the crown. There is something very light and novel in this style of ornament. Many of the newest hats are of the *chapeau béret* form, and always decorated with feathers.

*Bérêts* are as much in favour as they were last winter. The most novel for full dress are of a very rich description: one that struck us as remarkably elegant was of rose-coloured velvet, embroidered in silver, and decorated with two silver *aigrettes*, one placed under the brim, the other above it. Those of black velvet are still more splendid: they are ornamented in gold in the same manner, and the caul, instead of velvet, is composed of a *treillage* of very narrow gold cord.

Hats and *bérêts* for evening dress are frequently made of white *velours epinglé*, lined with plain coloured velvet, and trimmed with white feathers placed on one side.

The colours most in favour are violet-lavender, Spanish brown, dark blue, and various shades of red, green, and yellow.

## Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN  
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE dreaded crisis is happily over, and society begins in some degree to resume its former appearance. A few balls have been given, and others are talked of. The court is expected to set an example of magnificence as soon as the mourning for the King of Naples is over; and we are all in hopes that things will soon fall into their old course.

Furs are more worn than they have been during some winters. Muffs, which hitherto have been only partially adopted, are now almost universally used. Fur pelerines, which were, during the last two months, in favour, have disappeared; but the boa, which still keeps its place, is generally passed three or four times round the bust in promenade dress. Mantles, which continue to be as much worn as ever, are now frequently trimmed with fur. The most novel promenade cloaks are indeed lined as well as trimmed with it. They wrap over considerably to the left side, and have long, loose, Turkish sleeves, which cover half the hand. With a cloak of this kind one might brave the severity of a Russian winter. A friend of mine, who prides herself on her knowledge of the English language, told me that nothing could exceed the *comfortability* of her's. Sable, ermine, and grey squirrel, continue in favour for the promenades. A few ladies have appeared in fancy furs, but they are not generally adopted.

Hats are more in request than *capôtes* for the promenades, though the latter are still worn by many elegant women. The most novel *capôtes* are composed of watered silk or satin, and lined with *pluche de soie*. They have no trimming inside of the brim, which is smaller, but not closer, than they have lately been worn. The crown is something of the helmet shape, and the material is either laid on in folds, or ornamented with draperies. When the latter are used they fall on one side of the brim; a full knot of ribbon is placed

near the top of the crown on the other side; and a smaller one at the bottom, nearly behind; or else a feather is put very far back on the left side, with a knot of ribbon at its base.

Hats composed entirely of velvet of one colour are much less fashionable than those that are lined with a different coloured velvet, or with silk plush. Satin hats are always lined either with the latter material or with velvet. Hats composed entirely of silk *pluche* are also much in favour. They are not, however, likely to be long so, for their cheapness, and the simplicity of their form, will soon render them common. Those most fashionable for very young ladies are white, lined with rose-colour. Different colours lined with white are in favour for more mature *belles*. Some are trimmed only with a ribbon crossed upon the brim: others are ornamented *en chou* at one side, or in front of the crown: the *chou* is composed of a number of *coques* of ribbon.

We have so many materials in favour in half dress, that it is difficult to say which is most decidedly fashionable. Velvet is perhaps the only one most generally in use; for if the dress be not composed of it, the trimming frequently is. High gowns of white *chaly*, or cachemire, trimmed with broad bands of coloured velvet round the border, are very elegant. Some have a *corsage* in the *redingote* style; others have one of velvet to correspond with the trimming, and made in drapery, which crosses before and behind.

*Redingotes*, both of black and coloured satin, are in favour in half dress; the most elegant are trimmed down the fronts with a serpentine wreath of velvet leaves, bordered with black blond lace. Some, of a more shewy description, have the bust trimmed with velvet, in a manner resembling the uniform of the infantry of the National Guard; the edge of the *corsage* cut in *dents*, and bordered with narrow black blond lace. The *corsage* is very little open in front, and the collar sits close round the neck. A band of velvet descends from the *ceinture* to the bottom of the waist, cut in the same style as the *corsage* at each edge, and also bordered with blond lace.

Cravats, composed either of satin, velvet, or ribbon, are much worn in

half dress; those of velvet of two different shades are very pretty; some fasten before in a knot formed of several sharp points; others are composed of rounded ends, bordered with narrow blond lace, and many are of satin covered with blond lace. The knots are always divided in the centre by a brilliant, or richly wrought gold pin.

Caps composed of black blond lace, and intermingled with coloured ribbon, are coming much into favour in half dress. They are made in a light and simple style, and arranged so that the shade of the ribbon predominates more than the blond. Still they are far from being generally becoming.

Crape, both white and coloured, is much worn in evening dress. One of the prettiest that I have seen had the *corsage* in crossed drapery, cut very low, and bordered with a row of blond lace arranged *à revers*. *Béret* sleeves. The trimming of the skirt, which was also of crape, was cut in festoons: each of these, plaited in the style of a fan, had the point fixed to the hem, and the fan part left loose. They were placed one upon another something like the scales of a fish.

Crape is also worn in ball dress, but not so much as gauze and *tulle*. I saw, however, a few nights ago, a very novel but somewhat singular ball dress composed of jonquille-coloured crape; the *corsage* cut square, and not indelicately low in front of the bust; but the shoulders and back were very much exposed. A half crescent formed of a wreath of red berries, intermingled with very light foliage of emerald green, ornamented each shoulder. *Béret* sleeve excessively short, and more than usually full. The skirt was ornamented on the left side by a wreath of larger size, attached at the bottom of the hem on the left side, and coming in a bias direction above the right knee, where it terminated in a *bouquet*, composed of berries and leaves; a similar *bouquet* ornamented the *ceinture* at the opposite side.

Gold and silver gauze begin to be worn for ball dresses. Some, of a very light and splendid kind, are composed of gauze, spotted with gold or silver to the knee; the ground of the lower part of the dress is plain, but embroidered in palms either of gold or silver.

Blond lace caps are much worn in evening dress. They are put very far back, and trimmed with flowers of the lightest and most delicate description, detached from the cap so as to mix with the hair. These caps, when put on with taste, have an extremely elegant appearance.

Dress hats either have the brim shallow, but very wide, or else close quite round,

turned up on one side, and put far back on the other; a light sprig of flowers placed under the side that is turned up, forming a half wreath on the forehead. The hat has no other ornament. Hats that do not turn up are generally trimmed with feathers.

The colours most in request are *penée*, *bleu*, *Adelaide*, *Lafayette*, *Vert*, *Colibri*, violet, rose, and Indian yellow.

## Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN  
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND  
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

COLD and heartless as the scenes of general life may appear to the vulgar eye, it is from the page of history that romance must ever draw its vital support; for the events of history are frequently more romantic than romance itself; and imagination—even the imagination of the poet—can rarely, if ever, reach the heights, the depths, the bewildering and appalling labyrinths amongst which truth occasionally delights to revel. The histories of Spain and Portugal, no less than those of the eastern world, abound with the wild and the wonderful, the tender and the pathetic. Could the most exuberant fancy have sketched a story so full of the extraordinary, the extravagant, the mystifying, as that which history presents of the adventures of Don Sebastian; a king, a hero, whose second advent is, to this hour, devoutly looked for by many of the Portuguese nation? And what can be more touching, more searching to the heart of man, than the fatally unfortunate loves of Don Pedro and Ines de Castro of Portugal? Few are the incidents of history which have given birth to so many tales of fiction as the fate of these lovers. Camoens introduced it in his *Lusiad*; the celebrated—or notorious—Mrs. Aphra Behn wrote a *nouvellette* on the subject; it would be impossible to enumerate the tragedies and poems which, in all the languages of Europe, have been founded on it; with us, at the present time, Miss Mitford is understood to have a drama, of which Ines de Castro is the heroine, forthcoming at Drury Lane Theatre; and, under the title of “*The Talba, or Moor of Portugal*,” Mrs. Bray, the able and accomplished

author of “*The White Hoods*,” “*The Protestants*,” “*Fitz of Fitz-Ford*,” &c., has just published a romance, the *dénouement* of which hinges upon the fate of Ines.

Mrs. Bray has distinguished herself in the region of historic romance;—a region which Sir Walter Scott has most unduly enjoyed the credit of discovering; while, in reality, he has no more claim to the invention of that species of composition than he has to the discovery of the longitude, for its principles were as well understood a century and a half ago, as they are now. By happy efforts, indeed, he has given to it a fashion which is not likely to be soon superseded. Nor can such a change be desired; since not even history itself, with all its attractions and charms, is so well calculated, as the historic romance, if in judicious hands, for the development of character, the exhibition of manners, the illustration of the state of society in past times. The only objection to this class of writing is in the falsification of facts which, through the fault of the author, it sometimes occasions. But this is the abuse, not the use, of historic romance; an abuse of which Mrs. Bray is ever guiltless. Important facts should never be falsified, never misrepresented; and Mrs. Bray never falsifies or misrepresents them. Fact should be taken for the basis, fiction for the superstructure of the historic romance. To this rule Mrs. Bray adheres. Amidst all her merits, however—and they are great and numerous—she has one fault, which we cannot refrain from pointing out: she suffers herself to be shackled by the facts of history. Thus, no sooner does the reader perceive

that Ines de Castro is the heroine of the tale—that her fate is one of the chief incidents—than the catastrophe is vividly before him; and, instead of spurring forward in breathless haste to arrive at the unknown goal, he contemplates it from afar, and has only to mark and study the route by which he must arrive. This originates in the error, if we may be allowed to term it so, of seizing upon a grand event in history, and adopting it as a grand event in the romance. In a work of fiction, poetic justice is of at least as much importance as historic truth. As we view the case, the fate of Ines de Castro should have been episodic only; or it might have formed the nucleus of other adventures, having a distinct and imposing catastrophe of their own.

Perhaps, however, we have no right to censure Mrs. Bray for not having accomplished what it was never her intention to accomplish. Her story is well constructed; her course of events is naturally yet very strikingly conducted; her characters are well conceived, spiritedly sketched, and powerfully sustained; and, as we have before had occasion to remark, contemplating nature with a painter's eye, and describing it with a poet's pen, her views of scenery are eminently correct, fresh, vivid, and beautiful. In a word, the entire performance is in keeping.

We regret that our limits, on this occasion, preclude extract. Amongst numerous passages, however, which indicate extraordinary skill and talent, we must point out two or three. The bull-fight, in which Ines, by throwing her crimson scarf into the arena, rescues a noble Moorish youth from the horrors of impending death, is altogether a highly-wrought scene. So is that—though of a widely different character—between Ines and her father, Don Manuel, in prison. There, woman appears in all her tender, touching beauty, in all her loveliness, in all her glory—a little, and but a little, lower than the angels. Of scenes combining the picturesque with the dramatic, we particularize the preparation for the combat between Alonzo (the King) and his illegitimate brother, Don Sanchez; and, in a more eminent degree, as a night-piece, the liberation of Ines from prison, by Hassan, the Talba. The Talba, it should be observed, is a Moorish sage, warrior, and chief, in arms for the liberation of his oppressed countrymen. The most powerfully-wrought scene of all is the interview between Alonzo and the Talba, in which the latter, with heroism unsurpassed, voluntarily surrenders himself

to death, a sacrifice for the preservation of Hamet, the son of his murdered lord and of the widowed Princess Aza Anzurez. On the stage it would electrify. This scene alone would be sufficient to establish the reputation of an author.

The "Romance of History"—we are proceeding to another work—was a catching and a happy title: the idea embraces immense variety, affords boundless scope to the imagination, affords the finest possible opportunity for a display of ancient superstitions, customs, and manners. Poor Henry Neele commenced with the English history; Telesforo de Trueba followed with that of Spain; and now we have before us, as a third series, "*The Romance of History—France—by Leitch Ritchie.*" These volumes will not disgrace their predecessors. The tales, at which we shall rapidly glance in succession, are thirteen in number.

In Bertha, or the Court of Charlemagne, turning on the incident of the heroine's bearing off her lover in her arms, that the footsteps of a man may not be traced from the chamber through the snow, embraces a picturesque description of a Greek embassy to the French court at Aix la Chapelle in the eighth century; and presents a striking portrait of its sovereign in the hour of peace.

The Last of the Breton Kings, who fell in the reign of Louis le Debonnaire, is a production of a higher order. The character of Matilde, who sacrifices her love and her life in defence of her father and of her country, is a fresh and powerful sketch.

"My father," said Matilde, "if the men of Brittany are represented in thy person, even so are the women in mine. Try me, O my father! and in me read the hearts of the maidens of our people. Think'st thou we will accept of safety bought with the honour of our country? Thou art deceived—thou dost not know us. Awake! arouse thee! set us the example of valour and fortitude, as become thy sex and station. Lead on, and I will follow even to death. Be a man, and a Breton! a king, and Matilde will be thy daughter!"

"Morvan pressed his daughter again in his arms, and wearied with the conflict of his feelings, sat down.

"Come," said she, in a tone of gaiety, as she seated herself playfully on his knee, "I will sing thee the song thou lovest, of the old warrior of Britain, and thou shalt drink one draught of wine to revive thy heart after thy night-watching. What, the wine-cup on the floor! In sooth it is both sin and shame; and not thy wont, my father, if the revel shouts that some-

times reach my half-sleeping ear at night tell true tales.' She filled up the cup, once—twice—and thrice, and sang the war-songs he loved best between whiles; she returned at every pause to the conversation they had dropped, and painted in rainbow colours the half-repentent enterprise; she drew her father's sword—admired the blade—reminded him of the deeds that had rendered it famous, and mimicked the exercises of war. The old man's eyes began to sparkle—his oppressed breath came freely—the prospect that had appeared so clouded before, was now seen through the gleam of a wine cup, or reflected in the glorious imagination of his daughter—and he strode with a warrior's step through the apartment. The clarion peeled from the great tower. Matilde caught her father's hand and kissed it, dashed the wine-cup upon the floor, and exclaiming, 'We are free!' rushed out of the room."

The *dénouement*, in which Morvan and his daughter Matilde fall in battle—the latter unconsciously slain by her lover—is highly and touchingly wrought.

One of the cleverest tales in the series is the Adventures of Eriland, in which the siege of Paris, by the Normans, towards the close of the ninth century, is most graphically described. It also very strikingly illustrates the absurd and heartless demands that were made by women from their lovers in those days of false chivalry.

The Man Wolf is a blot in the work. Coarse and vulgar, had it been in doggerel verse instead of prose, we should have taken it for an offspring of the prurient fancy of George Colman, the younger. We recommend it to the attention of that gentleman; and to Mr. Ritchie we recommend that it be expunged from his next edition. The singular superstition of men imagining themselves to be metamorphosed into wolves is susceptible of interesting illustration.

To the King of the Beggars—a picture of the court of King Robert, at the commencement of the eleventh century—as less decorous, in some of its scenes, than it ought to have been, we also object.

The Serf—the scene of which is laid at Bruges, in the year 1127—has little to do with French history; but it is a bold and vivid sketch of the state of society at the period to which it refers;—"the epoch of pure feudality," when serfs could not acquire property—when they dared not remove without permission from their place of residence—when their lords might strike, mutilate, and kill them with impunity—when they were degraded from their very

rank as human beings—when a law *was* in existence, by which "any knight who could be proved, within a year after his nuptials, to have married the daughter of a serf, should lose caste, and sink into the servile condition himself." Here is a fine though guilty out-burst of feeling. The story, however, does not close so well as it opens; besides which, the catastrophe is too horrible and revolting in its nature.

The Pilgrim of St. James is a good tale of the Crusades, in the reign of Louis IX.

One of our great favourites is the Bondsman's Feast: it is full of truth, nature, and beauty.

The ground-work of the Phantom Fight is chiefly drawn from Froissart, and relates to the usurpation and death of Philip Von Artaveld, in Flanders; a portion of history very skilfully managed by Mrs. Bray, in her romance of the White Hoods. It is always curious to mark the manner in which the same subject may be treated by different writers of genius.

The tale of the Magic Wand takes its title from "a true *bâton de voyageur*, or traveller's stick, manufactured of an elder-branch; and the hollow, where had been the pith, filled with two eyes of a wolf, three green lizards, seven leaves of vervain, and a party-coloured stone found in the nest of the lapwing." This wand is the sole patrimony of Alan de Vere, the orphan son of a bankrupt merchant. Through the strange, spirited, and perilous adventures into which it leads its owner, who, on the death of his father, was intended for the ignoble occupation of a baker, he obtains the honour of knighthood, during the contest between the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, in the reign of Charles VI.; and, ultimately, Sir Alan marries a wealthy and beautiful heiress, the Damsel of Montenay.

The Rock of the Fort, founded on the extraordinary capture of the fortress of Fescamp, as recorded in Sully's *Memoirs*, is a sailor's tale, the subject of which is admirably adapted to the wildness of Ritchie's genius. We should like to present our readers with an abstract of this exciting story, with one or two of its most striking passages, but space will not allow, and we must hasten to a close.

The Dream Girl—an affair of somnambulism—would have been a delightful *morceau* for one of the *Annuaux*.

The last of the series, with more of novel than romance in its character, is the Black Mask, or the Lottery of Jewels. It involves the life and adventures of Mademoiselle

d'Aubigné, after the celebrated Madame de Maintenon.

In preparing for these volumes, Mr. Ritchie has spared neither reading nor research; and into their composition he has thrown more vitality, more character, more picture, more dramatic effect than are to be found in either of the preceding series. His historical summaries, however, are injudiciously managed: devoid of any really useful information, they are little more than a compound of satire, sarcasm, and affectation of wit—all sadly out of place.

As far as we can perceive, the second title of Sir Walter Scott's "*Tales of a Grandfather*"—"Stories taken from the History of France"—is a misnomer; for, in reality, they constitute, in regular series, a most judicious abridgment, an exceedingly clever skimming of the cream—of the history itself, from the period of Cæsar's conquest, till the commencement of the fifteenth century. No one has a happier knack than Sir Walter of seizing upon points, and presenting them, disencumbered of all extraneous matter, to the eye of the youthful reader. This, indeed, is the mode to render history attractive, and we cannot too highly commend it. Master John Hugh Lockhart, *alias* Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., is a lucky fellow to have such books inscribed to him. Observe at once the simplicity and effect with which Sir Walter relates the adventure of a knight of Sir Robert Knolles's army, who, in performance of a chivalric vow, went and struck his spear against the gate of Paris:—

"A marauding party, far less numerous than that under the Duke of Lancaster, was commanded by Sir Robert Knolles, that distinguished officer, who, from a mean origin, had raised himself to great distinction by his interest among the grand companies. He was now commissioned with an army of thirty thousand men to lay waste the kingdom of France on behalf of Edward III.—a wasteful mode of warfare, inconsistent with the idea held out of permanent conquest.

"Knolles took his departure from Calais at the head of his troops, in the end of July, and moved forward by Terouenne and Artois, making easy marches, halting regularly every night, and burning and ravaging the country. Occasionally, Sir Robert Knolles, who appears to have retained some old remnants of the adventurer, used to accept of sums of money, in consideration of which he spared particular districts, and forbade those violences in which he was accustomed to indulge. This was a course of conduct so misrepresented to Edward III., that in

the end it had like to have cost Sir Robert dear. In the mean time, this predatory general's march was directed upon the city of Paris; not that he could hope to gain possession of it, but from the desire to spread confusion and terror in the neighbourhood, and perhaps to provoke a part of the inhabitants to issue out and take the chance of battle. He approached the city so near, that the fires which he raised in the neighbouring villages were plainly seen from the walls of Paris; and a knight of the English army had an opportunity, and, as it proved, a fatal one, of accomplishing one of those vows of chivalry which were fashionable at the period; of which the more desperate and extraordinary, always added the more to the renown of those by whom they were achieved. The adventurer had, it seems, made a vow that he would strike his spear upon the gate of Paris. For this purpose, he rushed forth from the ranks, and, followed by his squire, whom he soon outstripped, rode up to the gate, where he found the barriers open. There were several French knights standing by the barrier, who marvelled what this single man was about to attempt, but when they saw him satisfied with striking his lance upon the gate, and reining round his courser to return, they laughed, and said, 'Go thy ways for a brave knight, thou hast well accomplished thy vow!' The citizens of Paris and the suburbs had not the same sympathy with the adventurous knight as was entertained by those who were his brothers in chivalry. He learned the difference of these feelings upon his return; for a butcher, who had seen him pass through the suburbs, waylaid him in his return, and, coming behind him with a cleaver, struck him from his horse. The squire, alarmed for his master's fate on seeing his horse return without a rider, advanced into the suburb far enough to behold his master prostrate on the ground, and four or five strong mechanics beating upon him at once, like smiths upon a stithy. He fled, therefore, to carry to Knolles's camp the account of the knight's misadventure."

To our taste, the present series of "*Tales of a Grandfather*" is far more attractive than any by which it has been preceded.

With a slight Introduction, and a few notes, the first volume of "*The Abbot, being a Sequel to The Monastery*," constitutes the twentieth volume of the Waverley Novels in their new edition. As a vignette, nothing superior to this, by Edwin Landseer, engraved by W. H. Watt, has yet appeared in the work. It represents Wolf, the stag-hound, in the act of bearing little Roland Greeme to the shore. "With the wonderful instinct which these noble animals have so often displayed in the like circumstances, he



swam straight to the spot where his assistance was so much wanted, and seizing the child's under-dress in his mouth, he not only kept him afloat, but towed him towards the causeway." With the happiest truth of position, the high intellectual character of the dog is here shewn to surprising advantage. In the design there is a severe and beautiful simplicity; and the engraver has evinced great discrimination, taste, and skill, in his mode of treating the respective parts of the subject. The child, however, is not equal in merit to the dog. He is too young, and wants the "long curled hair, and the noble cast of features" which the text requires.

The frontispiece, by Chalon (engraved by C. Heath, but not in his best style) presents us with a six-feet-high Mary Queen of Scots, with a fat face, and a bull-neck, and without any of the personal characteristics usually ascribed by painters, poets, and historians to the unfortunate queen. "'But it is over—and I am Mary Stuart once more.' She snatched from her head the curch or cap, shook down the thick clustered tresses, and drawing her slender fingers across the labyrinth which they formed, she arose from the chair, and stood like the inspired image of a Grecian prophetess." Leaving character out of the question, the figure—especially its right arm—is exceedingly ill-drawn; and the attendant, who is stooping to pick up the cap, is evidently labouring under a lumbago.

One serious objection may be urged against "The Cabinet Cyclopædia," in common with every production of its class: that, although it frequently puts us in possession, at a moderate expense, of all that is necessary for the general reader to know, upon a variety of subjects, it also too often keeps out of the field works of a higher order and of sterling merit. Homer cannot, in every instance, be thrust into a nutshell; though a great book *may* be a great evil, it is not in all cases *necessarily* so: that which is cheap—or low-priced—cannot always be good; that which is good cannot always be had for nothing. If, on the other hand, our industrious monthly librarians would constantly indulge us with such works as "*A Preliminary Discourse of Natural Philosophy, by J. F. W. Herschell, Esq., M.A.*," we would laud their labours to the very echo. Here is a performance, new in arrangement, original and profound in research, clear and comprehensive in display; every page of which is worth more than a volume of ordinary matter. This admirable—we had al-

most said invaluable—Discourse is in three parts: the *first*, treats "of the general nature and advantages of the study of the physical sciences;" the *second*, "of the principles on which physical science relies for its successful prosecution, and the rules by which a systematic examination of nature should be conducted, with illustrations of their influence as exemplified in the history of its progress;" the *third*, "of the subdivision of physics into distinct branches, and their mutual relations:" the whole in sixteen chapters, and 393 paragraphs, numbered for the advantage of reference. Mr. Herschell's style is lucid, close, and compact in an extraordinary degree—a perfect model for works of this nature. Of the prodigious mass of scientific information, ancient and modern, and down, as it were, to the present moment, which this volume—this mine of wealth—affords, no idea can be formed but from actual perusal, for no analysis could render it even the shadow of justice. Take, however, a few short paragraphs as a very inadequate specimen:—

"It is well known to modern engineers, that *there is virtue* in a bushel of coals properly consumed, to raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. This is actually the *average* effect of an engine at this moment working in Cornwall. Let us pause a moment and consider what this is equivalent to in matters of practice.

"The ascent of Mont Blanc from the valley of Chamouni is considered, and with justice, as the most toilsome feat that a strong man can execute in two days. The combustion of two pounds of coal would place him on the summit.

"The Menai bridge, one of the most stupendous works of art that has been raised by man in modern ages, consists of a mass of iron, not less than four millions of pounds in weight, suspended at a medium height of about 120 feet above the sea. The consumption of seven bushels of coals would suffice to raise it to the place where it hangs.

"The great pyramid of Egypt is composed of granite. It is 170 feet in the side of its base, and 500 in perpendicular height, and stands on eleven acres of ground. Its weight is therefore 12,760 millions of pounds, at a medium height of 125 feet; consequently it would be raised by the effort of about 630 chaldrons of coals, a quantity consumed in some foundries in a week.

"The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at 1,500,000 chaldrons. The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, 2,200 feet in the side through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain on another. The Monte Nuovo, near

Puazuoli (which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire), might have been raised by such an effort, from a depth of 40,000 feet, or about eight miles."

"Religion without cant" ought to be the universal motto of the truly pious. We sincerely hope, and are fully disposed to believe, that, amongst the numerous periodical libraries with which the press at this time teems, one has at length been undertaken that will go far to encourage and promote this salutary feeling. "*The Sunday Library, or the Protestant's Manual for the Sabbath-day, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, D.D., Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, and Vicar of Erning, Suffolk,*" is distinguished by moderateness of price, neatness of typography, portability of form, and excellence of contents. Inscribed to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom a well-engraved portrait is given, it is in fact "a selection of sermons from eminent divines of the church of England, chiefly within the last half century." The names to which we are indebted for the present volume are—Porteus, Blomfield, Paley, Le Bas, Horne, Horseley, Mant, Shuttleworth, and Benson. Dr. Dibdin's biographical sketches and notes materially enhance the value of the book. To many, with whom expence may be a consideration, this work will be additionally recommended by the announcement, that its successive volumes are *not* to be issued monthly, but "at reasonable intervals."

We are not prepared to consider the "*Military Memoirs of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, by Captain Moyle Sherer,*" as evincing a judicious selection of subject for the commencement of another monthly series of publications, under the designation of "Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library." Passing over his early services in India, the Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington must necessarily resolve themselves into a History of the War of the Peninsula; and, unless the public appetite be insatiable on this point, Histories, Memoirs, Personal Adventures, Anecdotes, &c., relating to that war must long since have been a drug in the market. From his own service in the Peninsula, however, and from his having repeatedly gone over the ground before, Captain Sherer came to his task well qualified; while, from his habits of composition, the labour to him must have been comparatively light. This volume brings down the Memoirs of the Field Marshal to the assembling of the army for the invasion of Portugal, under Massena, in 1810.—The faults

which we have to find, occasionally, with Captain Sherer, are, that his style—the style of romance—is too flowery; that his sentiment verges too closely upon what may be termed saintship, or evangelicism, for a work, the character of which should be purely historic. This brief passage, comprising the interment of Sir John Moore, after the battle of Corunna, with a summary of that officer's character, will enable the reader to estimate the merit, and also the defects of Captain Sherer's manner:—

"By night the victorious troops filed down from the field of battle to their boats, and embarked. There was a moon, but it gave only a wan and feeble light; for the weather was misty and chill. Soon after nightfall, the remains of Sir John Moore were quietly interred in the city of Corunna. Soldiers dug his grave; soldiers laid him in the earth. He was buried in his military cloak, and was left asleep, and alone, upon a bastion—a bed of honour well chosen for a hero's resting-place. This last duty done, the officers of his personal staff went on ship-board, 'in soldier's sadness, the silent mourning of men who know no tears.'

"Sir John Moore had signalized his name in the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt. His life was spent among the troops; among the troops he died; and, to this hour, it is a distinction to any officer to have learned his duty under the eye and voice of Moore. We admire his character; we glory in his warrior-death; we consider his fame hallowed by his end; but we think that, with the deep knowledge of human nature he possessed, the state of Spanish society, under the actual circumstances of peril, and bewilderment, ought not to have surprised him, far less to have irritated him to the extent which it certainly did. That time was lost at Salamanca, is a matter of fact, and a subject of deep regret. The value of a day, or an hour, in war, is great. It is vain to ask what might have been the consequences of a movement into the heart of Spain, which was never made, and which, according to able and acute men, never should have been contemplated; but it is certain that between that measure and a retreat on Portugal, Sir John Moore wavered long in his decision. War, we are told, and truly, by all good officers, is a science; and we are shewn how accurate and profound are, and ought to be, the declarations of a commander; yet, 'nothing venture, nothing have,' has passed into a proverb with mankind.

"In all undertakings, we must leave something in a state too incomplete to command the certainty of success. We must exercise our trust in Providence, whatever be our aim and end; for 'the lot is cast into the lap, the whole

disposing thereof is of the Lord;' and, undoubtedly, with a righteous cause, we may look hopefully for help. We are not of the number of those who dare to speak lightly of the spirit of Moore; for we know the help of Heaven was that to which he looked; and we believe that it was an act of conscientious self-denial which made him hesitate to risk the lives of so many thousands on the desperate hazards of a chivalric effort."

A second volume—terminating, we presume, with the battle of Waterloo—is to complete the work.

It is to be regretted that the public were not, some years ago, put in possession of "*Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece, &c., with Anecdotes of Lord Byron, and an Account of his last Illness and Death; by Julius Millengen, Surgeon to the Byron Brigade at Mesolonghi, &c.*"—As for Greece and her semi-savage piratical hordes, we are unphilanthropic enough to care very little about them; not so with respect to Lord Byron, whose memory, like his verse, clings to our recollection. — Mr. Millengen vindicates himself from the aspersions which have been thrown upon his character, for having caused the delay in bleeding Lord Byron in his last illness; and he declares himself "convinced, that whatsoever method of cure had been adopted, there is every reason to believe that a fatal termination was inevitable." Altogether, we consider Mr. Millengen's as the best account that has yet appeared of the last moments of Lord Byron. Alas! for human nature, that there should be so much truth in the noble poet's view of his own case!

"Do you suppose," inquired his lordship with impatience, 'that I wish for life? I have grown heartily sick of it, and shall welcome the hour I depart from it. Why should I regret it? Can it afford me any pleasure? Have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster than I did. I am, literally speaking, a young old man. Hardly arrived at manhood, I have attained the zenith of fame. Pleasure I have known under every shape it can present itself to mortals. I have travelled—satisfied my curiosity—lost every illusion. I have exhausted all the nectar contained in the cup of life: it is time to throw the dregs away. But the apprehension of two things now haunts my mind. I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days like Swift—a grinning idiot! Would to Heaven the day were arrived, in which, rushing sword in hand, on a body of Turks, and fighting like one weary of existence, I shall meet immediate, painless death—the object of my wishes.'"

Notwithstanding that Lord Byron's stomach was irreparably injured—that he had all the nervous tremors of a confirmed sot—that his constitution was broken up, and destroyed by excess, he appears to have possessed, at times, great self-command. Thus, one day—

"On dinner being served up, although several dishes of meat were upon the table, Lord Byron did not partake of any: his custom being to eat meat only once a month. Soup, a few vegetables, and a considerable portion of English cheese, with some fried crusts of bread and fruit, constituted his daily fare. He ate with great rapidity, and drank freely. There happened to be on the table a roasted capon, the good looks of which so powerfully tempted him, that, after wistfully eyeing it, he was on the point of taking a leg; but suddenly recollecting the rule he had imposed on himself, he left it in the dish, desiring the servant to let the capon be kept till next day, when his month would be out."

The occasional *hauteur* and moodiness of his lordship are sufficiently displayed in the following anecdote, with which we close:—

"During his stay at Venice, Maria Louisa, the ex-Empress of France, paid a visit to that remarkable city. A translation of our poet's Ode on Napoleon happening to be read to her, she was so moved by the beauties of the composition, that she expressed a strong wish to become acquainted with its author. The English consul, on being apprized of this, sought to procure an opportunity of presenting him without his undergoing the formality of etiquette, against which he had strongly declared himself. Knowing the hour at which he was accustomed to take his ride at the Lido, he so disposed matters that the ex-Empress came to the spot at the moment Lord Byron was preparing to quit it. He accordingly rode up to him, and informed him of her Highness the Duchess of Parma and Placenza's desire; and said, that, if he felt inclined, he would be happy to introduce him. Happening to be in one of his sullen moods, Lord Byron replied, 'I beg you will inform her Highness, that I should have esteemed it an honour to be presented to the Empress of France; but that I feel, as to a Duchess of Parma, differently disposed.' And he rode off, leaving the consul to convey this mortifying message."

The last published volume of "The Family Library" contains a spirited and judicious "*Life of Bruce, the African Traveller, by Major F. B. Head,*" whose own adventurous travels across the Pampas, &c., are yet fresh in the remembrance of the public. Bruce was grossly calumniated in his day; but, "great and mighty is truth,

and it must ultimately prevail;" and, in his case, as in that of many others, this little bit of the wisdom of the ancients has been abundantly verified. No one, now, questions the veracity of Bruce. It ought to have been felt, even in his own time, when the feeling would have been balm to his wounded spirit, that Bruce was too proud and too honourable a man to descend to the baseness of falsehood.—With a freshness of manner—we cannot say much for the accuracy or beauty of his style—which renders his book very attractive, Major Head has here contrived to give the essence of Bruce's travels in one little volume of about 530 pages; embellished, too, with maps, cuts, and a portrait. We do not blame the Major for the severity with which he treats Lord Valentia and Mr. Salt; the latter, especially, ought to have been ashamed of himself.—We cannot dwell upon this volume; but we shall give two or three points, which are at once characteristic and interesting.

"One day, while he [Bruce] was at the house of a relation in East Lothian, a gentleman present bluntly observed, that it was *impossible* that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat! Bruce said not a word; but, leaving the room, he shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beef, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion. 'You will eat that, Sir, or fight me!' he said. When the gentleman had eaten up the raw flesh (most willingly would he have eaten his words instead), Bruce calmly observed, 'Now, Sir, you will never again say it is *impossible*!'"

And here again, though less fiercely, the tables were as well turned:—

"Single-speech Hamilton was Bruce's first cousin and intimate friend. One evening, at Kinnaird, he said, 'Bruce, to convince the world of your power of drawing, you need only draw us now something in as good a style as those drawings of your's, which they say have been done for you by Balugari, your Italian artist.'—'Gerard,' replied Bruce, very gravely, 'you made *one* fine speech, and the world doubted its being your own composition, but if you will stand up now here, and make another speech as good, we shall believe it to have been your own.'"

The last act of Bruce's life, as Major Head remarks, was one of gentlemanlike, refined, and polite attention:—

"A large party had dined at Kinnaird, and while they were about to depart, Bruce was gaily talking to a young lady in the drawing-room, when, suddenly observing that her aged

mother was proceeding to her carriage unattended, he hurried from the drawing-room to the great staircase. In this effort, the foot which had safely carried him through all his dangers, happened to fail him; he fell down several of the steps—broke some of his fingers—pitched on his head—and never spoke again! For several hours every effort was made to restore him to the world; all that is usual, customary, and useless in such cases, was performed. There was the bustle, the hurry, the confusion, the grief unspeakable, the village leech, his lancet, his phial, and his little pill; but the lamp was out—the book was closed—the lease was up—the game was won—the daring, restless, injured spirit had burst from the covert and was—"away!" Thus perished, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, in the healthy winter of his life, in vigour of mind and body, James Bruce, of Kinnaird, a Scotchman, who was religious, loyal, honourable, brave, prudent, and enterprising. • • • Four days after his death, his corpse, attended by his tenantry, and by several of the principal men in the country, was deposited in the church-yard of Larbert, in a tomb which Bruce had built for his wife and infant child. On the south side of the monument there is the following inscription:—

"In this tomb are deposited the remains of  
James Bruce, Esq., of Kinnaird,  
Who died on the 27th of April, 1794,  
In the 64th year of his age.  
His life was spent in performing  
Useful and splendid actions.  
He explored many distant regions.  
He discovered the Sources of the Nile.  
He traversed the Deserts of Nubia.  
He was an affectionate husband,  
An indulgent parent,  
An ardent lover of his country.  
By the unanimous voice of mankind  
His name is enrolled with those  
Who were conspicuous  
For genius, for valour, and for virtue."

An affectionate, kind-hearted, but too warmly panegyric preface, by the brother of the deceased, introduces us to "*Agrippa Posthumous, a Tragedy, with other Poems, by the late Mathew Weavers, Master of Friern Barnet Watch School, Finchley*" The poetic feeling, the amiable moral worth of its author, urge us to commend this little volume to notice; but justice at the same time compels us to intimate, that it betrays a want of ear, a want of polish, a want of elevated and dignified sentiment—a want of its expression at least—in the writer. Yet there are those who will love it, for that writer's sake.

From a neatly-printed and splendidly-bound little volume, entitled "*British Melodies, or Songs of the People*, by T. H. Cornish," we transcribe, as a fair specimen of its contents, the subjoined Caledonian strain:—

"Give me the bonny banks of Clyde;  
Old Edinboro' town:  
Give me our native chieftains' pride,  
Their minstrels' high renown.  
Scotia! Caledonia!

"Give me Ben Lomond's towering height;  
Loch Lomond's inspiring story;  
Give me of free-born Scot the right,  
Or Bruce's brand and glory.  
Scotia! Caledonia!"

By far the most generally and extensively useful work of its class that has ever met our eye, is "*The Domestic Gardener's Manual, by a Practical Horticulturist*." This book is addressed "to those, who, without aiming to become professional gardeners, wish, nevertheless, to acquire so much of the art of gardening as shall enable them to conduct its more common and essential operations with facility and precision." It presents itself in twelve monthly portions; each of these portions being subdivided into three sections. The first section is "devoted to subjects connected with the science or philosophy of gardening;—such as the nature and agency of earths and soils; of electricity, water, the atmosphere, light, heat, &c.; of the structure and vascular system of plants, the motion of the sap, and the laboration of the proper juice." The second section contains "an account of the natural history, generic and specific characters, and cultivation of one or more of the chief esculent vegetables;" with directions for the operations in the kitchen-garden during the current month. The third section treats of the natural history, &c., of the most esteemed fruit-trees; with directions for the management of the fruiting department, and miscellaneous observations on the treatment of flowering shrubs, evergreens, flowers, borders, &c. For each month, too, there is a concise Naturalist's Calendar; and also a Botanical Catalogue of British indigenous plants, arranged agreeably to Sir J. E. Smith's improvement on the Linnean system, and in their monthly order of flowering.

We have room only to add, that the whole of this treatise is conducted with the utmost simplicity, and yet upon the soundest scientific principles. New light breaks in upon us at every page; and the work so abounds with curious facts in natural history and

philosophy, that it may be read equally for intellectual amusement as for practical instruction.

"*The Excitement, or a Book to induce Young People to Read, for 1831*," is of a character precisely similar to that of a volume bearing the same title, published for the year 1830, and which we noticed in terms of commendation at the time of its appearance. It embraces "remarkable appearances in nature, signal preservations, and such incidents as are particularly fitted to arrest," or, as the editor might have said, to excite "the youthful mind." The compilation (with some original pieces) is judiciously and successfully executed.

### NEW MUSIC.

*A Set of Six Songs, written by Mrs. Hemans, composed by J. Lodge, Esq. Dedicated to Lady Caroline Murray.*

ALL the late productions of this gentleman have been so preposterously puffed by a cotemporary musical journal, that any thing in guise of homely truth must appear like hypercritical severity to the composer. Mr. Lodge's compositions are all respectable, and as such do great credit to an amateur, and in some few instances we find considerable originality, and a determination to leave the beaten track which cannot be too much applauded: their author likewise appears to possess that refined taste which is a necessary attendant on a finished education; but when we hear a critic extol these compositions at the expence of all the professional composers, generally in the most pointed manner, we always combine the ideas of the loaves and fishes, the venison and turtle dinners which the said critic may hope to obtain from a liberal and wealthy amateur; and we are sure from the character that Mr. Lodge bears, that such panegyrics must give him more pain than pleasure. The six songs in the present collection are of unequal merit. The song of the Cid is very original and highly dramatic in character; it is written for a mezzo soprano, and if published separately, would be very popular. "The Chord is hushed," a very elegant simple ballad with a harp accompaniment. "The Greek Bride's Farewell," a sweet air, but hardly exhibits intensity of feeling enough to do complete justice to the poetry; the alterations in the different verses are most effective. "The Vesper Bell" is rather a pretty melody, but does not claim any affinity with the poetry. The others possess no striking feature.

## THEATRICALS.

## THE PANTOMIMES.

WE had anticipated (credulous enthusiasts that we were!) the felicity of a re-introduction to the spirits that used to warm and delight our childhood, and the satisfaction of pouring out

—“all ourselves as plain As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne,” on the subject of those most delightful of all the annuals—the pantomimes. We had prepared, in our mind, some right grateful and joyous paragraphs with which to repay their pleasantry; but, we speak it more in sorrow than in anger, we are either growing too old and morose to enter into the spirit of indefatigable fun that once cast a glory over them; or, which we fear is the case, the pantomimes this year are but the dim and degenerated shadows of their past splendour—the skeletons of former grandeur—the fossil-remains of all the mirth and magnificence that once made our Christmas evenings like the Arabian Nights of old. But lamentation comes too late, and as the subject turns out to be a dull one, there is the less reason why we should waste a sigh upon it. We shall glance at the pantomimes as we do at a false friend whom we are obliged to encounter, and whom we pass by as rapidly as possible, without one “longing, lingering look behind.”

That at Drury Lane is called, *Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens*. It has no frolic, no fancy, no philosophy—no trick, no tumbles, to our taste—no revolutionary raps at fashions, no satires upon folly—no absurdities, no impossibilities—but it has some attempts at all these, which might have satisfied us once, ere Grimaldi came to enlighten the darkness of our imagination, and to awaken true taste in the world; and it has—here we come to the real treasure hidden in the rubbish—some of the rarest and richest scenery ever painted by Stanfield—which is surely saying something for a pantomime that is confessedly as deficient as dulness could make it. His diorama is worth staying to see—though the ordeal is a difficult one to pass through.

The rival pantomime is, or rather was, called *Harlequin Pat and Harlequin Bat*. Pat was at first played by Power, who, for a night or two, wasted his sweetness on the desert air of a long and dreary introduction, and then retired to make way for Keeley, who suddenly started up as *Harlequin Fat*, which is an improvement, and is indeed the drollest portion of the entertainment. His

singularly quaint little figure, stuffed into a degree of breadth beyond its height, and clad in the spangled patchwork so calculated to exhibit it, forms something almost—nay, quite irresistible; and notwithstanding the nimbleness and grace of the matchless Mr. Ellar, the real Harlequin, we parted from our friend *Fat* with regret. This pantomime is only a shade better than the other, and in point of scenery it is far below it. The opening is thickly sown with puns instead of pranks, and the “comic business” is now and then of a melancholy cast; in others, by the aid of Paulo, a stormy but not a stupid clown—and Barnes, beyond all comparison the prince of pantaloons—a very Grimaldi in his line—the scenes passed off merrily enough, if they evinced nothing remarkable.

But while the giants of the great houses were sleeping, the dwarf of the Adelphi has stirred to some purpose—for it has produced the best of the three entertainments. It is called *The King of the Cats*, and displays some ingenious tricks, practical satires, and pantomimic prodigies of all sorts.

Having thus placed the pantomimes in a kind of parenthesis by themselves, we arrive by a regular course, for the second time, at

## DRURY LANE.

HERE, however, we have little left to do. Tragedy, opera, and comedy, have gone round, but without eliciting any thing that can provoke a remark—except that Mr. Macready has repeatedly appeared, and in some parts with extraordinary effect—*William Tell*, for instance—a play which, in spite of the affected quaintness of its comic dialogue, contains some masterly touches, and numberless evidences of a true and genuine knowledge of nature. This play and *Virginius* form a link between our own age and the golden one of England, and unite the author to the great dramatic spirits whom he evidently and honourably worships. It is to Mr. Knowles that we must look, for a still more triumphant answer to all who would assert that the genius of dramatic poetry is not sleeping, but extinct. We hope yet to hail its rise—we have seen, at all events, quite enough of the march of melodrama.

## COVENT GARDEN.

MISS INVERARITY'S is among the very few instances of a sudden arrival at popularity, without a paragraph or a prologue to announce it. We have been favoured with no prefatory flourish of trumpets, but much

"excellent music" instead. This young singer seems to have charmed every body—a word which of course includes ourselves. Poems have been addressed to her, and praises of all kinds showered upon every note she has uttered. Her very name has been a subject of controversy, and the number of its syllables has been a source of admiration and curiosity to all circles, fashionable and unfashionable. We are fearful that all this enthusiasm will be productive of evil instead of good. Nothing is more delightful, to a delicate and conscientious mind, than to say all we think, and to praise in exact proportion to the pleasure received. But there are instances in which praise should be given, not grudgingly, but cautiously; *one* occurred at this very theatre last season, and this is another. Miss Inverarity has talents of the highest quality—she has a voice which may work wonders, taste, feeling, and intelligence, a pleasing person, and features that have at least the charm of youthfulness; in short, she holds forth such a promise of excellence, that we should shew but slight gratitude for the delight with which we listened to her in *Cinderella*, were we to compare her, as the world is more than willing to do, with the *first* representative of the owner of the "glass slipper," whom we heard about a twelve-month ago, and whose voice, in spite of the cloud that has unhappily fallen upon her, it is impossible for us to forget. Miss Paton, perhaps, on her first appearance in London, scarcely promised so much as her youthful rival; but Miss Inverarity is now only at the very opening of her path, and it must be long before she reaches the point of perfection which is before her. She has every thing to hope from herself, and something to fear from her friends. From her extreme youth we are tempted to indulge high anticipations; but we hope she will not be persuaded to believe that she has already accomplished what she has only exhibited indications of being able to achieve. Crowded houses, and the sudden excitement attendant upon a public introduction, must be flattering enough to a young and inexperienced mind; but the insinuating praises of private friends seldom fail to prove still more fatal.

#### ADELPHI.

WE have not time to do justice to a piece which has just been produced here, entitled the *King of the Alps and the Misanthrope*. It is conceived in the true spirit of German genius, and presents some of the most extra-

ordinary effects that have ever been witnessed on the stage. The misanthrope, whose violent temper has caused the death of two wives, and who fancies that his third wife, and all the rest of the world, are coming to assassinate him, flies to solitude for relief; and on the Alps encounters a very benevolent spirit, who undertakes to assume his likeness, and shew him, "as in a mirror," all the deformities of his character. The misanthrope is of course shocked at his own portrait, perceives the errors which were before invisible to him, and repents. The misanthrope is played by Mathews; the imitation of the misanthrope by Yates; and the effect of this part of the piece, which comprises all the third act, is perfectly unique. Tragedy, comedy, and fairy tale are united in this singular production; it is an adaptation by Mr. Buckstone.

#### OLYMPIC.

ONE of the most remarkable signs of the times is the commencement of a new age of theatricals under female management. Madame Vestris, who has become "sole lessee" of this little theatre, is the first lady, we believe, that has openly professed to rule; in other respects, female management in a theatre is by no means such a novelty as to call for our special wonder. Every thing hitherto has been prosperous. The manager herself commenced her career of fascination as *Pandora*, in a piece—by Mr. Planché, we think—called *Olympic Revels*; a lively, and here and there a well-written mythological extravaganza, in which the learning is not grave enough to interfere with the laughter, and the classical is very properly made subservient to the comical. Madame Vestris herself is delightful, having evidently put on her best looks, and determined to be pleasant. She is followed by Miss Foote in the *Young Jockey*, her dress and her song being quite enough to attract for three seasons to come; and the last scene of all that ends this "strange eventful history," is Mrs. Glover in a nondescript kind of thing, called *Clarissa Harlowe*, a character, if it be one, peculiarly her own, and full of the richest extravagance. Here, it must be owned, is quite enough—the rest of the company certainly does not amount to much—to justify the public curiosity, and to account for the crowds that have nightly flocked about the doors. We only hope that they may continue to flock, and that a season of sunshine may wait upon the little theatre of song.

## Melanges of the Month.

### *Varieties in High Life, &c.*

The Queen's eight Drawing-rooms are fixed as follows:—February 24, March 10 and 24, April 14 and 28, May 12, 26 and 28.—The King's Levees are February 23, and every succeeding Wednesday, till further notice.

It is reported that His Majesty will, in the course of the summer, make, in addition to the royal visits to Scotland and Ireland, a tour through the interior of England.

His Majesty has given orders for the reduction of the whole of the Royal Yacht establishment, with the exception of the Royal Charlotte; the vessel in which the late Queen Charlotte came to this country.

There is, sometimes, much "in a name." The name of our present Queen, Adelaide, is of Saxon origin, and signifies "a noble wife:—one of a generous spirit."

His Majesty has granted to the Archbishop of York, the Right Hon. Edward Venables Vernon, the Royal license that he may lay aside the name of Venables Vernon, and assume that of Harcourt, in compliance with a clause in the will of the late Earl Harcourt, and that he may also bear the arms of Harcourt, quarterly, with those of his own family.

The Queen has ordered a manufacturer in Edinburgh to furnish her with a dress of velvet, of the same description as that for which the Hon. the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Scotch Manufactures awarded a premium.

His Majesty has accepted the patronage of the Seaman's Society, or hospital held in the *Grampus*, hospital ship; making an annual donation of £100. towards the funds of the charity.

A marriage is spoken of between the Duke de Nemours, the second son of Louis-Philippe, and Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal.

Lord Francis Leveson Gower is said to have completed the purchase of Oatlands.

Lord Colchester has left England for a residence of some duration on the continent.

Lord Melbourne has sold his house at Whitehall, to Mr. Agar Ellis. This elegant mansion was built by the late Duke of York, who exchanged it with the father of the present Viscount, for Melbourne House, Piccadilly, the site on which the Albany Chambers now stand.

By the will of the late Mrs. Ford, of Hyde-park-place, her daughter, the Duchess Canizarr, gains an accession to her fortune of upwards of £30,000, and an annuity of £1,000. The annuity settled on Mrs. Ford, which was considerable, reverts to the family of the late Commodore Johnstone, by whom it was settled on her.

The residence of Mr. Beckford, in Lansdowne Crescent, Bath, whither he retired after the disposal of Fonthill Abbey, is for sale.

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Sir T. Lawrence's well-known portraits of the late John Kemble and Miss Stephens, which formerly belonged to Rowland Stephenson, were recently sold by auction; the first for seventy, and the second for sixty guineas. They were bought by Mr. George Robins.

### *Fate of Monarchs.*

The past year has been fatal, in more respects than one, to the monarchs of Europe. England has to deplore the death of George IV.; France has compelled the abdication and exile of Charles X.; Flanders has rejected the domination of the reigning sovereign, and at one time meditated the establishment of a Republic. Rome has lost her sovereign pontiff, Pius VII.; Naples has, like England, lost her ruler by death; Hanover, following England, has been deprived of her king, George IV.; Brunswick has got rid of her Duke, Charles Frederick; Poland has shaken off the yoke of her ruler, the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, and meditates her independence; Saxony has rejected her monarch; and the Queen Mother of Portugal, and Grand Duke of Baden, have died.

### *Anecdotes of the Polish General, Thaddeus Kosciuszko.*

When a very young man, he engaged the affections of one of the most admired daughters of a nobleman of the best fortune in Poland. The lovers had contrived many private meetings, before the lady's father knew anything of the attachment. Both feared to divulge it to him, because they knew he would not listen to the suit of a man who had little else than his love to offer; however, the young Kosciuszko, declaring he would run any risk, rather than subject his beloved to the charge, if discovered, of clandestine interviews, made up his mind to go at once to the father, and acknowledge their mutual passion, with his own pretensions: his honour, as a Pole; and his acquirements for filling any post of worthy ambition. The lover's answer from the father was contempt, and even insult. The lady now felt that she owed even more to Kosciuszko's wounded honour, than her filial sense of duty would have admitted to his love; and she fled with him, to marry him far away from the power which had so injured both. While the fugitives were rapidly prosecuting their journey towards France, their carriage broke down. The delay occasioned by the accident gave time for the incensed father to overtake them. He appeared with an escort of two armed servants; Kosciuszko, too, was not without servants, if he came to a battle; for the country people around were eager to protect the two lovers. The father drew instantly on Kosciuszko, but in a moment the



dexterous hand of the young man disarmed the elder one. He could then have carried off his fair prize in triumph; for the two servants were too much intimidated by the country-people to stir a step towards their lord; but the generous lover, returning the sword to his beloved's parent, told him, that he also resigned his daughter to him. "I cannot," said he, "spill the blood of her father—I cannot win her at such a price—the price of her own happiness, and mine, for ever."—The old nobleman, humbled, but not affected as such generosity deserved, received his pale and speechless child into his arms. She pressed the hand of Kosciuszko to her heart, without a word—and they parted for ever.

The above little incident deepens the interest, and at this period especially, of another anecdote we have just received, relating to the same hero; but this is connected with an English lady.—It is in the form of the translation of a letter, which appeared in a foreign journal above a year ago; but which the present state of Poland powerfully recalls to memory. It is addressed—"To the Author of the English Romance, Thaddeus of Warsaw," and runs thus:—

"An unknown ventures to address the immortal author of Thaddeus of Warsaw. Attached by many ties to the heroes whom you have sung, I dare the temerity of withdrawing your attention an instant from the noble subjects of your thoughts.

"Suffer me, lady, to offer you the homage of my highest admiration, while presenting you with a ring, which contains the portrait of General Kosciuszko. It has been the rallying sign for all Polish patriots, since they undertook to deliver their country from the yoke of the year 1794

"The ancients used to deposit their offerings upon the altar of their tutelary deities. I cannot resist following the example. You are, for every Poland, such a divinity. You, who were the first to raise a voice in their favour, from the centre of imperial Britain! The day will come—I dare cherish such a hope in my heart—when your accents, which have thrilled through every sensible heart in Europe, will produce their blessed effect, by breathing life again into the murdered body of my country.

"Deign, lady, to accept the most grateful homage of

"January, 1829,

"M. R."

"In the midst of the general disturbance of Europe, where all the nations seem 'shooting wildly from their spheres,' it cannot but be a spectacle of satisfaction to see (at least as far as it has gone at present) that the anticipated 'new life, breathed into Poland,' rather appears to be for the resurrection than the destruction of good laws and loyalty; indeed, for the revival of its old Republican Monarchy.

#### *Drakelow Festivities.*

The festivities here on the new year have been varied by the production, in the ele-

gant private theatre, of Lady Dacre's translation from the French, of a *petite piece*, entitled "Match, or no Match." The following is a copy of the play-bill circulated through the family:—

#### THEATRE, DRAKELOW.

On Saturday Evening, January 1st, 1831, will be performed, the Comedy of

#### A MATCH, OR NO MATCH:

*Translated from the French, by Lady Dacre.*

Sir Lionel Latelove, Viscount Castle-reagh; Mr. Wedwell, Sir Roger Gresley; Mr. Bustleby, Mr. Lister; Peter, Mr. Brooke Greville; Mrs. Wedwell, Hon. Mrs. Trevor; Lucy, Mrs. Lister; Susan, Lady Sophia Gresley.

After which, the favourite Comedy of

#### PERFECTION;

#### OR, THE LADY OF MUNSTER.

Sir Lawrence Piraon, Mr. Lister; Charles, Sir Roger Gresley; Sam, Viscount Castlereagh; Kate O'Brien, Marchioness of Londonderry; Susan, Lady Sophia Gresley.

#### *National Gallery.*

By the death of the Rev. Holwell Carr, of Devonshire-place, the National Gallery will be enriched with an accession of one of the most valuable collections of pictures, for their extent, by the old masters, in the kingdom. This accomplished connoisseur and patron of the arts, always declared that by will he had bequeathed to the National Gallery these splendid treasures, on the purchase of which he exhausted a large fortune.

#### *Royal Cottage.*

The Royal Cottage, in Windsor Great Park, together with its gardens and groves, where his late Majesty George IV., spent many of his latter years in luxurious seclusion, has been entirely demolished, and levelled with the greensward. The old lead, the timber, the building materials, and costly ornaments of every description, have been sold, with the exception of the conservatory, which has been converted into a chapel, and the new Gothic dining-room, one of the last fancies of his late Majesty, but which he did not live to complete. The chapel will remain for the present, and the Gothic room likewise. The latter is intended as a sort of summer-house, or resting place for the convenience of the Royal Family, in their rides round the Park.

#### *Lady Louisa Lennox.*

Lady Louisa Margaret Lennox, who died on Christmas Day, at the seat of her grandson, his Grace the Duke of Richmond, at the advanced age of 92, was the widow of Lord George Henry Lennox, next brother of Charles, the third Duke, who succeeded to the title so long ago as 1750, and father of the late Duke. Lady Louisa, was the daughter of William, fourth Marquess of Lothian. Her Ladyship walked in the procession at the Coronation of their Majesties King George III. and Queen Charlotte, and

was, we believe, the only nonagenarian of the British nobility.

#### *The Ex-Ministers of France.*

The following are the terms of a contract entered into for the maintenance of the four French Ministers, confined in the Castle of Ham:—breakfast, one franc and a half, for each, 180 francs a month; dinner, five francs for each, per month 600; expense of keeping their apartments in proper order, per month, 150 francs; washing, 50 francs; making a total monthly expense, for the four state prisoners, of 900 francs, or about £40. The prisoners are allowed to communicate with each other whenever they please, and they all dine together.

#### *Beef-Steak Club.*

Lord Chancellor Brougham, notwithstanding his elevation, still continues a member of the *Old Beef-Steak Club*, which he has promised to attend on private days, when none but members are admitted. His Lordship's friends, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Leinster, Ronald Ferguson, the Knight of Kerry, Mr. Denison, the worthy M.P. for Surrey, and other old associates, are members; but political conversation is entirely excluded at these meetings. Although this club was originally established by Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, not a single actor is a member of it; the last was Mr. John Kemble, who was proposed by the convivial Duke of Norfolk.

#### *Taverns in Old Times.*

By a statute of the seventh and last year of Edward VI. it is enacted, "None shall keep a tavern for retailing wines, unless licensed; and that only in cities, towns corporate, burghs, post towns, or market towns; or in the towns of Gravesend, Sittingburn, Tuxford, and Bagshot, on forfeiture of ten pounds. And there shall be only two taverns for retailing of wine in every city or town, except in London, which may have forty taverns; in York, eight taverns; in Norwich, four; in Westminster, three; in Bristol, six; in Lincoln, three; in Hull, four; in Shrewsbury, three; in Exeter, four; in Salisbury, three; in Gloucester, four; in West Chester, four; in Hereford, three; in Worcester, three; in Southampton, three; in Canterbury, four; in Ipswich, three; in Winchester, three; in Oxford, three; in Cambridge, four; in Colchester, three; in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, four."

#### *Literary and Scientific Intelligence.*

In the year 1827, there died in Russia 947 persons above 100 years old, 202 above 110, 98 above 115, 52 above 120, 21 above 125, and 1 above 135.

In the seven provinces of which Russia is composed, there are published 262 periodical works. Of these 27 are political gazettes, 60 scientific journals, 55 advertizing sheets, 100 purely literary, 10 devoted to religion

and ethics, 3 legislative, 3 journals of the arts, and 4 agricultural and technological.

A gold mine has been discovered in South Carolina, so productive that it employs above 500 workmen.

In the month of September there were sown, in a garden, near Sillerberg, in Silesia, 287 grains of wheat; at the ensuing harvest they produced 117,644 grains, fully and perfectly matured.

It has been computed that in Prussia there is 1 soldier in 80 inhabitants; in Austria, 1 in 118; in France, 1 in 142; in England, 1 in 229; and in Russia, 1 in 57.

The different theatres of Paris produced, in the course of 1830, 175 new pieces! viz. —The Opera, 3; the Italian Opera, 5; the French Theatre, 12; the Odéon, 24; Feydeau, 0; the Vaudeville, 21; the Gymnase, 10; the Variétés, 24; the Nouveautés, 17; the Ambigu Comique, 18; the Gaieté, 14; the Port St. Martin, 9; the Cirque Olympique, 9.

The names and circulation of the Parisian journals are given as follows:—Constitutionnel, 14,476; Gazette de France, 9,407; Journal des Debats, 8,830; Le Temps, 4,794; La Quotidienne, 4,224; Le Courier, 3,645; Le Messenger, 2,394; Le National, 2,834; Le Journal du Commerce, 1,528; Le Moniteur, 1,391; Le Globe, 1,158; La Revolution, 186; La Tribune, 246.

Four-and-twenty periodical journals are at present published in Switzerland, weekly; part of which are political, and part devoted to the furtherance of science. Nine are published by the Catholics, and fifteen by the Protestants. In 1820, there were but seven journals published in the whole of this country.

Prince Jury Waldimirowietroh Dolgorowki, who defended his ship in the famous battle of Tchesme, and was appointed by the Emperor Paul, Governor of Moscow in 1797; died at Moscow, on the 20th of November, at the age of 104 years.

#### *Works in the Press, &c.*

By the Author of the *Templars*: an historical novel, called *Arthur of Brittany*.

Framlingham; a Narrative of the Castle, Historical and Descriptive, in Four Cantos. By James Bird, author of the "*Vale of Slaughden*," &c.

A Popular Sketch of the History of Poland. By Mr. W. J. Thomas, editor of the "*Early Prose Romances*."

The Incognito; or, Sins and Peccadillos, a Tale of Spain. By the Author of "*The Castilian*," &c.

Paris and London, a satirical work, by the same author.

The Cameleon, a Scrap Book or Album of Original Pieces. By a Gentleman of the West of Scotland.

Memoirs of Rob Roy, and the State of Clanship in Scotland, abridged from the work of Dr. M'Clay.

Mr. Thomas Landseer is preparing a Series of Satanic Sketches, in illustration of the leading features of the Devil's Walk.

## BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

**OF SONS.**—The lady of the Rev. C. Griffith, M.A.—The Right Hon. Lady Anne Cruikshank.—The Hon. Mrs. Emery.—The lady of J. Tollemache, Esq.—The lady of Sir George Hampson, Bart.—The lady of E. De Penrhini O'Kelly, Esq.—The lady of the Rev. J. Allen Park.—The lady of the Rev. H. E. Graham.—The lady of the Hon. Alex. Leslie Melville.—The lady of T. Stapleton, Esq.—Lady Georgiana Mitford (twins, still-born).

**OF DAUGHTERS.**—The lady of the Rev. T. Blackburne.—The lady of Captain Locke.—The lady of J. Scott, Esq.—The lady of the Rev. Archdeacon Barnes.—The lady of Hugh Owen, Esq., M.P.—The lady of Sir W. G. H. Jolliffe, Bart.

## MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 16th or King's Hussars, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Jane Leslie, youngest daughter of George Williams, late Earl, and of Charlotte Julia, Countess of Rothes.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, W. Tatton Egerton, Esq., M.P., eldest son of W. Egerton, Esq., M.P., of Tatton Park, Cheshire, to the Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Loftus, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Ely.

At Renishaw, Richard Wildman, Esq., second son of the late J. Wildman, Esq., of Childham Castle, to Marianne, daughter of C. Tait, Esq., of Harviestoun.

At St. Martin's Church, Lieut.-Col. Bishopp, C.B., to Clarissa Philippa Logan, fourth daughter of the Rev. M. Davison, Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral.

At Brighton, Lord Falkland, to Miss Fitzclarence.

At Filleigh, Devon, W. R. Courtenay, Esq., to Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, youngest daughter of Earl Fortescue.

At St. James's, E. H. Cole, Esq., to Mary, widow of Lord Henry Seymour Moore, and daughter of Sir H. Parnell, Bart.

At St. Mary's, Marylebone, Lieut. E. F. Wills, of H. M. ship Hyperion, to Louisa, daughter of the late Sir C. W. Bamfylde, Bart.

At Cheltenham, Captain E. Groves, of the Hon. E. I. C.'s Service, to Olivia, widow of Captain Harwood.

At Warwick Castle, J. Neeld, Esq., of Grosvenor Square, M.P., to Lady Caroline Ashley Cooper, daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

At Munich, H. F. Howard, Esq., second son of H. Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, Cumberland, to the Hon. Sevilla Erskine, fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine.

At Mitcham, the Rev. T. L. Ramaden, M.A., to Sophia Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Oakes, Bart.

At the Minster, Beverley, in Yorkshire, Cap-

tain Unett, late of the 7th Dragoon Guards, to Miss Mary Anne Ditmas, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Ditmas.

At Westham, Lieut. D. A. Malcolm, of the Bombay Army, to Caroline Charlotte, daughter of the late W. Stanley, Esq., of Maryland Point, Essex.

At Tottenham, Astley, eldest son of W. H. Holt, Esq., of Enfield, to Jane, daughter of the Rev. E. Heathcote, of Chesterfield.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. C. A. Stewart, of Ewhurst, Surrey, to Mrs. De Lancy Barclay, of Tillingbourne.

At Hendon, the Rev. J. James, junior, son of J. James, Esq., of Lydney, Gloucestershire, to Miss Wilberforce, daughter of W. Wilberforce, Esq.

## DEATHS.

At Nice, Sir Robert Williams, Bart., M.P., of Fryars, Anglesca, aged 65.

The Rev. W. Woodhall, Rector of Branston and of Waltham.

At Tuddenham, Norfolk, the Very Rev. Edward Mellish, Dean of Hereford, aged 63.

At Shieve Hill, Julia, wife of Sir Hugh Stewart, Bart., M.P. for the county of Tyrone.

On board H. M. ship Madagagascar, Captain the Hon. Sir Robert Spencer.

At the Vicarage, Wisbech, the Rev. A. Jobson, D.D., aged 84.

Mary, relict of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Knollise, Rector of Burthorpe, Gloucestershire, aged 77.

At Nantwich, Martha Dodd, in her 94th year. She had been a widow forty-one years; was mother of 19 children, grandmother of 46, great grandmother of 91, great-great-grandmother of 2; total, 158. At the age of eighty she engaged herself as dairy-maid, and was several years in service, near Congleton, where she had the management of twenty-six cows. Her surviving sister, in her 92d year, walked more than ten miles to attend her funeral.

At Amphilh, Bedfordshire, Margaret, widow of the Rev. Robert Hagar, Vicar of Haynes, aged 91.

At Maison Verte, St. Germain en Laye, Général Viscomte Obert.

At Cossey, Norfolk, Sir W. Bolton.

At Northampton, S. Holt, Esq., aged 69.

At Lakenham Grove, near Norwich, J. Gurney, Esq., aged 73.

At Wood End, near Chichester, the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Mary Lennox, aged 91.

In Somerset Street, Portman Square, Catherine, wife of Sir J. Murray, Bart., and daughter of the late A. Callendar, Esq.

At the Vicarage, Melbourne, the Rev. J. Middleton, aged 70.

In Stanhope Street, May Fair, the Hon. Elizabeth Mary, wife of W. S. Poyntz, Esq., of Cowdray Park, Sussex.

At Osberton, Notts., Harriet Emily Mary, wife of G. S. Foljambe, Esq., and daughter of Sir W. M. Milner, in her 21st year.

# La Belle Assemblée,

OR

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LXXV., FOR MARCH, 1831.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable ELIZABETH JEMIMA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF ERROL, engraved by DEANE, from a Miniature by COSWAY.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Opera Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Wedding Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.

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## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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"*Fortune's Frolic, or a Lottery for a Husband*," will most probably be drawn from our scrutoire next month.

Also, "*Relics and Relic-fancying*," by "Miss JEWSBURY."

Thanks for the Ballad, commencing—

"A young forsaken mother."

The wishes of its author shall be attended to.

If any thing resembling "*ill-temper*" can have annoyed the writer of a paper to which we objected, it must have been on *his* side, not *ours*.

Again we have to tender thanks to our kind friend, Mr. DEAKIN.

The attempted swindle has been detected: let the swindler beware. We have strong suspicions—very strong ones—that the trick alluded to is not the first of which the party has been guilty.

"J. F.," of Holloway, from whom we are at all times happy to hear, shall have a note from us.

"Songs of the Muses, No. IV.," "*The Lady's Farewell to her Page*," and some other poetical effusions, are still, though in type, unavoidably postponed.

"FLORENCE" shall hear from us immediately, on the subject of her private communication.

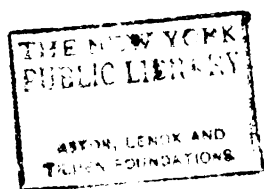
"*The Polish Knight, a Ballad*," is in reserve.

Amongst several favours under consideration are, "*The Victor of Laupen*," a "*Song for the Guitar, imitated from the Spanish*," &c.

"*Toniotto, the Brutus of Corsica*," will not appear in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE: its author—if he be in reality its author—well knows why.

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PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,  
BY HENRY BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.



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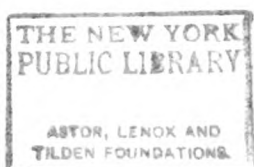
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BY HENR



This





ELIZABETH DOWAGER  
 COUNTESS OF ERROL.

*Engraved by DEAN from an original. Miniature by COSSWAY*

*The 75 of the Series of Female Nobility.*

*Published by Whittaker & Co in La Belle Assemblée N° 75 (New Series) for March 1831*

*The Proofs by M. Colnaghi, 23 Cockspur Street*

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1831.

## ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ELIZABETH JEMIMA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF ERROL.

THIS lady, relict of the Right Honourable George, sixteenth Earl of Errol (uncle of the present peer) and now wife of the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, is the second daughter of Joseph Blake, of Ardfrey, in the county of Galway, Esq., and sister of Joseph Henry, first Lord Wallscourt.

Her Ladyship's family, which is of British extraction, and traditionally descended from Ap Lake, whose name appears as one of the knights of King Arthur's round table, is of ancient and honourable standing in Ireland. Its founder there was Richard Blake, a soldier of fortune, who accompanied Prince (afterwards King) John to that country, in the year 1185; and who, for his military services, obtained large grants of land in the counties of Galway, Mayo, Clare, and the county of the town of Galway. From this gentleman descended John Blake, of Athenry, who had three sons: Nicholas, ancestor of John Blake, Esq., M.P. for Athenry, in 1639;—Valentine, ancestor of the Blakes, of Ardfrey, and of Sir Valentine Blake, created a Baronet in 1622; and Walter, Bishop of Clanmacnois, in 1487.

The Right Honourable Sir Richard Blake, of Ardfrey, Knt. (son of Robert Blake, by his wife, Anne, daughter of Richard Drury, Esq.) was Knight of the No. 15.—Vol. XIII.

shire for Galway, in 1639—a Privy Councillor to Charles I.—and, in 1648, Speaker of the Supreme Council of Kilkenny. Lineally descended from Sir Richard, was

Joseph Blake, of Ardfrey, Esq., the father of Elizabeth Jemima, Countess Dowager of Errol. Born in 1739, this gentleman married, in 1764, Honoria, only daughter of Dermot Daly, Esq. He died in 1806. By his lady, who died in 1794, he had a family of eight children, as follows:—

1. Joseph Henry, first Baron Wallscourt;\*—2, Robert, died young;—3. Igna-

\* Joseph Henry, first Lord Wallscourt, was born in 1765. He represented the county of Galway, in Parliament, and was advanced to the dignity of Baron Wallscourt, of Ardfrey, with remainder to the heirs male of his father, in 1800. His Lordship had married, in 1784, Louisa Catherine Mary, daughter and coheirress of Thomas Birmingham, Earl of Louth, and twenty-second Lord Athenry, premier baron of Ireland, by whom he had an only daughter, Anastasia, born in 1785—married, in 1803, Luke, second Lord Clonbrock—and died in 1816. Lord Wallscourt, dying in 1803, without male issue, was succeeded, according to the limitation of the patent, by his nephew,

Joseph, second Baron Wallscourt. This

Q

tius Charles, born in 1773, Captain in the eighteenth regiment of dragoons; married, in 1794, Helena, eldest daughter of William Cashell, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, Esq.; and, dying at Jamaica, a Major in the army, in 1797, left issue a son, Joseph, second Baron Wallscourt; and a daughter, Louisa Helena, born in 1796, and married, in 1816, to R. Bourne, of Lyniberry, in the county of Westmorland, Esq.;—4. Henry James, born in 1774; Colonel of the Galway militia; married, in 1796, Anne, second daughter of John French, of Galway, Esq., by whom he had a son, Joseph Henry, third and present Lord Wallscourt, and seven other children;—5. Richard, died an infant;—6. Joanna Harriet, married, first, in 1783, to Richard Burke, of Glinsk, in the county of Galway, Esq.; and, secondly, in 1792, to Dominick Daly, Esq.;—7. *Elizabeth Jemima, Countess Dowager of Errol*;—8. Agnes Maria, married, in 1807, to Charles Aldrich, Esq., fourth son of John Aldrich, of Stowmarket, in the county of Suffolk, Esq., and died in 1808;—9. Margaret;—10. Louisa Honoria, married, in 1810, to the Hon. George Cadogan, C.B., Captain R.N., only brother of Charles, Earl Cadogan.

Elizabeth Jemima Blake was married, on the 25th of January, 1790, to the Right Honourable George Hay, sixteenth Earl of Errol; by whom she was left a widow, without issue, on the 14th of June, 1798. Her Ladyship was married, secondly, on the 12th of September, 1812, to the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere;\* with whom, we understand, she has been some time resident at Malta.

A slight sketch of the noble family of Hay, Earls of Errol, may now be acceptable. If reliance might be placed upon that alluring, but too frequently false

nobleman, born in 1797, died unmarried in 1816, and was succeeded by his cousin,

Joseph Henry, third and present Baron Wallscourt. His Lordship was born in 1797; and he married, in 1822, Elizabeth, only daughter of William Lock, of Norbury, in the county of Surrey, Esq.

\* Mr. Hookham Frere was the resident British minister in Spain, in 1803, and the early part of 1804, when he was succeeded by his brother, Mr. Bartholomew Frere. In 1807, he was sent on a special embassy to Prussia; and, in 1808, he was again diplomatically employed, under circumstances of extreme difficulty, in Spain.

guide, tradition, the origin of this house is exceedingly curious. "In the reign of Kenneth III., A.D. 980, the Danes, who had invaded Scotland, having prevailed at the battle of Luncarty, near Perth, were pursuing the flying Scots from the field, when a countryman and his two sons appeared in a narrow pass, through which the vanquished were hurrying, and impeded, for a moment, their flight. 'What,' said the rustic, 'had you rather be slaughtered by your merciless foes, than die honourably in the field? Come! rally, rally!' and he led them on, brandishing the yoke of his plough, and crying out that help was at hand: the Danes, believing that a fresh army was falling upon them, fled in confusion, and the Scots thus recovered the laurel which they had lost, and freed their country from servitude. The battle being won, the old man, afterwards known by the name of Hay, was brought to the King, who, assembling a parliament at Scone, gave to the said Hay and his sons, as a just reward for their valour, so much land on the river Fay, in the district of Gowrie, as a falcon from a man's hand flew over till it settled; which being six miles in length, was afterwards called Errol; and the King being desirous to elevate Hay and his sons from their humble rank in life, to the order of nobility, his Majesty assigned them a coat of arms, which was three escutcheons, gules, to intimate that the father and two sons had been the three fortunate shields of Scotland". The Earls of Errol also bear for their crest a falcon; and their armorial supporters are two men in country habits, holding the yokes of a plough on their shoulders; with the motto, *Serva Jugum*, in allusion to their origin.

Leaving, however, the doubtfulness of tradition for the sounder evidence of history, it appears that the Earls of Errol and the Marquesses of Tweedale claim a common ancestor in the person of William de la Haya, who settled in Mid Lothian, in the twelfth century, and held the office of *pincerna regis*, or King's Butler, in the reigns of Malcolm IV. and William the Lion. From William, the elder son of this officer, descended the Errol branch of the family; from Robert, the younger, that of Tweedale.

Sir David de la Haya, son of the second William, had large possessions in Perthshire; and he obtained from King William the Lion a charter of the lands and barony of Errol in that county.\* From his younger son, William, is descended the house of Kinnoul.† Many individuals of the Errol branch distinguished themselves in the military service of their country, and were in high estimation with their respective sovereigns. Sir Thomas Hay, Lord High Constable in the Parliament of 1371, married Lady Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of King Robert II. His son, Sir William, was created a Lord of Parliament in 1427, and appointed one of the wardens of the marches in 1430. However, the sixth in lineal descent from Sir David de la Haya, was

William Hay, who, in recompense of

\* Errol is at this time a parish and village, three miles in breadth, and in length about that of the falcon's flight mentioned in the traditional account above quoted. Bounded on the south by the Tay, the village is pleasantly seated on a rising ground near the banks of that river, and commands an extensive and delightful prospect.

† The Kinnoul family of Hay branched off about the year 1237. Sir Peter Hay was father of Sir Peter Hay, of Melginsshie, and Sir James Hay, of Fingask, who, being a great favourite with James I. of England, was created Lord Sawley, Viscount Doncaster, and Earl of Carlisle, and married the beautiful Lady Lucy Percy, celebrated by Waller the poet; but the titles expired with his son, in 1660.—Sir Peter Hay, of Melginsshie, had a second son, Sir George Hay, of Kinfauns, whom his uncle introduced at court, and who was engaged in rescuing King James from Gowrie's conspiracy. He enjoyed the full confidence and favour of his royal master. Previously to this, however, he had been appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth, honoured with the dignity of Knighthood, and granted the dissolved Carthusian Priory of Perth. In 1660, he was nominated Clerk Register of Scotland; and, in 1662, Lord Chancellor of that kingdom. He was advanced to the peerage by King Charles I., in 1627, by the titles of Baron Hay, of Kinfauns, and Viscount Dupplin, with reversion to his heirs general whatsoever; and created, in 1633, Earl of Kinnoul, with the same reversionary clause in the patent.

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his faithful services, was, by King James II., in 1452, created Earl of Errol. Passing through a succession of eleven Earls, Gilbert (or George) the twelfth, died without male issue, in 1674. The earldom then devolved upon his cousin, Sir John Hay, of Killour, grandson of his great uncle, Sir George Hay, of Killour, younger son of Andrew, the eighth Earl. Charles, son of John, the thirteenth Earl, died unmarried in 1717; on which his eldest sister, Lady Mary, wife of Alexander, son of Sir David Falconer, Lord President of Session, became Countess of Errol. Her Ladyship dying without issue, in 1758, the title went to her grand nephew, James, Lord Boyd, eldest son of the unfortunate William, Earl of Kilmarnock, beheaded and attainted in 1746, by Lady Anne Livingstone, sole daughter and heir of James, Earl of Linlithgow and Calendar, by Lady Margaret Hay, youngest sister of Charles, fourteenth Earl of Errol.

Had it not been for the attainer of his father and grandfather, this James, Lord Boyd, fifteenth Earl of Errol, would have united in himself the four Earldoms of Errol, Linlithgow, Calendar, and Kilmarnock.\* He was succeeded by his eldest son,

George, the sixteenth Earl; who married, on the 25th of January, 1790, Elizabeth Jemima, second daughter of Joseph Blake, of Ardfrey, Esq., the lady whose portrait is here given. Dying without

\* It was in the time of this nobleman, in 1773, that Dr. Johnson, while making the tour of the Hebrides, visited, by invitation, Slanes Castle, the seat of the Errol family. Approaching, from Aberdeen, he says—"We came in the afternoon to Slanes Castle, built upon the margin of the sea, so that the walls of one of the towers seem only a continuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the house seemed impracticable. From the windows the eye wanders over the sea that separates Scotland from Norway, and when the winds beat with violence, must enjoy all the terrific grandeur of the tempestuous ocean. I would not for my amusement wish for a storm; but as storms, whether wished or not, will sometimes happen, I may say, without violation of humanity, that I should willingly look out upon them from Slanes Castle."

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issue, on the 14th of June, 1798, he was succeeded by his next brother,

William, the seventeenth Earl. His Lordship was born on the 12th of March, 1772. On the 28th of March, 1795, he assumed, by royal permission, the name and arms of Carr, in obedience to the testamentary injunction of his maternal grandfather Sir William Carr, of Etall, in the county of Northumberland, Bart. In 1805, his Lordship was appointed Knight Mareschal of Scotland; and, in 1806, he was elected one of the sixteen representative peers. He was, for several years, Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, and Colonel of the Aberdeen Militia. His Lordship married thrice: *first*, in 1792, to Jane, daughter of Matthew Bell, Esq. (Lieutenant-Colonel of the Northumberland militia) who died in the following year; *secondly*, in 1796, to Alice, youngest daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., of the island of Antigua, who died in 1812; *thirdly*, on the 14th of October, 1816, to Harriet, sister of Lord Somerville. By his first lady, he had an only daughter, Dulcibella Jane, married to the Rev. C. W. Wodehouse. By his second lady the Earl had a family of eight children:—

1. James, Lord Hay, Ensign of the first regiment of foot-guards, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo;—2. Alicia, born December 10, 1798;—3. Isabella, born July 22, 1800, married to Lieutenant Colonel Wemyss;—4. William George Hay Carr, the present Earl;—5. Harriet Jemima, born

in January, 1803, married, December 12, 1822, to Daniel Gurney, of North Runeton, in the county of Norfolk, Esq.;—6. Caroline Augusta, born in May, 1805, married, September 18, 1823, to John Morant, of Broc-klehurst, in the county of Hants., Esq.;—7. Samuel, born on the 9th of January, 1807;—8. Emma, born on the 29th of January, 1809, married, in 1826, to Captain J. Wemyss, R.N.

By his last Countess, the Earl of Errol had two children: a son, born on the 20th of July, 1817; and a daughter, born on the 18th of August, 1818.

His Lordship died on the 26th of January, 1819, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

William George Hay Carr, Earl of Errol, Baron Hay, Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland,\* a Lord of the Bed-chamber, and one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland. His Lordship was born on the 21st of February, 1801; and he married, on the 4th of December, 1820, Elizabeth Fitzclarence, third daughter of his present Majesty, King William the Fourth. By this union, the Earl has a son, William, Lord Hay, born on the 3d of May, 1823; and a daughter, Adelaide Augusta.

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\* As High Constable (so created, November 12, 1314) the Earl of Errol is, by birth, the first subject in the kingdom of Scotland; and, as such, has a right to take place of every hereditary honour.

## NOTES OF THREE DAYS IN THE ALPS.

———"Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of nature."—BYRON.

*Reader of La Belle Assemblée.*—Another trip, I suppose, to the Mer-de-Glace! What in the name of nature, can you possibly have to say about the Alps, that has not been said a hundred times over in magazines, journals, tours, travels, sketches, novels, tales, romances, &c. &c., without end or number? Is Switzerland like America, that thousands and tens of thousands of you tourists can explore it, without lighting on the same beauties, or traverse it without jostling on the road? An avalanche is an avalanche; a glacier is a glacier; can there be sufficient difference between the phenomena of 1829 and of 1830 to warrant every traveller, who is gifted with a portable pen and a pocket-book, to expect that ladies and gentlemen, who have something else to do with their time, will peruse his ramblings and descriptions, merely because they happen to be the last?

*Alpine Tourist.*—Patience, fair reader! A little patience.

*Reader.*—No! no! It is too much; indeed, Mr. Tourist, it is too much. I have never crossed the English Channel; yet I know the valley of Chamouni, as well as Kensington Gardens. I can tell you all about it. There are the Alps, the Mer-de-Glace, a wild beast called the chamois, and a mountain called Mont Blanc, twice as high as the Peak of Derby.

*Tourist.*—Pardon, fair reader! the chamois is not, properly speaking, a wild beast; and Mont Blanc—

*Reader.*—Oh! do not mention that odious name. I am tired to death of descriptions of Mont Blanc. Though few have been on him, every one has been at him. One speaks of his "mountain majesty;" another calls him "giant of the Alps;" a third addresses him with the title of "hoary monarch," or "patriarch of hills;" a fourth actually goes through the ceremony of coronation, crowns him with a diadem of snow, and puts an avalanche in his hand for a sceptre; I wonder he does not give him a civil list, and appoint him lords of the bed-chamber.

Then there is no end to the terms sublime, wondrous, august, awful, stupendous, and every adjective of bulk and sound in the language, showered upon him as thick as the flakes of his own snow, and conveying just as accurate an idea of Atlas, or Chimborazo as of Mont Blanc—being equally applicable to all mountains that rise to a certain number of thousand feet above the level of the sea. No, no! positively I will skip over your excursion, it would kill me to read it.

*Tourist.*—I shall die if you refuse.

*Reader.*—Well! one writer of Swiss sketches could be spared.

*Tourist.*—Let not me be that one.

*Reader.*—Positively you shall, if your life depends on my reading your tour.

*Tourist.*—Well! I promise to say nothing of Mont Blanc.

*Reader.*—There is certainly novelty in that, but—

*Tourist.*—Nor a syllable about the chamois.

*Reader.*—New again! You are the first Alpine traveller who has had so much consideration for his readers. I believe I must peep at your excursion after all. You promise me not to mention Mont Blanc or the chamois?

*Tourist.*—I do most solemnly.

*Reader.*—Well then, I shall have to answer for the sin of reading one more excursion in the Alps. Via, via, Signore!

*Tourist.*—Grazia, Signora!

It was long after sunset on a September evening, when we arrived—myself and two companions—at the inn which is at once the principal edifice and principal part of the village of St. Martin. On our route from Geneva, which we performed in a "char-à-banc," we had met with no adventure, but we had escaped one of a very perilous description. A thunderstorm of unusual violence, even in the Alps, had forced us to fly for shelter into the wooden hut of a Savoyard peasant, situated on the way-side, about two leagues beyond Bonneville. The scenery of the spot, which, however, was only to

be seen through the driftings of the clouds, excited and merited our notice. Over a narrow glen, just wide enough to contain the high road, and the channel of a stream that ran brawling over masses of stone detached from the surrounding heights, hung a double range of immense precipices, now presenting bare surfaces of earth and rock, now clothed with pines of the freest and stateliest growth. The boldest of these precipices rose immediately opposite the door of the hut, and our attention was eagerly directed by the rustic to a scarcely-discernible black speck, close to the summit, upon one of the naked surfaces just spoken of. This speck he told us was a cave; and so many and marvellous were the stories he related of the curiosities it contained, that one of our party, who happened to be addicted to caves, was for setting out immediately to explore it. Now the cliff, I solemnly assure you, was mathematically perpendicular, upwards of a thousand feet high, and moreover, the rain had fallen so profusely, that footing was precarious, even upon level ground: it was therefore plain to demonstration, that broken necks must either have anticipated the achievement of the exploit, or cheated us of the pleasure of recounting it. Fortunately the majority were of this opinion, and the insane project was overruled, manifestly to the great chagrin of the peasant, who, as we afterwards learned, actually lives by the skill with which he seduces unwary tourists to visit this black speck, which he is pleased to call a cave. Ramblers in Alpine regions should be ever on their guard against a class of persons, who may be called "Nature's showmen," and make their bread by caves, waterfalls, and the peaks of mountains. The wonders they have to shew you are uniformly in the most dangerous and unapproachable situations, often where a goat would be too wise to venture; and what is most atrocious, they expect to be paid in direct ratio to the chance they give you of being dashed to pieces.

It was with feelings of gratitude for our escape from this Savoyard and his cave, that we alighted at the door of the small hotel of St. Martin. The moon shone bright in a partially serene sky (the storm having had the usual effect

upon the atmosphere), and a lunar bow, of remarkable brilliancy and distinctness, rested its extremities on the brows of two opposite eminences; but never is the traveller so indisposed to receive strong impressions from natural beauty, as when he has journeyed five or six hours "*sans diner*," as Lady Morgan would phrase it, or "*without having dined*," as the same idea may be just as well expressed in our native tongue. Entering the "*salle-d-manger*," we found two individuals at the last act or catastrophe of a repast—nothing before them but a few chestnuts, grapes, and *bon-bons*. One was a Frenchman, by his speech, for he was talking with his national earnestness and volubility; the other an Englishman, by his glass, for he had a wine-glass before him, out of which he was absurdly drinking "*vin ordinaire*." If the former had the gift of speaking, the latter had that of listening in at least equal perfection; and if you can imagine a conversation, where but one party opens his mouth, that which was carried on between these two gentlemen was admirably sustained. As we sat in expectation of supper, we had nothing better to do than to observe them. The Englishman had impressed his companion with the belief, that though he could speak French but little, he could understand it tolerably well when spoken by others. Whether he had produced this impression intentionally or not we were unable to decide; but, once produced, vanity would not allow him to remove it, and the Frenchman accordingly gave full vent to his garrulity, never for a moment questioning the recipient faculty of "*Monsieur Anglois*." Of a garrulous people, this Frenchman was the most garrulous specimen I ever met with. He was, moreover, verging to the age which gives loquacity a charter; and what was more, he had been an officer of Napoleon's, and had served in Italy, Egypt, and Russia, so that he united the materials of conversation to the best possible disposition to use them. Accordingly he dashed into the subject of his martial adventures.—Austerlitz and Marengo had been fought before we entered; the battle of the Pyramids discussed; and he was now in the very heat of the bloody action of the Borodino, hewing down a Cossack with

every gesticulation, and by the torrent of his delivery conveying no bad idea of the current of the fight, in which, unless he were a gascon, he had played a part that merited a marshal's baton. It really was no wonder M. le Capitaine—such was this worthy's title—supposed his English mess-mate (who wrote himself in the traveller's book, "*Mr. Slow, gentilhomme de Londres*"\*), not only an intelligent man, but an interested listener: for he certainly looked as animated as his ledger-looking physiognomy permitted, and had very much the appearance of one person following another along the thread of an interesting narrative. But nothing was further from the fact, as we soon discovered to our infinite amusement. French officers, no more than fair ladies, can talk for ever; so the hero of the Borodino, like the hero of the *Æneid*, at length ceased, and ordering a candle, wished the company a courteous good night, and withdrew to bed. We were then near the *finale* of our supper; and drawing our chairs close to the fire of pine-faggots, which blazed upon a spacious hearth, came into such close quarters with Slow, that the interchange of a common-place remark or two seemed unavoidable. I never much admired the Oxford student, who, meeting a class-fellow on the summit of Mount Etna, felt an impulse to accost him, but commanded his emotions on recollecting that the ceremony of introduction had never been performed, and went down the hill in solemn silence. I accordingly addressed Mr. Slow as follows—"The gentleman who has left the room has evidently seen a great deal of service."—"I took him for a farmer," was the reply. Never were good manners so severely tasked—never were rigid muscles in such requisition. But if we restrained the laugh at the moment, we made up for it so amply afterwards, that I assure you, on the honour of a traveller, our sides feel it to the present day.

The "*gentilhomme de Londres*" diverted us in other ways. His head was filled with the most horrible ideas of wolves

and bears; and he had made it a rule, he said, never to shew his nose out of doors after sunset. A walk by the moon before bed-time was proposed; and all but Slow readily embraced the idea. Had we desired his company, we might as well have dreamed of plucking up a pine from the neighbouring forests as prevailing on him to join us; no one could deny there were bears and wolves in the Alps, and there was no use in tempting Providence by going out after nightfall. We marvelled what could have induced him to undertake this excursion at all; and we learned it was Mrs. Slow's expedition, and not his. The poor fellow had been lately married; and his unfeeling spouse was trailing him after her through the continent, quite indifferent to all he suffered from the wild beasts, whose fangs and claws he already felt in many a dismal anticipation. Mrs. Slow had retired to her room before we arrived, which was the cause we missed seeing that interesting and adventurous lady.

There is not a more stupendous prospect in the region of the "*Hautes Alpes*" than that from the "*Pont St. Martin*." Moon and midnight gave it added sublimity; and the silence and splendour of the scene conjured up emotions which could only be expressed by gazing in each other's faces in silence. The best point of view to select is from the farther side of the bridge, where a few straggling cottages constitute the village of *Sallenches*. A fine lithograph of this view has recently been executed at Paris; and I am certain I should hazard a description of it, but that I stand pledged to say nothing of Mont Blanc—not so much as mention the name.

We laughed ourselves to sleep at the idea of a gallant captain, after recounting for hours his "feats of broil and battle" in every quarter of the globe, having been taken by a most patient listener for a gentleman farmer. The next morning a splendid walk brought us to the "*Bains de St. Gervais*" to breakfast. Nothing can surpass the quiet loveliness of that spot. The "*bains*" (including a spacious boarding-house for those who are ordered to use the warm mineral springs for which the place is distinguished) are situated at the bottom of a deep and gorgeously-

\* Mr. Slow was, therefore, from the east of Temple Bar. The people of the west write "*particulier*" after their names in the above-named records.



wooded dell, the sides of which converge behind the edifice, and expand gradually in front, opening a wild prospect toward St. Martin. Scarcely in the realms of Oberon can you image to yourself a spot where so much beauty and so much repose are united. There is no sound but that of a waterfall, which rather glides than tumbles behind a screen of foliage at the angle where the sides of the valley have been said to meet. The animal, however, again prevailed over the man, and we left the wood and waterfall, with all the repose and beauty, for the unsentimental scenery of the breakfast table. *Café-au-lait* took place of the cascade; heights clothed with wood were represented by bread overlaid with butter and honey; repose, indeed, for half-an-hour, there was none; but there was beauty enough in a cold capon to have inspired a stanza, had it not unfortunately disappeared before there was time to sonnetize it. *Déjeuner* discussed, we proceeded, and climbing the wooded eminence over the "*bains*," found ourselves in the village of St. Gervais. On passing the church, we were struck by seeing a priest in full canonical habit playing at nine-pins with half-a-dozen barefooted urchins; and as it chanced to be Sunday, we figured to ourselves what the saints at home would have said, and how they would have looked on the occasion. The holy father saluted us politely, and continued the game, seemingly quite unconscious that there was anything singular in his occupation. He appeared to be the best player in the group.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the remainder of the walk to Chamouni, except a similar attempt to that which had been made the day before to seduce us into the cave. The temptation now was the "*Pont de Diable*," and the tempter a venerable-looking old man, who possibly was the "*Diable*" himself; indeed he answered accurately the description of that personage on his first apparition in "*Paradise Regained*"—

—— "An aged man in rural weeds;  
Following, as seemed, the quest of some  
stray ewe

Or withered sticks to gather."

We again, however, escaped the snare; but not (I blush to own it) until we had

suffered ourselves to be led a considerable way down the side of a precipitous glen by a scarcely visible track that wound through a dark grove of chestnuts. Our minds suddenly misgave us; the Devil's Bridge appeared as far from us as ever; and the descent grew steeper and steeper every instant. Retreat was rapidly discussed and resolved on; and taking advantage of a projecting crag which was fortunately interposed between us and our suspicious cicerone, we gave him the slip, and, as quickly and cautiously as we could, regained the summit. It was then past noon; the day unclouded, and the heat so oppressive, that we were glad to seek the covert of a dilapidated sheep-cote on the way-side. There was some straw on the floor which served us for a couch; and we were joined by three little Savoyard boys, who entertained us with several of their wild mountain airs, "*married*," indeed to no "*immortal verse*," as the following words, which formed the burden of one of the sweetest, establish clearly—

"Mes souliers sont gâtés,  
Mon chapeau est neuf."

But the little minstrels helped the hour pleasantly away; and we should have tarried with them willingly, but that to arrive at Chamouni before the end of twilight was now an enterprise which would have tried the mettle of Captain Barclay himself.

Yet, pressed as we were, we could not relinquish the sight of the "*Lac de Chède*," which the guide-books were all agreed was a thing upon no consideration to be omitted. Accordingly, we left the direct route for nearly a quarter of a league; but so little are guide-books more trustworthy than guides, that we actually passed close by this celebrated lake without being conscious of its existence. It is, in fact, nothing but a pool of some twenty yards circumference, only remarkable because it reflects a certain mountain which I dare not so much as allude to, for fear of your grave displeasure, fair reader of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*.

It was an hour past dark before we were seated in the great "*salle-à-manger*" of the Hotel de l'Union, at Chamouni. The captain and cockney were there before us; but Mrs. Slow had again

eluded our curiosity, by withdrawing to her chamber to prepare for to-morrow's expedition. In common with every one, I believe, that ever visited this wonderful valley, with the solitary exception of her lord and husband, that lady was bent on scaling the *Montagne Verte*, and making an excursion on the *Mer-de-Glace*. It had been settled that *she* was to perform the ascent on a mule, and Mr. Slow at her side on foot—the latter, of course, having had nothing further to do with the arrangement than to acquiesce. In the first place, he would joyfully have exchanged the whole Alps for a view of Snow-Hill; and secondly, to a man who had never, as a pedestrian, surmounted a greater eminence than the latter, it must be acknowledged, the prospect held out to him by his loving wife of a morning walk up a precipitous mountain, a thousand yards high, was none of the most agreeable in the world. Besides, he had grievous ideas of crevices and avalanches; and his apprehensions of wolves and bears were more lively than at St. Martin, inasmuch as the scenery round him was far more desolate and wild. Shakespeare may be right, that a man cannot *dine* by an act of his imagination; but Mr. Slow was an irrefragable proof that a man can be *dined on* by that ideal process. With all these frightful images crowding on his mind, it is no wonder he proved a less attentive hearer of the captain than on the preceding evening. The latter, however, rolled on as unintermittingly as ever, but not on the same topics as before; he expatiated now on the fine arts, Paris, and the Louvre, with occasional excursions into politics, and thrusts at the Bourbons; nor did he once appear to doubt, that he was not as intelligible to his cockney companion as if he was addressing his own valet. Meanwhile we were engaged with dinner in a distant part of the room, but near enough to watch the effect upon Slow's countenance of divers terrifying anecdotes about Alpine excursions, which we repeated or invented for his edification and comfort. Bears were most ferocious in September; the wolves of the *Mer-de-Glace* were the most ravenous in the Alps; friends of our own had slipped down crevices, and been buried under avalanches; the most

cautious treading was insecure upon ledges of ice not six inches broad; and we had known active and experienced pedestrians laid up for weeks after the ascent and descent of the *Montagne Verte*. "I'll tell my wife *that*," exclaimed poor Slow, with a look of agony indescribably diverting; and, without the ceremony of wishing the astonished captain a good-night, he hurried out of the room, and we saw him no more until next day.

The inn at Chamouni is excellent. The dinner was much to be commended. The soup indeed was not remarkably *recherché*; but it was not so bad as to force us to return without accomplishing the object of our visit—an effect which it had on the Rev. Mr. L——t a few weeks before. Mr. L., accompanied by his lady, started from Geneva one morning at an early hour, posted to Chamouni, arrived about dusk, ordered dinner, tasted the soup, pronounced a name unfit to be mentioned "to ears polite," and returned to Geneva that very night—a passionate admirer of the beauties of Nature, crossed in love by the blundering *cuisinier* of an Alpine village. Of the parson we say nothing. To us the only disagreeable circumstance about the hotel, was a waiter who spoke a *little English*. Of all the annoyances you are liable to in continental touring, a "*garçon qui parle Anglois un peu*" is the most annoying. In the first place, his little English is no English at all; secondly, he is inordinately vain of his accomplishment, and perpetually displaying it, though you inform him a hundred times you can understand Turkish just as well; thirdly, no matter how ill you understand a language, you do not like to see your deficiency taken for granted; fourthly, when you go abroad (I take you for a traveller of sense), you do not like to imagine yourself at home—in the *Palais-Royal* you had rather not be reminded of Covent-Garden—and in the neighbourhood of the *glaciers*, the last place you would choose to think of, is Bond-Street or Piccadilly. Of all the a-little-English-speaking waiters I ever encountered, the *garçon* of Chamouni was the most "*épouvantable*." Far be it from me to wish him a broken neck, or a long repose under an avalanche! I only wish

he may take to chamois-hunting ; or that the next madman or Auldjo—the terms are identical—who undertakes the ascent of Mont Blanc, may prevail upon him to be one of the party. Now have I mentioned both Mont Blanc and the chamois in the same sentence ! I am “*au desespoir*”—but I always lose my self-possession when I think of a “*garçon qui parle Anglois un peu*.”

As we proposed extending our excursion over the *Mer-de-Glace* further than most travellers think of proceeding, we were obliged to forego a spectacle which, of all others, must have been worth beholding—the departure of Mr. Slow on the ascent of the *Montagne Verte*. How totally his romonstrances with his lady had failed, was obvious from the mule and guide we found at the door ready caparisoned and equipped for the dreaded expedition. After an early breakfast, calculated, on the Dalgetty principle, to last until the period of a late dinner, we started under the conduct of a cicerone, as active and intelligent as any in the valley. The point we aimed at was “*Les Jardins*,” a place about half a league beyond the farther extremity of the *Mer-de-Glace*, and which ill repayed the fatigue of reaching it. I know no other reason for its being called the garden, except that it is destitute of flowers—at least when we saw it there was scarcely any symptom of vegetation. The best idea that can be given of the *Mer-de-Glace*, is that of an agitated sea, suddenly congealed, as it were, by a stroke of Thor’s hammer. The crevices are of every breadth, often of seemingly interminable depth, and of the most exquisitely beautiful azure colour. Indeed, the tints of the ice are frequently so brilliant and fascinating, that your eye is tempted to dwell dangerously long on the profound abysses which every where yawn beneath you. Our attention was drawn to a crevice not remarkably broad, but which disclosed an icy cavern of immense extent, and dazzling magnificence. It seemed to rest on a hundred columns ;

and the enormous icicles, which depended from the roof, were like so many natural lustres, reflecting all varieties of colour, but chiefly a blue, the most delicate and lovely that can be imagined. To add to these attractions, the stream of the Arveiron, which pushes its course under the frozen sea, and throws itself out of the *glacier* into the valley of Chamouni, fell from one of the walls of the cavern in a fine cascade, and plunging immediately into a chasm in the floor, disappeared with the noise of distant thunder. But further description would protract this article too long, and, moreover, fail to give a conception of the astonishing scenery of this region of eternal winter. As to the danger of the excursion, it may be said to be just enough to give it such a character of enterprise as materially improves its interest. By the aid of our poles, our guide, and ordinary caution, a little before sunset we regained the inn in perfect safety ; and, leaving fatigue behind us in a warm bath, we gave the “*maitre d’hôtel*” no reason to think we discountenanced the dinner. But the greatest alteration was visible in M. le Capitaine ; he was garrulous no more ; in the space of two hours he did not utter as many sentences ; he had walked to the summit of the *Montagne Verte* ! In Slow, also, a revolution had been wrought. The peril had been encountered, and there he sat, as sound and whole as though there were no such thing as a wolf or an avalanche in the world. He was truly the worse for the *Montagne Verte* ; but he was unburied and undevooured, and that was every thing. Accordingly he waxed as vain-glorious as he had formerly been craven-hearted, and spoke with almost levity of Alps and Alpine adventures. By his own account he had done prodigies ; but we learned from the guide, that he had never set foot on the *Mer-de-Glace*. The entreaties and commands of his wife were alike fruitless. That part of the undertaking she performed without his escort.

## MY LADY'S ALBUM.

"LADY ANNALY," said Cornwall Grey, "I have brought you a present—a new album."

"Thank you," replied the young lady, as she carelessly took the splendid volume from his hands, and without a glance threw it on her ivory inlaid work-table.

Cornwall Grey was half offended when he saw his present treated so cavalierly; but he knew it could answer no purpose to exhibit his chagrin, so he concealed it.

Lady Annaly was a fashionable beauty, consequently a coquet. Lady Annaly was an heiress, consequently a most adorable creature. Lady Annaly was vain, but that could not be wondered at, for she heard her praises sung by every one, from her father the Earl, and her mother the Countess, down to her own French waiting woman; from the moustached gentlemen of White's and Boodle's, down to the half-pay ensign. Lady Annaly had hundreds of admirers, and each one was in turn flattered, and each one in turn rejected. Lady Annaly had one real lover, and she had good sense enough to be able to distinguish the real from the pretended, and yet had folly enough to tease and plague that one far more than all the rest. That one was Cornwall Grey, and none knew what pangs Cornwall Grey had experienced in his wooing but himself.

"Lady Annaly," said Cornwall Grey, "I have a favour to ask."

"Heavens! Cornwall! Are you about to turn merchant?"

"Wherefore that question?"

"That you thus expect a return for your merchandise," pointing to the volume newly given.

Cornwall smiled—a lady's jest must be smiled at, good or bad.

"Well, well, what is your request?"

"You go to Almack's to-night, I presume? That you will not dance with Lord Huntley."

Lord Huntley was one of those gentlemen whose wit consists in wearing a gold eye-glass without needing it, and whose whole stock of intellectual ideas is made up of common places from daily journals.

"*Mon Dieu!* I hope you are not jealous! I hate jealousy, and have ever

done so since I saw dear, dear Pasta play *Otello*. Are you jealous, Cornwall?"

"No, no, not jealous, but I hate that coxcomb!"

"Shall I, or shall I not, promise?" considered Lady Annaly. The genius of woman—sweet contradiction—prevailed.

"I cannot promise," she said.

"Cannot! Lady Annaly? And wherefore? I intreat to know why not?"

"Do not question *me*, Mr. Grey: I said just now, I cannot promise; I now say, I *will* not."

Cornwall bowed lowly and coldly, ejaculated in a very gentle tone, "Heartless girl!" and left the apartment. In the evening Lady Annaly and Lord Huntley excited universal admiration at Almack's, in the galopade.

"Where is Mr. Grey?" carelessly asked Lady Annaly of Lord Huntley, about a week after.

"Gone," replied his Lordship, "like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque. He has left England."

"Indeed," said Lady Annaly, still more carelessly; but her thoughts were different. "Gone! Gone! without a word or a line to *me*? Cruel!"

Lord Huntley, in spite of his coxcombry and his gold eye-glass, had some knowledge of the world, especially of the female part of it. He saw that she was piqued, and hesitated not to pursue the advantage thus offered. Lady Annaly was somewhat hurried—a little confused—a vague idea of revenge crossed her bosom—she became still more confused—said "yes," when she should have said "no;" and so, three days afterwards, the Morning Post had the following paragraph:—

"It is hinted in fashionable circles, that Lord H. is about to lead to the hy-meneal altar the elegant and accomplished daughter of the Earl of A."

In the course of a few succeeding weeks the paragraph was repeated, with the additional information, that the bridal day was fixed, and solving the mysteries of initials and asterisks, by giving the names, as portrait-painters sometimes do the likenesses—at "full length."

Cornwall Grey wandered to Rome ; he criticised St. Peter's, disliked *the Apollo*, and perfectly disregarded *the Venus*.

What a frightful disease love must be, when it makes one criticise St. Peter's, dislike *the Apollo*, and disregard *the Venus*! I hope I shall never be in love!

One day Cornwall Grey yawned over an English newspaper; suddenly he started up, threw it away, ordered post horses, and hurried towards England at a pace which his Satanic Majesty might vainly hope to rival. He passed the Campagna like a flash of lightning—the inhabitants felt thunderstruck. They knew not how to account for it: well might they wonder—they had never seen Lady Annaly. Some said he had run away with a nun; but that was a great scandal—the nuns about Rome are all very ugly.

Cornwall Grey was at the park gates of the Earl of A., ere he had considered why he travelled so fast, or what was the purpose of his mission.

"I will see her once more," he said, "ere she become the bride of another—ere she become Lady Huntley." What a frightful name Huntley is! At least so thought Mr. Cornwall Grey.

He dismissed his carriage to the nearest village, leaped the park palings, and roamed about and among the shady groves in true lover-like style. The game-keeper was very nigh shooting him for a poacher, but luckily his gun flashed in the pan.

Cornwall Grey ascended a flight of marble steps, unclosed a pair of glass folding-doors, and entered a magnificent saloon; and as he gazed round the elegant apartment he sighed audibly. Cornwall Grey was not a radical; radicals never sigh over any thing but the national debt.

Cornwall Grey walked up to the table—on it lay the identical album which he had presented to Lady Annaly. He opened it—the first page presented some lines in Lady Annaly's own Italian hand. Corn-

wall Grey never told any one what those lines expressed; he knew better how to keep a lady's secret, and so do I; but as he read them his countenance brightened, and his eyes sparkled, and the colour flew to his cheek.

"By Heaven, she loves me, in spite of coquetry! Ay, loves me still!"

A light step disturbed his rhapsodies, and Lady Annaly entered.

Cornwall Grey drew back; and she advanced without seeing him. She looked paler and thinner, and Cornwall thought more lovely—but he was a lover. However, I agree with him, for I do not like stout women.

"Lady Annaly!" said Cornwall Grey.

Lady Annaly shrieked, and turned white, and then red, and then white again. Lady Annaly had not then begun to paint.

"Mr. Grey! you surprised me. I must request you will leave me. I am the intended bride of Lord Huntley."

"Lady Annaly, one question—only one—and if you say yes, I will never trouble you with my presence more. Do you love Lord Huntley?"

Lady Annaly sat down on a rose-coloured ottoman, and covered her face with her hands; but Cornwall Grey saw the tears which all her pride could not restrain.

He rushed forward, threw himself on his knees before her, and encircled her slender waist with his arm.

"Pardon, dearest, pardon me. I have seen, ay, and read the volume on yonder table."

Lady Annaly took away her hands—her cheeks were glowing—there was a little anger in that glow, but the anger passed away, and the love remained.

Exactly five days afterwards Colonel O'Shaughnessy, of the Guards, cut Lord Huntley, because he did not challenge Mr. Cornwall Grey.

## THE STRAWBERRIES.

"At last," cried Alexowitz, "I have found the means of inducing the beautiful Cathinka to accept a present; one which, notwithstanding its high price, will not offend her haughty delicacy. The Genius of Love himself has conducted me to this garden, where her favourite fruit, the crimson strawberry, is ripening in the midst of January. Jewels might one offer her, instead of this exquisite fruit! But those she would disdain, as she has already so frequently done; these will be touched by her lovely lips! Oh, happy Alexowitz, and happy, happy strawberries!"

It was at one of the imperial palaces in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, that the admirer of the beautiful Cathinka made this fortunate discovery. Cultivated by the skilful hand of the gardener, a number of strawberries had actually ripened amidst all the ice and cold of that frozen climate, in the severest days of winter. The enthusiastic lover had compared them in costliness to jewels; but, costly also was the price which the magic gardener required for his fruit; and that the eighty rubles which he demanded for a small measure of them, was paid without any hesitation, will be easily credited by those who are only in the slightest degree conversant with the ritual of love. Possessing natural delicacy of feeling, and already experienced in the art of insinuating himself into the good graces of the fair, Alexowitz was not the man to make his offerings, beautiful and attractive of themselves, in a vulgar or obtrusive mode. The gardener's boy, deputed by him to deliver the costly present, seemed created as the messenger of Love; so skilful was he in betraying, with apparent unconsciousness, not only the name of the donor, but also the value of the precious gift.

What Alexowitz had said of the lady, was strictly true: though her fortune was not suitable to her birth, a noble pride withheld her from ever accepting a present from any of her numerous admirers. The first impression which this delicately-tendered offering of Nature's treasure from the generous Alexowitz made on her

mind, could not be otherwise than extremely grateful and flattering. A moment's reflection, however, called up the feeling of regret, that a sum of money so considerable should be squandered there on *nothing*; and, sighing, she gazed upon the tempting strawberries without touching them. The mother of the young lady, more accustomed to care and economy, suspected what was passing in her mind, and hastened to turn the thought to advantage. Accordingly, in a strain of matronly eloquence, she represented to Cathinka, that, for the money thus uselessly expended, she might have procured numberless articles of dress which she could with difficulty dispense with, and little comforts which they both required. At length it was determined secretly to sell the costly, and to them superfluous present. In pursuance of the prudent resolve, their waiting-maid, cautiously instructed, hastened to seek one of her friends, who occupied herself in little dealings of this nature, and who gave her great hopes of selling the strawberries advantageously.

Mother and daughter were still talking over the matter, which was nevertheless a little painful to their feelings, when Kosinsky entered, a young Gallician nobleman, perhaps the only one of Cathinka's admirers who really loved her, but who, less wealthy than Alexowitz, had never been able to present her with a token of his affection so costly, rich, and beautiful. Cathinka's heart, also, appeared to favour the handsome Kosinsky; but, whether that heart were not too vain, to refuse all the influence of external splendour, or whether the coolness with which she now received the noble Pole, arose not from the advantage gained by his fortunate rival, it would be difficult to decide. Who understands the labyrinth of the female bosom? It might be vexation at having received such a mark of attention from the one she loved the least. In vain the chagrined lover introduced twenty different subjects of conversation; every attempt to dispel the ill-humour of his mistress failed. Uneasy, he at times threw back

his raven locks, his black eyes sparkled, and his dark cheeks glowed still deeper from his painful embarrassment, till at length a subject was started, which interested the proud beauty; namely, the seasons. That this should lead the discourse from winter to summer, from summer to spring, and from spring to strawberries, was quite natural; and the lady spake with so much enthusiasm of strawberries, that it appeared as though she were dying with the wish to possess some. "And yet," interrupted Kosinsky, not exactly knowing what he should say, "and yet, even if it were possible to find this delicious fruit in the midst of winter, the lovely Cathinka would disdain to accept them from the hand of affection!"—"Oh, such a present," replied Cathinka, with a look of cold indifference, "a present, snatched, as it may be said, from the regions of enchantment—would be received with pleasure by the greatest princess."

These words of his lovely mistress, the manner in which they were uttered, and above all, the apparent impossibility of fulfilling her wish, combined to grieve the affectionate and sensitive mind of Kosinsky. He left Cathinka in deep, but silent vexation, and wandered in the piercing cold, through the magnificent streets of the imperial city. Despairing to obtain this product of spring in a climate so severe, otherwise than by magic, he absolutely thought himself enchanted, when he all at once heard some one, quite close to him, speaking of strawberries! It was the person who had the charge of selling the well-known dish of fruit, and the steward of a foreign prince, who was endeavouring to bargain for them. The Prince was to give a splendid dinner the next day, at which every possible rarity was to be forthcoming. The difficulty of purchase now was only a trifle; without a moment's reflection, Kosinsky joined the haggling party, offered to pay the price demanded, and entreated of the steward with so much earnestness, to relinquish the fruit to him, that, partly guessing his object, he consented to wave his pretensions. Kosinsky concluded the bargain, but, a stranger in this expensive capital, in a country distant from home, and with a purse not remarkably well filled, the

sum required for them fell heavier on him, than the eighty rubles had fallen on his rich and magnificent rival. It was nevertheless paid, and the faithful Iris of the young lady hastened with delight to carry her the money she had obtained for the strawberries. The greatness of the sum occasioned at the first moment a painful sensation in the breast of the haughty Cathinka, which might have arisen from a sentiment of shame; but her feelings were still more painfully excited, when she learnt the name of the purchaser, and furthermore the conjecture of the servant, that Kosinsky intended giving a supper the next evening in honour of a beautiful countrywoman lately arrived. She combined this supposition with several little corroborating circumstances, and Cathinka could not help feeling how dear Kosinsky was to her. "This, then, was the cause of his distracted manner, of his abrupt departure? Another, then, occupied his thoughts? And I must be the person to throw the present in his way, which he means to surprise another with." She thus mused with herself, and no doubt her conscience reproached her for frightening away so decided a lover by her ill-humour.

She was still absorbed in these unpleasant thoughts, when the servant of her supposed lost admirer entered, and—oh joy!—the crimson-coloured strawberries, which had caused her so much uneasiness, presented themselves a second time to her sight. Less inventive in the refined arts of gallantry than Alexowitz, the honest-hearted Kosinsky had no idea but that of sending the present in a straight-forward manner; but, with a sense of genuine tenderness, he had, with his own hand, adorned the basket wherein the fruit lay, with flowers, and bows of coloured ribbon. Never did a present cause a more pleasing surprise in the heart of a young girl, than these eventful strawberries, whose adventures were even now far from being at an end. The mother was delighted at the singular chance which had thrown the strawberries again into her hands, and now regarded them as a happy means of delicately discharging a heavy obligation. She had been much indebted to the exertions of an eminent lawyer, for her success in a suit, and thought she could not

more agreeably evince her gratitude, than by this unimportant yet expensive rarity. Accordingly, the basket, with all its tender ornaments of flowers and ribbons was sent to its new destination. Cathinka was too much overjoyed at receiving the present, to allow her to dispute with her mother about the use she might wish to make of it.

That these strawberries should also afford pleasure to their new possessor, was very natural, though the pleasure might not be of so deep a nature. They came very acceptably, for he had long been thinking how he should pay some little mark of attention to the ambassador of —, who had conferred on him a favour of importance. The little wanderers were therefore sent off without delay, notwithstanding the unwillingness of the lawyer's lady, who would gladly have retained them for a treat with her friends.

It was on the elegant table of the ambassador—the young and handsome ambassador, renowned for his gallantry—that the little mischievous traitors were now seen peeping forth amongst the ribbons and flowers, when—as if led thither by his evil genius—Kosinsky was announced. It seems, he had some inquiries to make of the ambassador. What those inquiries were, however, he no longer recollected, a few moments after his entrance, when his eyes fell on the well-known basket; and it was truly fortunate for him that, at the very moment, Alexowitz, an intimate friend of the ambassador, entered. He also recognised his present, and the amiable cheerfulness which always distinguished him, was now suddenly overclouded. Like Kosinsky, he was convinced that the ambassador, as a favoured lover, had received the present from the hands of the faithless Cathinka; but, possessing more refinement than deep feeling, more *esprit* than passion, this conviction produced a much less painful impression on him, than on the other. He was too handsome, he had been too fortunate during the course of his triumphant life, to be discountenanced by one little proof of ingratitude. With an amiable gaiety he concealed his offended self-love, and would merely explain to his friend the oddity and singularity of the occurrence. Reproaches he would not offer to the un-

grateful beauty, but to make her feel a little, how indelicate, how contrary it was to the dignity of her sex to send such a present to a man who must be nearly a stranger to her—this he thought a very allowable revenge. But the presence of a third person prevented his speaking freely with the ambassador; and he left him to obtain from Cathinka herself a nearer explanation of the business.

Whilst the two friends were exchanging a few words, Kosinsky had fixed his eyes, sparkling with indignation, on the basket, his face alternately changing colour, from a deadly pale to a deep red. He saw before him the fruit which he had not bought without a great sacrifice, those ribbons, those flowers, the pledges of his tenderness, given to a rival, and himself the victim of the blackest, the most insulting treachery. He was yet undecided, whether he should first go and call Cathinka to account for her conduct, or require immediate satisfaction from his rival, when the entrance of several strangers determined him to the former. He transacted his business with the ambassador in a few confused sentences, then hurried away, and rushed, his heart bursting with rage, into the room of the terrified Cathinka, where Alexowitz had arrived only a few minutes before him. He stepped back with a shudder when he saw Alexowitz. The presence of the two irritated lovers, perhaps saved Cathinka from a disagreeable scene, for the enacting of which, both were in a state of high excitement.

In the interim, the ambassador meditated the best use he could make of this wonderful fruit he had received. Of course he was much too gallant not to wish that it should be consumed by some fair and lovely mouth, in preference to his own. He carefully went through the list of beauties, to whom he was then paying his court, and his choice fell on Cathinka, who, independent of her exquisite beauty, possessed a still more attractive charm than the others; she was the *newest* of his acquaintance! He had been introduced to her at the last ball. It was high time that an occurrence so fortunate should come to the aid of oppressed innocence. Alexowitz had already, by concealed reproaches, and inuendos, given



play to his resentment ; soon would Kosinsky, no longer able to restrain himself, have burst out in open reproof. The terrified Cathinka found herself in a most distressing predicament, when, once more, the door opened, and the blushing wanderers presented themselves to her sight for the third and last time ! It was now evident, at least by the message from the ambassador which accompanied them, that it was not from her he had received the sweet offering. A mutual eclairecisse-

ment took place ; and the mother, to remove all suspicion, candidly related the whole affair. Kosinsky and Cathinka, by this circumstance, first discovered the situation of their own hearts ; and Alexowitz, who had a certain horror of all serious love affairs, willingly yielded his pretensions to his much more serious rival. All was thus unravelled in harmony, and the strawberries found on the same day their object and end at a cheerful repast.

### MY FIRST PICTURE.

“ I know not which is the most fatal gift,  
Genius or love, for both alike are ruled  
By stars of bright aspect and evil influence.”—L. E. L.

How very true are the above lines ! Indeed I feel they so perfectly echo my own feelings, that if I ever had had the honour of meeting the fair author, I confess I should have been inclined to fancy she had borrowed my ideas ; a thing which, by the way, I have heard, literary people occasionally do not disdain. As this, however, has no connection with my purpose, I shall not at present descant upon it. I am perfectly convinced that my native modesty would have obliged me to keep the history of my trials and triumphs (for I have experienced both) to myself, had it not been that a kindred spirit has recently, with laudable zeal, set forth the adventures of his “ first tragedy.” Encouraged, therefore, by his example, I prepare to lay the history of my first picture before the public, which comprehends a statement of *facts* that *must*—I speak confidently—*must* put many an R.A. to the blush ; and I hope, bring to a speedy termination the speculations and Machiavelian designs of a certain Academy. I do not recollect having imbibed any particular taste for “ *Les beaux arts*,” in the manner which the very eloquent author of “ my first tragedy ” describes : indeed I could not have done so, seeing, that in my birth-place, there was no tome of sufficient size whereon to elevate even a youthful cat, much less a boy of comely and just proportions.

I cannot, either, say much for the scenery

of my native home—a straggling street, of which our house formed no small proportion (for my father was one who, from his situation, made a considerable noise in the world, and my mother believed herself a person of consequence), could not be expected to awaken much artist-like feeling ; and from our windows the only visible objects were a tall, narrow, red brick house, with three steps to the door, and a brass knocker, the abode of an antiquated, ill-conditioned maiden woman (who, with her pug-dog, and talking servant, managed to keep the village pretty well in hot water), and a long cottage-like dwelling, the nesting-place of the cobbler and blacksmith, with their wives and children, forming a considerable and disagreeable community. The cobbler, I must confess, last winter attracted the attention of one of the titled face-painters of London ; a man (and I speak, Heaven knows, without the slightest tinge of petty feeling, or littleness—I am above such meanness), a man whose productions have been called *natural*, by a parcel, doubtless, of *paid* critics, because he has daubed a vast quantity of canvas with quaint and vulgar semblances of humanity. This gentleman, travelling through our village, was attracted by the ugly face of the cobbler, as he sat on a fine clear frosty morning, tucked up, at the hatch door, in precisely the same vulgar attitude he has assumed during the last forty years, his

nose glowing from the effects of snow and whiskey, his grey eyes twinkling from under his shaggy brows like stars amid thunder-clouds, and his mouth exhibiting every changing expression of what I consider, low wit, and sly humour. Yet this "fine and skilful artist," this R.A.—Regular Artist—declared that old Toby Tucker looked exactly like a bit cut out of one of Teniers' Flemish pictures, and actually paid the man to sit in his original attitude, while he conveyed the exact portraiture, not only of Tobias, as large as life, but of his jack-daw, and his knowing cur, Snip (who lost his ear in single combat with the maiden-woman's pug) to his canvas, and bore it from our neighbourhood with evident triumph. Poor man! How I pitied his ignorance! Surely, notwithstanding that *my* talent soared to the nobler walk of historic painting, if there had been any thing truly attractive in Toby Tucker's ugly physiognomy, *I* would have immortalized it long ago. But I digress—only it is truly vexatious when persons, through the misplaced and ignorant praise of other persons, as unfit to judge as the former are to paint, gull the public in a manner too shameful to mention. I will not attempt to *sketch* any of the dawnings of talent that *coloured* the morning of my days; only state, that to my beloved mother (who was a woman of fine taste) I owe the fostering of that genius which evinced itself when I was a tender babe of about six months old. I have often seen tears of affection start to her maternal eyes, when relating how her Jeremiah used to dip the forefinger of his pretty little right hand in the pap-boat, and form designs on the green table-cover which a Martin need not have blushed to copy. I merely deliver *her* sentiments on the subject, for I confess that I have not by any means so high an opinion of my first attempts; and believe that my love for the art arose from the respect which I saw my dear parent pay to sundry coloured prints that garnished our simple parlour, and which, even now, I regard with a feeling of filial piety. One of these I must mention, it was from a design by an unknown artist, and displayed Adam tilling his garden, dressed in a pea-green tunic and amber vest: Eve in the distance, her long hair falling gracefully over

her shoulders, industriously employed in wielding the distaff, while the Almighty, bearing the semblance of an old man, habited in flame-coloured velvet, his beard floating on the passing breeze, appeared in the foreground contemplating the children of earth. I copied this picture so correctly before I attained my tenth year, that my dear mother could not tell the difference, although the maiden-woman I have before mentioned, pretended that I had not hit the colour of the pea-green, which I must confess in the original was of vivid brightness. Fired with a laudable ambition, I disdained even the lucrative employment of my forefathers, and resolved to devote myself to a profession I already adored. I perused with indefatigable zeal the lectures of Reynolds, Barry, and Fuseli, and the lives of Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Domenichino, Quintin Matsys, Solario, Salvator Rosa, Giotto, Batoni, and in imitation of the immortal West (whose genius I could the better appreciate from its semblance to my own), made an everlasting foe of the maiden-woman over the way, by despoiling the tail of her black cat of its natural quantity of hair, to form brushes wherewith to exercise my art. My next step was to convert my mother's dairy into a studio, and after many alterations, I at last succeeded in arranging a room calculated for my pursuit. I resolved to make Nature my only master, having been given to understand that at the Royal Academy all they do is to study from the life. My mother decided that I could do this in the country as well as in town; so, I accordingly engaged Jack Jobos, the Yorkshireman, to sit for my Roman figures, to which, at first, I confined myself—but as a great poet sung—

"Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid  
A treasure to my soul has given."

I wished to shew forth my treasure to the world, and determined on painting a grand historical picture, that should rival all that I had seen (for I *had* visited London, and mourned over the miserable lack of talent evinced at our exhibitions), and ensure myself a place of renown among all posterity. It is extraordinary what slight circumstances frequently decide our fortunes. During my sojourn in the me-

ropolis, I visited both our great national theatres. At Covent Garden I saw nothing but that whining play of "Romeo and Juliet;" but at old Drury!—most fortunately I went at half-price—judge of my delight and astonishment, when the curtain drew up and the fine scenery of "Midas" burst upon my ravished senses; but let me not be misunderstood, it was not the scenery *alone* that fascinated, it was the *poetry* of the chorus which overpowered me, and immediately the design of my immortal picture fixed itself indelibly on my imagination. I closed my eyes, resolved that no scene-painter should ever complain of *my* speculations, and delivered myself up to the delightful visions that floated around me. Long, long and weary (I speak it with perfect respect), were the hours, that I had passed, turning over the poems of Byron, Campbell, Rogers, and others, seeking for a subject worthy of my pencil, and perplexed as to my choice; what, what were my feelings, at hearing the following stanzas sung by such glorious voices!—

"Jove in his chair,  
Of the sky Lord Mayor."

(Behold at once a noble picture, the monarch of Olympus! in his chair! Lord Mayor of clouds and vapours)—

"When he nods—  
Men and gods,  
Keep in awe—keep in awe."

("The force of language can no farther go;" what powerful grouping is suggested by the above lines. "Men and gods," higeldy-pigeldy (to use a somewhat inelegant, though appropriate phrase) kept in awe by the nod—the mere *nod* of Jupiter. To give the idea, it was necessary to incline the head a *keetle* to the right—a very delicate illustration).

"When he winks,  
Heaven shrinks."

("When he winks!"—Only a person with pure artist-like feeling can comprehend the difficulty of assimilating a wink, with the god-like expression of almighty Jove: it required extraordinary skill; but all who understood the thing, agreed that *my* wink was a master-piece.)

"When he speaks  
Hell squeaks."

(This was a peculiarly delicate passage to manage, as I particularly wished to avoid giving offence "to ears," or eyes, "polite," or to those who entertain a sacred opinion of that unmentionable place. However, by the aid of chrome yellow, orange chrome, extract of vermilion, and a few other tints, which I do not care to mention,\* I succeeded in producing a very powerful effect.)

"Earth's foot-ball's but a taw! but a taw!"

(There's an image! Can Moore, Campbell, or Southey, match that?)

"The Deities  
Like mice in cheese,  
'To stir must cease,  
Or gnaw."

(I confess this passage puzzled me not a little.) It was a strange metaphor; however, *nil desperandum*, I conveyed my ideas of the manner in which the demi-gods (for it would be absurd to suppose that the major deities eat cheese) feasted on this earthy production; and my illustration was one of decided novelty. But I need not quote more largely from that immortalized chorus, nor farther develop the plan of my grand historic painting, which, when finished, covered forty square feet of canvas; the figures all as large as those of Etty's, in his picture of Judith; which, by the way—but I scorn insinuations.

Ye gods! with what feelings of delight did I regard my glorious production! With what rapture did I receive the maternal kiss imprinted on my brow by my exulting mother, as I finished my labours, by tipping the wings of Venus's doves with cobalt blue. Even the ill-temper of the elderly maiden-woman melted, and she confessed that never had she beheld such painting. As I had no desire to injure any body of men, and in common with all who cherish patriotism, wished to benefit my country, I decided on sending my picture to Somerset House. Unwilling, however, to take even the Royal Academy by surprise, or treat any one

\* I beg it to be understood, that it is not from any littleness of feeling I withhold my *palate* secrets; but I fear some of those would-be *dons* might find my mixtures too *palatable*—excuse my wit.

unhandsomely, I addressed the following letter to its president.

*Tirol,\* Puddingford.*

SIR:—Having just finished my large historic picture, representing Jove in his chair, Lord Mayor of heaven and hell, with the necessary deities, scenery, mortals, and decorations, and being unwilling to set myself up in London as an historical, portrait, and likewise landscape painter, in opposition to your Academy, I am willing to give you the benefit of my production, only stipulating that the wall opposite the door of the great room be devoted *solely* to my picture, at the ensuing exhibition; unless you prefer appropriating one of the lower rooms entirely to it, which I should not object to. I must also have the privilege, that I understand the R.A.'s exclusively possess, of touching up the painting *after* it is hung—as much depends on surrounding objects. And I also request, that no members of the Royal Academy be permitted to copy a portion, or portions, of my design.

Sir, &c. &c.

The next post brought me a well-penned, and elegantly-written letter, of which the subjoined is a copy:—

— Square.

SIR:—Permit me to thank you for the unwillingness you express to *injure* the Royal Academy, and at the same time to acknowledge my regret that any gentleman connected with the profession to which I have the honour of belonging, should so far be led away by misrepresentation, arising either from malice towards, or ignorance of, the members of our assembly, as to imagine that pictures sent for exhibition would be subject in any way to speculation. It is only fair, as the exhibition was instituted solely for the benefit of the Royal Academy, that they should have some peculiar privilege. *The only one* they exercise, is that of touching up their pictures when hung, a privilege which I never knew an artist object to, *after* he became an academician. You must, as a young man, forgive one, over whose brow the suns and snows of more than half a century have passed, for re-

\* I gave our village this classic name, resolving that the place of my birth should be the *first* spot illuminated by my fame.

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minding you that the hill of art, like that of fame, “is steep and hard to climb;” and I must consider an historical painting a bold undertaking at your age, even giving you full credit for extraordinary talent; there are certain technicalities in art, which it requires a good portion of a man's life to acquire.

I have the honour, &c. &c.

Now it was quite clear to me, notwithstanding all that was said about the matter, that the President had an eye to my picture. I believe his advice about climbing the hill, and all that, was kindly meant; it is what every grey-beard finds it necessary to say to each young man he meets: so I forgave him. And it occurred to me at once, that I would do the thing handsomely, prove that I entertained no littleness of feeling, and submit my picture to the admiring gaze of a London public. Accordingly I packed my labours carefully in a case, and having engaged for it one side of the large heavy Manchester waggon, called “The Light Fly,” which passes through our town, at the rate of three miles an hour, I placed myself on my treasure (for I could not bear the idea of Separation\*)—and together we arrived at the overgrown metropolis of the British empire. The important moment came when I was to deposit my treasure within the doors of Somerset House. And during the transfer nothing worth recording occurred, except, indeed, that I was a good deal annoyed by the rudeness of one of the porters, an Irishman (I hate Irish porters—a porter ought to be merely a lever to lift a weight—but an *Irish* porter will talk and think), who observed—but I hate repeating disagreeables.

My mother was very anxious to be present the day on which the Academy opened, to witness my triumph, and hear the congratulations which, doubtless, I should receive. I also ordered half a hundred of “The Times,” that every acquaintance might receive one or two papers, proclaiming “the extraordinary sensation created by the wonderful production of Martin Tompkins, Esq.” And

\* I do not mean any reflection on the *novel* of that name, which, it seems, had nothing *novel* in it—excuse my wit.

T

I also intimated in a paragraph (which by the way I was obliged to pay for as an advertisement), that I had made up my mind not to do any designs for the *Annals*, or to paint any pictures on a smaller scale than eight feet by six! But, behold, my picture was refused admittance—was left for me to take home, if I pleased, without a reason stated, or even a letter written on the subject. I saw through it—I saw through it at once. The Academicians were afraid to exhibit my picture; it frightened them.—I myself went to the Academy on its opening to see—what? the dreaminess of *Howard*, who had, with the most unblushing effrontery, dressed up his *Shakspeare* after the fashion of my *Mercury*!—to see that *Briggs* had stolen the head of my *Venus* for his *Inez de Castro*—to witness the barefaced impudence of *Turner*, who, without so much as “by your leave,” clapped the top of my *Olympus* (I could not be deceived in the deep ochre tint to the left) on his hill, to the right of the picture—*Dubufe* himself (what business has a French artist in an English academy? No wonder that the whole country is in a blaze, like *Danby's Sunset*, when foreigners are admitted within the walls of Somerset House)—*Dubufe*, I say, had copied the face of my *Pan* for his *Savoyard*—and *Newton* borrowed a *Grace* as his *Grizette*! Nor was this all—as I'm a living artist. I swear that every picture worth looking at in the room had some idea of mine in it—they had all been pillaging; it is quite useless to talk of the impossibility of the thing. My firm belief is, that the doors of the Academy were privately thrown open on purpose to injure me, so that every student might benefit by my labours—for my after-plan never entered into their heads; I formed it while looking upon the Earl of Surrey's Portrait, by *Pickersgill*, who had stolen my colouring from the face of *Mars*, only that my *Mars* was more neatly finished. And my disgust was strengthened by viewing the vulgar and natural painting of *Landseer*, *Mulready*, and the other R.A., to whom I alluded, as the person who took off our Cobbler's head, and whose pictures (could it be credited in a Christian country!) occupied the most prominent situation in

the room—there, indeed, was the Cobbler—there was no mistaking it, it was true to the life—not one redeeming touch in it to mark the man of genius or imagination—it was merely coldly natural. I quit-  
 ted the room in undisguised disgust; and repairing to Bond Street, hired a splendid saloon, determined no longer to submit to the ill usage of such a band of robbers, feeling that it was a duty I owed the British nation to withstand those unjust proceedings. I sent cards of admission to the public press, and to the patrons of art throughout the kingdom. At an early hour the room was crowded; and though I observed the extraordinary conduct of some individuals, yet I was equally gratified by the admiration of others of rank, discrimination, and talent. One gentleman who was, as he informed me, nearly connected with the leading journal of Europe—indeed he assured me in confidence, that he could turn the editor round his finger—was so enraptured with my production, that he politely invited himself to dinner at my lodgings, and condescended to borrow half a sovereign, as he had forgotten his purse at home. This worthy man's enthusiasm knew no bounds; he was certainly the most eloquent gentleman I ever met, though I afterwards discovered, and I mention the circumstances merely to prove how badly talent is requited in this world; for as a great novelist has said—

“Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime Hath felt the influence of malignant star!”—

I discovered, after a time, that he was connected with the press only as a penny-a-line man! notwithstanding his extraordinary knowledge of art. The next morning I prepared to indulge myself by reading the praises which I knew ought to have been bestowed upon my labours. I ordered every paper published in town, and the newsmen, with provoking punctuality, brought them, together with the half hundred of “*The Times*,” just as my poor mother (for she had remained in town) had finished wiping her spectacles, and the dirty maid, *en papillote*, had placed a plate of greasy toast on the slop basin—“The man says, do you want to keep the papers, or is it only to read 'em?” inquired the creature.—“Keep them, to

be sure," I replied.—"What a lot of money they'll cost," she observed, leaving the room.

I unfolded one—my hands trembling with joy and expectation; my poor mother took up another. I saw the drift of the thing at once, as my eye glanced over the whole paragraph, where the words "Monstrous"—"Absurd"—"Folly"—"Ignorance"—"Vanity"—"Daubing," and such like, stood frightfully conspicuous. "Poh! poh!" said I, forcing a laugh, and taking up another—Good Heavens! it was still more cutting—"Ridiculous picture"—"Artist, fit subject for Bedlam"—"Extravagant madness"—"Unworthy farther notice!" I felt myself sickening, yet proceeded to the next, headed—

"Grand Historical Painting.—"We would recommend every resident in London to visit this exhibition." My spirit revived. "It is a most singular proof of the lengths to which vanity and ignorance will carry a man when united.—" I flung the paper in the fire. Another, and another, and another, like the shadows in Macbeth, all breathing the same blasphemies against me and the divine right of painters. I was enraged beyond all powers of constraint; the very paper I alluded to, the paper which I had supported by taking half a hundred of its number, was perfectly silent. This pitiful sneaking I despised; and I was venting my bitterness in exclamations to my always admiring mother, who had been unable to taste a morsel of breakfast, when my newspaper friend entered. I was seeking for words to express my horror at what I then imagined his duplicity, when he stopped me short, by exclaiming—

"My dear fellow! do you not see it all, these papers are bribed—bribed by certain members to abuse you. Nay, I could swear that some of the articles are written by the gentlemen themselves—they can't deceive me, Sir. I know how a man will speak and write, if he never does either the one or the other (my worthy friend was an Hibernian); but, Sir, one of these days we will trim them neatly. I know what you are going to say. The reason, my dear friend, *why* your picture was not noticed in our to-day's paper is obvious, very obvious to

me; you shall know it all in a little time. We'll shew them up, Sir; and when we do, they must hide their diminished heads. Your's will be a case in point. You are at present a Cato—a Cæsar—by Jove, Sir, you are a second Quintus Curtius, sacrificed to your country's weal. Our journal is the only independent one in Europe!—in the world!—unflinching in its integrity—firm in its principles—holding the unyielding tenor of its way—a comet amid clouds—a sun shining in darkness. Keep cool, my dear friend, your Jove must conquer, your Venus must captivate; your painting must triumph. I'll answer for it, that to-day your room will be crowded, and you will make a fortune in the very teeth of the Academy.—Madam," he continued, addressing my sorrowing parent, "you are a fortunate woman, I look upon you as a second Cornelia."

He breakfasted with us, and as we walked to the exhibition, I could not avoid telling him, that as far as my means went, he was welcome to my purse—it was the only way I could prove the sense I entertained of his worthiness. He scorned the idea, but favoured me by taking two sovereigns, which indeed he asked me for at parting.

There were not more than six or eight in the room that day, and I have reason to believe, that during that and the following week (indeed my friend had proof of the fact) the Academy positively prevented visitors coming—how they managed I know not, but such is the truth. Still I lived on in hope, when one morning suddenly I was arrested at the suit of the fellow whose saloon I had hired; it was in vain I assured him that my painting was above, ay, an hundred times, the value of his paltry debt—he had no soul. I indignantly withdrew my picture and paid the money; but this was not all. I went to Regent Street for the purpose of hiring a room of splendid size, where, in addition to the attraction of my production, I intended delivering lectures on the art of painting. As I entered the door, I met one of the R.A.'s coming out, a little malevolent-featured man, with a nose like a blue-bottle (let him whom the cap fits wear it). I went in, and the fellow, after various sneers, intimated that he *would not*

receive my picture ; he absolutely hinted that it would injure the reputation of his exhibition-room. I could bear it no longer, though I guessed the blue-nosed academican was the cause.

England, ungrateful England ! I quit you, and for ever !

To-morrow, my picture, my mother, and myself, depart for Paris. Yet in

doing so I take this opportunity of declaring that I have no intention whatever to injure Gerard, or destroy the reputation of the Louvre. I have engaged an omnibus for the express purpose of conveying us to the gay metropolis, and shall doubtless meet from strangers the encouragement which in my own land was denied to MY FIRST PICTURE.

## LORD CHESTERFIELD'S DREAM.

LAST night I dreamt that whilst sailing down the stream of life I saw a vision more beautiful than my imagination had ever before contemplated. I cast my anchor to endeavour, if possible, to discover its nature. It appeared to me in the distance to be a piece of sculpture, adorned with precious stones which some fairy had stolen from the Indian mines, on the rich bosom of the ocean. Its form was that of the most perfect Venus ; its surface looked so smooth, and soft, and clear, that it resembled alabaster : its eyes were of diamonds, brilliant and dazzling ; its lips were of coral, of a bright red, and beautifully pouting so as to expose teeth of the purest pearls, and on each cheek there was a roseate blush, as if the little fairy had taken the dew which was distilling from the surface of her lips and painted them. Her work seemed not quite finished, as I could distinctly perceive some delicate white worms industriously spinning their soft silk in flowing and graceful ringlets on its head. On a more close inspection, I could not divest myself of the idea that it was a living fairy, and that it occasionally moved ; and sometimes I imagined that I saw two others of those lovely beings flitting about her, but the fear of frightening them away, induced me for some days to watch their movements in secret. At last, however, I ventured to shew myself ; but in a moment this sylph-like form had vanished, and a demon of darkness stood before me, with eyes rolling, a visage grim and pale, and stiff, with cheek-bones high, and lanky locks. Oh, ye Gods ! I sickened at the sight, and fell fainting on my couch. On recovering, the fairy still haunted me, but the fear of the demon

was so vividly impressed upon my mind, that I determined to resist her fascinations, and look on her no more. After some time, as the impression of the demon became fainter, I stole a glance at the fairy garden, and saw her among the flowers, looking as pensive as the turtle-dove. I was about to withdraw myself, when she began to sing wild and varied notes more sweetly than the nightingale. As music is the charmer of my soul, and as I had never before heard such melodious sounds, it fixed me to the spot in motionless delight, and I awoke not from my reverie until she had flown. The following day she returned again, and I judged that my attentions were received more favourably, as the demon was kept from my view, and the other fairies began also to give me their countenance. This added greatly to my happiness ; but, alas ! it was of short duration, as the demon appeared, and with malicious pleasure, she gave me to understand that they were going to visit their relatives in a distant country, never to return.

After their departure I used insensibly to wander to the garden, and form plan for discovering their abode, and learning their history. In this elysian retreat there stood the ruins of a solitary turret, which was so grown over by ivy, and surrounded by trees, that it was scarcely visible. The seat within it was difficult of access, though it would not be easy to conceive, when you had once attained it, a more delightful situation. Here I was wont to retire, with the fairies wandering in the labyrinth of my imagination, bedecked in all their native loveliness. I saw not the fine expanse of water which was open to my view I heard not the

dashing surge of the cascade; neither did I notice the sparkling trout which were basking in the shallows beneath it. The mournful cawing of the rooks, the plaintive note of the dove, the shrill shriek of the heron, the beauty of the flowers, with the fragrance they exhale, were alike insensible to me; even the awful grandeur of the ruined castle which was towering above my head, I heeded not. In the ivy which covered one of the walls, a raven had built her nest; she was so accustomed to my appearance, that she would often dart down and take to her young the food which I had placed but a few yards distant from me. She had become so much the companion of my solitude, that I had almost learned her language. Late one evening, whilst sitting in the turret, my senses so entranced, that all animated nature but the fairies seemed asleep, I was suddenly aroused by the dreadful croak of my sable friend. I shuddered at the sound, as I knew it to be the harbinger of death to some unconscious victim, and the signal of her flight from an approaching enemy. I started up, and to my horror, found the demon standing before me; but my fear subsided on perceiving that the fierce expression of her countenance had softened down almost into that of pity, and without giving me an opportunity of retreating, she thus addressed me:—"I was attracted to this recess by the deep and peculiar tones of a voice, which once heard, can never be forgotten. I knew it to be yours. I am not surprised at your anxiety to learn the history of those beings whom your inflamed imagination has transformed into ethereal spirits. You were unconsciously talking of the fair I—I, but believe me, though her beauty may rival, it cannot overshadow her sister's charms. They are, indeed, destined to divide the empire of hearts, and reign each supreme in their separate dominions. If I—I be an image of a Venus, A—e is Hebe's portrait itself. Her light bounding step, the glowing tints blended with her snowy fairness, have marked her for her own. There is a witchery in her smile, and in the glance of her dark eye, which reveals a power of giving torture, though her heart, overflowing with tenderness, refused to prove the wish; as if the evil

genius had sprinkled on her fair bosom some drops of his elixir, but which the superior influence of the good had so completely overpowered as to convert that into a charm which was destined to be the poison of her virtues." I said, "Then two only are sisters?" She replied, "The third is a near relation by the ties of blood, but by those of affection she is a sister also; although her commanding and elegant figure, and the lily whiteness of her skin are now subdued by illness, there still remain her raven tresses, her dark, full, and languishing eyes, and the softness of her smile, the index of her gentle nature, which cannot fail to interest you. Indeed, the general history of the one is the history of the whole, though the particular incidents of the life of each for the sake of others, must be buried in oblivion." She continued, "They are descended from one of the most noble and ancient families who live in a kingdom called the world of fashion, whose inhabitants are celebrated for their heartlessness, selfishness, profligacy, and a refinement in manners, which make their vices more vicious, and their hypocrisy more hateful and deceiving. The only redeeming quality which they possess, is that of not allowing any under the age of sixteen to be members of their community, and to this regulation are those three heavenly beings indebted for the purity of their minds, and the susceptibility of their feelings. As they are endowed by nature with intellects as brilliant as their persons are beautiful, on their admission to this ungodly assembly they had penetration enough to discover, and fortitude sufficient to withstand, the contaminating influence of its baneful atmosphere. They have hitherto chiefly associated with this community, in compliance with the wish of their relations, though it is totally at variance with that delicacy of feeling, and high sense of honour, which so pre-eminently mark their character. In this retirement their happiness consists in making others happy. By their munificent bounties and personal attentions to a poorer race, and by their affable and unaffected demeanour to the numerous variety of beings who inhabit this their native country, they have gained the respect and esteem of the whole, and



they now have given up in disgust their fashionable haunts, for the more rational exercise of those virtues which they alone, of all their tribe, can boast." On hearing this, I vowed not to quit the spot, which had become so interesting to me, and at length persuaded the demon (now changed into a guardian angel) to conduct me to the fairy bower. Here the hours glided on, in uninterrupted felicity, save when the sad reflection stole over me, that I must soon quit the loved abode. I should probably have drowned the gloomy idea, and abandoned myself to the pleasures which had ensnared me, but for the hope I had conceived of enticing one of the fair nymphs to return with me to their former haunts. One day, as I was powerfully urging my wishes, I observed, on the same shores, where I had myself become spell-bound, a form that was familiar to me, and on approaching him, I recognised the favourite companion of my youthful pleasures. Eager to make him a participator of my present elysian bliss, I supplicated, by all the arts of persuasion I could bring to my aid, the fair recluses, to relax, in his favour, the stern laws by which the whole human race were excluded from their paradise. I at length prevailed; and his arrival proved most propitious to the hopes on which my future

happiness was suspended. He quickly became as much entranced by the charms of A—e, as I had been by those of I—I, and thus a formidable barrier to my success was removed, for a separation between sisters so united could not have been endured.

One bright evening, as I was reclining upon the banks of a lovely streamlet, watching the sun fast declining behind the ivy turret, and musing upon the cause of an unusual pensiveness I had that day observed in my charming I—I, I was startled by the sound of her gentle voice, and rising from my seat, drew her towards me. Pushing back the clustering ringlets which fell on her soft cheeks, and pausing a moment, to overcome the timidity which almost stopped her utterance, she thus addressed me:—"Alphonso, I am at length enabled to give the answer you have long been imploring. In you and your friend, A—e and myself have found hearts congenial with our own. In this retirement, your matchless constancy has been proved, and under your protection, we shall return, without fear, to those scenes to which your duty calls you." How shall I paint my transports! At her feet I poured out my vows, and then—in the act of flying to impart to my friend my happiness and his own—I awoke.

## A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

It was morning—the morning of a southern clime; not, as in Europe, slow and tardy rose the day, but the powerful sun, starting as a giant from the embrace of ocean, flamed at once upon a glorious island before which the mighty Pacific stretched its waves. Nature in her tropical magnificence never framed a brighter land. Here the lofty palm soared boldly to the heavens, while the banana spread its delicious and welcome shade—the bread-fruit-tree, so reviving and strengthening in its productions—the plantain's broad leaves offering delightful freshness—the cooling cocoa-nut—the pine-apple—and the dragon-tree—mingled their foliage in varied profusion. The brilliant birds vied with the fruits and flowers in dazzling colours—the parroquet with its deep sap-

pharine tint—the kingfisher, and a hundred beautiful species, filled the trees. The deep repose of those woods—the silent ocean and the burning sun—all were marked by the character of a region at once solitary and sublime.

But two figures were standing by the shore who were in direct contrast to all around. Their habits chiefly were European, and their features and air decidedly so. The one was far advanced in years, his few grey locks were wafted by the faint breeze from a forehead on which benignity and sorrow strove for pre-eminence; and the mild expression of his eye spoke a long and patient endurance of the evils belonging to our existence. The younger was yet in the vigour and freshness of man's age—his figure was finely

formed, and his lofty brow, piercing dark eye, and intellectual features, marked a being where mind "o'er-informed its tement of clay." The elder of the two was speaking: he extended his hand towards the waves—"Yes! my dearest Henry!" said he, "I confess, my heart, as well as yours, is now beyond that vast-spreading ocean—even amidst the vales of my own loved Germany. Yet, when I quitted her I had counted the cost, nor do I regret fifteen long years spent beneath this burning sky, though it has not pleased the God of Truth in his wisdom to bless my endeavours by enlightening the darkened minds of these heathen. Yet am I resigned; my efforts have brought peace to my own mind, though, alas, not conviction to theirs. 'Tis true, I quitted a cherished wife whom illness never permitted to follow me, and two dear children. This," said he, looking on a ring composed of hair he wore on his hand, "this, this is all that remains to me of my poor Amelia; but our children may live, though it is long since I heard of them—they may live to embrace and welcome me back to my country."

The venerable man paused, overcome by the delightful though affecting idea. Some similar feeling seemed struggling in the breast of his companion; but he endeavoured, perhaps out of respect for the deeper sorrows of his friend, to master it. "I too," said he, "had something to leave." Then, turning to a beautiful Indian boy about three years old, who was walking beside him, and stroking his olive cheek, "Behold!" he cried, "after many years of toil—yet sweet was such toil in my Master's cause—my little Sambo is the only convert I hope to boast of, should Heaven in future touch his heart. Such, however, were not my sanguine expectations when I left my sweet Bertha—she loved me, my dear friend! that young and simple girl, with all the sincerity of her innocent heart; but long years, and the sickness of hope deferred, I fear may have drunk up the warm blood of her fair cheek, and faded her fragile form. Yet it may not be too late; I may return, and again clasp her to my bosom, and in some hamlet of our native land, amidst the calm duties of a village pastor, I may lead a little flock of Christians to Heaven. But

look, Weimar, through those branches; I seem to see the dark and glistening eyes of a native fixed upon us. Surely they are not aware of our intended departure by the returning ship, even now expected, and harbour the intention of injuring us or preventing our voyage?"—"No," returned Weimar, "I have no such apprehension; hitherto, though deaf to our spiritual instructions, they have uniformly shewn a mild and hospitable temper, and we have benefited them in many respects. Besides, the favour and protection of their chief assures our safety. Would that I could think his noble spirit were inwardly turned to Christianity: that would reward me for all my labours."—"Then think so," said Henry, "for I verily believe it to be true. I have scarcely related to you the circumstances of his confiding his boy to my protection. This morning, ere the shades of night were well dispersed, the generous chief came secretly to my tent: 'Kind and good stranger! I hear you are about to leave us—and your companion, whom I venerate as a father. I know my people will not listen to your words; but they have sunk deep into *one heart*' (and he pointed to his own bosom). 'I must follow the customs and wishes of my nation; but I trust we shall meet in your Paradise, and that your Great Spirit will accept me. I see you are better and wiser than we are. Behold this boy! He is dear to me as light and air, yet to your care I confide him. Take him over the wide waters to your own land; make him wise and good and happy like yourself, and teach him the law of that Master who, you say, died to save nations of all colours. When he shall be a man, he may return to instruct and civilize his people; in the meanwhile, speak to him sometimes of the father who loved him well enough to part with him—and of the mother—.' Here Orazimbo broke off, as though afraid to betray his emotions; and, having put the boy's hand in mine, disappeared instantly."

"It is indeed an affecting account," said Weimar; "and this child, though snatched from idolatry, may one day return to accomplish what we have vainly attempted."—Weimar suddenly started, and exclaimed—"You are right! there is a native among those woods. Evil is

threatened us."—"Fear not," replied Henry, "'tis a woman;" and instantly there glided from among the trees an Indian girl, clad in the singular but picturesque habiliment of those islands; a muslin veil, concealing the whole face, except the eyes, which gleamed dazzling through the opening, and then descending was wrapped in many folds around the figure. The simple robe suited the agile form and free motions of the child of Nature, who, approaching towards Henry, kneeled at his feet, and with humble yet earnest gestures seemed to beseech some favour of him. She would not speak, as though fearing to betray her mission; but pointing repeatedly to the woods, appeared to entreat him to follow her. Henry hesitated. Weimar dissuaded him from an act so hazardous as that of accompanying one of those savages, probably amidst pathless wilds, as the woods on that side were very extensive; and it was impossible to tell what dangers the variable and uncertain disposition of those islanders might yet be reserving for them. Henry, however, looked on the girl, and saw in the expression of her mild and imploring eyes no traces of bad faith, but rather of sorrow and anxiety.—"I will trust her," said he; "what should I fear? having a conscience I hope void of offence towards God or man: and some one in distress may require aid.—But this boy shall remain with you as a hostage, in case of my non-return." The savage observed his movement of quitting the child, and speaking in a low voice, in her own language, said—"Fear nothing, strangers, while the boy is with you." Henry did not wish to disregard her intimation, and as the child clung to him he lifted the little Sambo from the ground, and entreating his friend to be under no apprehension, and engaging to return shortly, he yielded to the rapid movement of the girl, and entered the woods.

It seemed indeed she chose the most intricate and unknown path; for never had Henry, in all his wanderings round the island, yet penetrated it. The beauty of nature, however, as he advanced, silently following his guide, increased at every step; and almost made him forget his situation—the thoughts of home, which

had lately occupied him—all, but the solemn magnificence of these secret temples of the Creator, where, though man had never trod, it seemed as though some superior intelligences were worshipping him in spirit and truth, and that the deep low murmurs which breathed around were the music of their stilly voices. At length there was more the semblance of a path formed by human art, and soon a small building appeared, where the trees had been partially cleared, which at once announced itself as a hut of Indian and most beautiful construction. The heat of the climate rendering walls insupportable, this simple structure was composed only of the long and prickly leaves of the palm-nut, and sustained by pillars of the bread-fruit-tree. The effect of the picturesque little building, shaded by every species of noble and lofty woods which the luxuriance of vegetation here displays, was nearly unmarked by Henry, in his curiosity to know why he had been brought hither and to whom the hut belonged, as it seemed studiously secluded from man's view, and had never, even by a glimpse, been noticed by him in his excursions before. The girl paused to listen to the sounds which proceeded from the hut, and seemed the low prolonged wail of female voices. She then slowly approached, and the scene within was unfolded to the surprised senses of the missionary.—Extended on mats, and with several native women clustered around her whose suppressed lamentations he had heard, reclined a female, whom, both from the ornaments she wore and her whole aspect, he recognised at once to be the wife of a chief. Her beauty was perfect, as far as Indian beauty can be so. The veil was removed from her head to give her air, her eyes were closed, but her fine regular features, the light of gentleness and nature shed over her countenance, her long and dark hair, and the mild expression around her mouth, joined to the symmetry of her youthful form, rendered her lovely even to the view of a European. She seemed suffering from acute bodily or mental pain; and the tears which silently stole from under her fringed eye-lids, and her apparent insensibility to every object around, presented an affecting picture of total bereavement. At the sight of Henry

accompanied by Sambo, one of the females eagerly whispered a few words in the mourner's ear. Suddenly she started—her large dark lustrous eyes unclosed, shiuing through her yet flowing tears, and the masses of her jetty hair; she fixed them on Sambo, then starting, with one soft piercing cry of transport, from her couch, in an instant the mother and the child were locked in each other's arms, while the attendant females expressed their joy by the wildest gestures; and the silent missionary felt the tears coursing down his cheeks, while the happy pair indulged the sweet impulse of mutual affection. At this moment another and principal actor appeared on the eventful scene: the chief, Orazimbo, with several Indian followers, stepped from amongst the trees, and with a stately and grave air approached his absorbed bride. His majestic bearing and lofty form inspired authority, but his countenance had the mildness of his tribe: he gently separated the boy from the clasp of his mother, whose quiet despair was more felt than lamentations, as she buried her face in her veil, refusing to be comforted, or to look on aught, as her child was to be taken away.—“Why, Manuma,” said the chief, in a voice of expostulation, “have you seen the boy again? I gave him to this good man that he might learn to be skilful and powerful like the people of his nation. He will return one day a great and wise chief beyond all that have gone before him; and our spirits, in the land of shadows, shall exult in the fame and virtue of our son!”

The bereaved and heart-stricken mother answered with the submission of her sex, but in a subdued and trembling voice—“It is well! but when he is gone, make a grave for Manuma, for before many moons she will sleep peacefully, and dream she meets her child. But if this is a good man, and loves the God he says is so merciful, why does he take away my child? Good men make all happy, this is not good.” The light of truth flashed from her simple words on the mind of the missionary. “Our God requirerth mercy, not sacrifice,” murmured he to himself. Coming forward, he addressed Orazimbo in his own language. “The words of your wife are true. We

are forbidden by our blessed Master to do evil that good may come of it. He commands us to respect the sacred rights of nature in this poor mother, and therefore I may not take your child with me across the wide sea. No blessing would attend our voyage, burthened with the cries of a despairing heart; but in my own land, far away, I will not cease to importune Heaven with prayers for the young Sambo, that he may become ‘wise even unto Salvation.’ Now, before I go, grant me this request, that I may have the happiness to see you restore the boy to the bosom that gave him birth.”

Orazimbo stood irresolute, and partly displeased, when the Indians around, understanding from the words of the stranger that he did not mean to take their young chief from them, but rather to restore him to his mother, whose grief deeply touched their untaught feelings, a cry of joy and admiration burst from their lips, and their chief, catching the contagion of their emotions, took the boy and laid him tenderly on his mother's bosom. Scarcely did she give herself a moment to embrace him, and bless his generous father, ere she sprang forward, and falling at the missionary's feet, exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of her sex, “I now see you are a messenger from Heaven, for what else could have inspired your heart with pity for one who has always opposed you? But I will do so no more. Henceforth,” added she, unconsciously using the words of scripture, “your God shall be my God, for he has seen my tears, and bid you give me back my boy, and let me bless him for it!” She raised her clasped hands and speaking eyes to Heaven in mental worship, and who could refuse to join her? Orazimbo—the young Sambo—and the Indians all kneeled in adoration; and Henry with streaming tears blessed the beneficent Providence which at last crowned his wishes, and was about to make him the instrument of good to hundreds of his fellow creatures.

Some time after this affecting scene, one of a very different description was beheld on the same spot where the two friends walked and contemplated the ocean at the commencement of our narrative. Now riding majestically at anchor

on that ocean was seen a European ship—its gay streamers lightly floating on the morning air. That vessel had been freighted by many anxious hearts; for the faithful Bertha had braved the perils of the sea, protected by her brother, who commanded the ship, to join her betrothed husband. They brought letters from the superior of Vienna recalling him to a valuable cure in his native valleys, and affectionate entreaties from his duteous children urging his return. Before, however, leaving the island of the Pacific, some pleasing and solemn duties claimed him to perform them. On the shore rose a little church—the work of willing hands and the master-piece of Indian architecture—dedicated to the God of the Christians.

Weimar on this happy morning proceeded to consecrate the simple altar which was then to witness the vow of Henry and Bertha. Afterwards, a still

more affecting rite was administered: crowds of simple Indians, whose hearts God had touched, preceded by their chief Orazimbo, the beauteous Manuma, and the beloved Sambo, came gladly to receive the waters of life from the hands of Weimar and Henry.

All of them the church could not contain, and outside knelt many Indian women, enveloped in their long veils, and raising their infants in their arms to receive the same precious baptism. And while the hymn swelled in the air from the chapel, the guns of the ship at intervals pealed back their joyous salute. The younger missionary, while he looked on his bride and these converted people, the children of his cares, felt that his wishes would no more stray beyond the ocean, but centre for ever within that solitary island of the wide Pacific.

FLORENCE.

## A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

It was about ten o'clock on the night of the 25th of March, 18—, that a chaise and four stopped at the door of a splendid mansion in Arlington Street; the front of which was a blaze of light from the brilliantly-illuminated apartments; and the hurrying of servants to and fro, with the arrival and departure of carriages, denoted that the mistress of the mansion was "*at home*."

The stranger who alighted from the chaise was a young and handsome man, in a military undress. He paused, on entering the hall, at seeing the indications of gaiety and mirth which everywhere surrounded him: and when the servant, who took him to be one of the expected guests, inquired his name, he replied, "No matter, tell your master a gentleman wishes to see him; and shew me into a room till he arrives." The servant replied, "I am afraid, Sir, we have scarcely a room unoccupied at this moment; and it will be difficult to detach my master from his company—but I will see."

The stranger followed, till he was ushered into a small but pleasant room, looking backwards on the Park, which was lighted

by the moon; and whose solemn stillness and quiet repose, afforded a strong contrast to the glare, and pomp, and confusion, which reigned within. The servant having left him, his reflections seemed to be of a mixed nature; for one moment he paced the room with rapid strides, whilst his brow appeared clouded with gloomy forebodings; the next a smile of joy and hope irradiated his expressive features, as he looked through the window, into the Park, which appeared to call up the remembrance of scenes of by-gone happiness, not unmingled, even at the moment, with pleasurable associations. At length, he paused and looked around him, and then it seemed that he missed something which had erst been familiar to him in that apartment, where it was evident he stood not for the first time. "How is this?" he said, scarcely conscious that he was giving utterance to his thoughts—"My father and mother's portraits both removed, and their place occupied by those of strangers! What can this mean?" Before he could think of any reasonable solution to the question, the door was thrown open, and an elegantly-dressed

man entered. The young officer looked up—but his eyes encountered no familiar features—they met the gaze of an entire stranger, who motioning him to be seated, requested to know his business—apologizing for any abruptness in his manner, as he was in haste to return to his company.

“I am afraid,” said the newly-arrived, “here is some, to me, I fear, sad mistake. Pray is this the house of Sir Edward Bernard?”

“It was; but it is now my home; and my name is Henderson.”

“And my parents!” exclaimed Horace Bernard, for such was the name of him who now stood as a stranger in the home of his fathers.

“I really am sorry that I can give you no satisfactory information respecting them. I have been only a short time in England, and purchased this house of a Mr. Eustace, who had not long been its owner. I have heard that its ancient possessors, the Bernards, are living somewhere in the environs of the metropolis, not altogether in that station which their rank demands, but which their fallen fortunes, I regret to say, will not permit them to occupy. I am truly sorry,” he added, perceiving the emotion of his auditor, “to distress you thus: will you remain here for the night? Either join the company, or a private room shall be prepared for you; in the morning every assistance I can give you shall be at your service.”

“Thanks for your kindness, my dear Sir; I really know not how to act. Five years ago I left my parents in this house, the possessors of a splendid fortune, and return to find them—outcasts—fugitives—to hear that they are fallen from their rank and station, and existing perhaps in penury. O, you will pardon a son’s feelings! I am most wretched.”

Horace dropped his head upon the table, and gave way to a burst of sorrow, which Mr. Henderson would not interrupt. After a few minutes’ pause, he said, “I cannot think of intruding my griefs upon a stranger—I have friends in London—”

“But it is now too late to find them, nor are you in a frame of mind to traverse the streets of the metropolis in search of them. Let me beg of you to accept my offer. A room shall be instantly prepared, if you prefer solitude.”

“Thanks,—thanks;—I will accept it. I will remain here, if you will allow me, and compose myself before I retire to rest. In the morning I shall be better able to act.”

“Consider yourself quite at home,” rejoined Mr. Henderson:—“order any thing you want, the servants shall have directions to attend you. Excuse me now; I will see you again shortly.”

When left to himself—Horace paced the room for some time in an agony of grief. At length, completely overpowered with fatigue, and the effects of his emotion, he threw himself into an arm-chair by the fire, where sleep soon visited him; it was not, however, a calm and refreshing slumber: his convulsive starts and frequent exclamations, proved that busy fancy was at work, tormenting his sleeping, as his waking thoughts, with the ideas of his family degradation.

“Be comforted, my father!” said a beautiful girl, whose air of high birth, but ill accorded with the meanness of her attire, or of the apartments in which the person whom she addressed was reposing on a settee, the poor remnant of the splendour of other days; whilst a lady, in whose countenance resignation seemed struggling with despair, supported his head, and the speaker, kneeling at his feet, bathed his hand with her tears;—“Be comforted, my father! surely the bitterness of our sufferings must be past; and better days are yet in store for us. I had a delightful dream last night. I thought my brother was returned, and brought with him wealth, which more than repaired our losses: and I again saw joy lighted up in the eyes of yourself, and of my dear mother; and the smile of happiness once more played over your pale features. Who can tell but some such providential event is about to happen?”

“No—no—my child: there is no joy for me; no comfort, but in the grave. Your brother’s return I dare not look for;—for oh! what misery have I not caused him! And bitterly have I been punished. The anguish which my proud heart felt, but would not own, when he left his home, first drove me to the gaming-table as a refuge from despair:—there I lost all; your fortune, your brother’s, my

wife's—my kind, my affectionate Emily's—all were risked; and all lost. And now, we owe even the shelter of this rude hut to the kindness of her, for whose sake my Horace is banished from his home, and from his country; to her, whom, in my days of affluence and pride, I spurned from me, and charged my son never to marry on pain of my curse!"

"Nay, do not agitate yourself by these reflections, my dear Edward," said Lady Bernard, for it was that unfortunate sufferer who spoke, "let us thank God that a friend was found, who has preserved us from the worst of human ills—utter destitution. And doubt not but Horace will return, and all will be well. But you have never yet told us why you so strenuously objected to the marriage of Horace and Miss Montmorency; come, if the subject be not too painful, tell me why you refused to receive as a daughter one who would grace a coronet?"

"The subject is a painful one, my love; but you have a right to know why I acted as I did: why, even now, I shrink from Marian Montmorency as I would from a deadly serpent, though *she* is unoffending; she is innocent, let who will be guilty. But you shall hear my story.

"You will be surprised Emily, when I tell you, that I *had* a sister."

"A sister!"

"Yes, a sister; good as she was beautiful, an angel of benevolence and love. I loved her, she was dear to my heart, as the blood that circles in my veins, and I was to her—brother—father—all; for we lost our parents at a very early age. We were left to the guardianship of Sir Everard Digby, and I was sent to Eton, and from thence to Oxford, with young Charles Digby; whilst my sister remained under the maternal care of his mother, who fulfilled to her all the duties of that relation. Henry Montmorency was our companion, our friend at school, and at college; he accompanied us home at the vacations; and noticing a growing attachment between him and my darling Louisa, I fondly anticipated the day when we should be brothers in name as we already were in heart. After we had been some time at college, I began to notice conduct in Charles Digby, which, to me, was painful and unaccount-

able. He avoided the company of myself and Montmorency; was frequently absent from his rooms—seemed to be altered in temper and disposition, and to have discarded all his amiable qualities. Time brought no change for the better; on the contrary all his bad propensities appeared to increase, and at home as well as at college, the change in Charles Digby became matter of lamentation and regret."

"But what of Montmorency?" said Lady Bernard.

"He still continued my intimate friend, my loved associate, and the attachment between him and Louisa seemed hourly to strengthen. Alas! that such a fair prospect should have been so bitterly blighted!

"The time was drawing near for our leaving college, when one night a riot, attended with much injury to the persons and properties of the townsmen, occurred between them and a party of the collegians; in which the latter were not only the aggressors, but, instigated by one of their leaders, they committed such outrages, that no other course could be pursued, than to enforce the statutes against the offenders. The principal was Charles Digby. He came to me and Montmorency to implore us to bear testimony that he was in his room during the evening; which, he said, would be the means of saving him from ruin, from expulsion. Our hearts bled for the misery his disgrace would bring upon his family; but we could not consent to purchase his escape by forfeiting our own honour. He left us, vowing vengeance; he was expelled, and from that hour I have never seen him!"

"Yes! you have seen me often, and my vow has been fulfilled!" These words, which caused all the inmates of the cottage to start from their seats, were uttered by a man, who, during the conversation here related, had entered the apartment unobserved, concealing himself within the shadow of the door, and who now came forward, and confronted Sir Edward Bernard, casting upon him a look of deadly malignity.

"Eustace!" exclaimed the latter;—"my bane—my destroyer; the monster who lured me to the gaming-table, and there

deprived me, by base and dishonorable means deprived me, of that fortune which ought to have been my children's; and reduced me to this state of abject dependence. Begone, whilst my reason remains, lest I strike thee to my feet, and rid the earth of such a villain."

"Not so fast—Sir Edward Bernard,—not so fast," retorted the intruder, drawing a pistol from his bosom, and presenting it at the baronet. A scream from the ladies, who threw themselves before their father and husband, induced him to put it up, and he continued,—*"I have no intention to use this weapon except in self-defence; but Sir Edward shall hear me, and know me too."* He then removed a wig, which was made so as to give a completely different cast to his features, shading part of them with huge whiskers and moustaches—and exclaimed *"Behold me!"*

"Gracious Heaven! Charles Digby!" said the astonished Sir Edward.

"Yes—the disgraced—the ruined Charles Digby. My expulsion from college under the circumstances which you so well know, and from which a word from you and Montmorency would have saved me—broke the heart of my mother, and my father soon followed her to the grave. I stood alone in the world, and I determined to wreak a bitter revenge on my destroyer!"

"Monster—we were not your destroyers—how could we have saved you, except by forfeiting our own honour?"

"I care not for your honour—I *know*, by speaking *one word* you *could* have saved me, but *would* not: and mark my revenge. 'Twas I contrived to carry off your sister who dearly loved Montmorency, and by my arts, the blame was thrown upon him. Enraged at his denial of what, in truth, he knew nothing about, you struck him: a duel followed, and I saw both my enemies wounded, expecting to die, and helpless at my feet!"—A fiendish laugh, which struck horror into the breasts of his hearers, denoted the exultation this depraved and heartless being still felt at the contemplation of his crimes. His victim was agitated by intense emotion, but seemed deprived of the power of speech. Digby continued—"Your sister escaped some years after from my control, and was found by you insane and dying.

I gloried in the determined hate I heard you avow to Montmorency, but my heart bled at the poor girl's sufferings—I sought not to harm her, and I rejoiced when I heard she was dead."

"My poor murdered Louisa!" ejaculated Sir Edward.

"You married—went abroad—and I lost sight of you for years. When you returned, you brought with you your two children; and when I first encountered you again, I found your son was at school near the village to which Montmorency had retired after his estrangement from you. Here he married, and I brought Horace Bernard and Marian Montmorency together. 'Twas I denounced their loves to you; and when you banished Horace from your house, for refusing to give up the lovely girl, I, as Eustace, took advantage of your agitated state of mind; I took you to the gaming-table, and there your fortune became mine: the mansion of your ancestors was transferred to me, and by me to strangers; and last night your son stood as an alien in the home of his fathers."

Here, another stranger was at hand. Turning her eye towards the door, Lady Bernard exclaimed—

"My dear Horace! And is he returned!"

"Yes, he is here—to restore you to your station, and to humble that monster with the dust," said Horace, who had entered the cottage, and caught the last sentences uttered by Digby, and his mother's exclamation. He was accompanied by Montmorency and his daughter; and the two estranged friends were soon in each other's arms.

"And you, too, Montmorency; my vengeance did not allow you to escape. Your wife was innocent. 'Twas I contrived the appearances which fixed on her the charge of criminality, and embittered the happiness of your wedded life."

"Villain," said Horace, "your power to do evil now ceases. The accomplice in the plunder of my father has betrayed you; I have traced you on this visit of evil; and the officers are at the door to convey you to prison, where you will have to answer with your life to the violated laws of your country. Men, do your duty."

The culprit was seized, conveyed to



town, and lodged in Newgate. There, conscience-stricken, he returned to Sir Edward Bernard the title-deeds of the estates he had deprived him of at the gaming-table. Remorse still pursued him; and a fever—its consequence—removed him from the scene of his earthly existence before the appointed day of trial.

Horace Bernard, who, during his absence from home, had distinguished himself by fighting his country's battles, soon after married Marian Montmorency; and the families of Bernard and Montmorency were never more disunited.

W. C. STAFFORD.

## Original Poetry.

### THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

*By Henry Bradfield, Esq.*

COME to me—hope of my heart !  
Come to me—daughter of love !  
Come to me ere I depart  
'Mid the climes of the stranger to rove :  
Come, ere my bark glides over the sea,  
Let me breathe a last farewell to thee.

Think of me when far away,  
When the night-star sheds its ray !  
Think of me when the bright moon gleams,  
Over our woodland vales and streams !  
Think of me when thy footsteps roam  
'Mid the sylvan shades of our native home.

I wander to a distant shore,  
To join in the ranks of the brave ;  
Perchance—to return no more,  
But find with the stranger a grave !  
I care not—so that I die with the free,  
If I win but the tears of my country and thee.

Thy form in my sleep shall appear  
As beauteous, as hallowed, and dear  
As when in my heart's fondest beat  
I beheld thee, and sighed at thy feet :  
When I deemed that none breathed who  
could match thee in worth,  
And thy spirit too pure for the mortals of earth.

Death's weapons of terror may bound me,  
The cohorts of foemen surround me !  
The slave, or the coward betray me,  
The sword of the despot may slay me !  
Still, while I respire the breath of the free,  
Till my blood hath gushed forth, I'll be true  
to thee.

The spell of thy beauty shall haunt me,  
No peril of battle shall daunt me !  
With my hand on my bright gleaming sword  
I will think thou hast spoken the word :  
On ! on to the field ! with the warrior's cry  
Of death or triumphant victory.

Come to me—pride of my heart !  
Come to me—daughter of love !  
Come to me, ere I depart  
'Mid the climes of the stranger to rove :  
Come, ere my bark glides over the sea,  
With a kiss, let me sigh farewell to thee.

### THE DREAMS OF OUR DEAD.

*By H. C. Deakin, Esq.*

THE dreams of our dead ! the dreams of our  
dead !

What are the dreams of our mighty dead ?  
Do they dream of the heavens above,  
Or of the earth beneath ?

Do they dream of the sun-bright skies,  
Of the clouds, or the red-rain'd storms,  
Of the one pale star of eve,  
That heralds the huntress Queen ?

Do they dream of the solemn night,  
Of the jewels that deck her throne,  
Of the day that is locked within  
Her melancholy arms ?

Do they dream of their mother's bowers,  
Or dream they of their father's swords,  
Of the banners that floated o'er  
Death's crimson chivalry ?

Do they dream of the waves that roll  
Around their father-land,  
Of the surge, the surf, the gathering storms  
That lash her island shore ?

Do they dream of the dark abode,  
Where changing and chill they lie,  
Or sweep their spirits scornfully  
Their shattered shrouds aside ?

Oh ! they sail on the far free air,  
They ride on the star-lit cloud,  
And they're haunting their father-land,  
With melancholy sighs.

In the whispering winds they're heard,  
That hallow the eve's repose,  
And they bear the shadows of night  
Over the sunless sky !

Their dreams are of the days no more,  
Of the banner and tented plain,  
Of the battle's triumphant roar,  
And songs of victory !

#### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

HOPE ushers in the spring, and breathes  
anew  
Young life, young vigour, to the drooping  
heart :  
Yet, yet, my mother, when I think on you,  
Hope quivering flies, and turns affection's  
dart.

Still as I linger on thy peaceful grave,  
Watching the evening's close—the stilly  
dew—

I think on Him who has the power to save—  
Sweet angel-mother, then I think on you !

And as the wild grass waves o'er thy cold  
grave,  
Rushes to memory thy silent worth ;  
Just so thou bent, just so stern death would  
brave,  
If still his power could touch thy spot of  
earth.

And as the light wave still propels the foam,  
Remembrance of thy virtue checks the tear ;  
My rebel heart would scarcely yet disown,  
But thy green grave tells who lies mouldering  
here.

Yet, yet, sweet spirit ! still forgive the sigh,  
That bursting from my heart escapes unseen  
By those, whose untouched hearts pass  
coldly by  
The child whose sorrow must be ever green.

F. W. D. M.

#### BELOVED NAMOURA ! SMILE AGAIN,

BELOVED Namoura ! smile again,  
Resume thy joyous lay,  
And join in pleasure's festive train,  
The gayest of the gay :  
Repress, sweet love, the rising sigh,  
And chase the tear that dims thine eye.

Revive that smile, in happier hours  
Thy cheek was wont to wear,  
When life's bright path was strewn with  
flowers,  
And unalloyed by care.  
The numbers of thy lyre awake,  
And grief's wild transports, love ! forsake.

Lament not scenes of vanished bliss,  
Nor sadly yield to woe,  
But in affection's gentle kiss,  
Calm—calm the heart's o'erflow.  
Oh ! do not let me plead in vain,  
Beloved Namoura ! smile again !

OMEGA.

#### SONG.

*By Henry Brandreth, Jun., Esq.*

THEY tell me she's another's,  
Has she then forgot her vow ?  
Yet sits there not her mother's  
Soul of truth upon her brow ?  
And wears she not the heather,  
Though all faded, in her hair,  
Love's gift when we together,  
Light of heart, strayed every where ?

Yet if within our bosoms  
Love's fond hopes must sleep entombed,  
I'll think but of the blossoms  
That with springtide promise bloomed.  
And I'll forget her beauty—  
Would I could her voice and lyre !  
I know too well the duty  
Of a daughter to her sire.

And when the western billow  
Bears my bark athwart the sea,  
And she on pleasure's pillow  
Sleeps in sweet tranquillity—  
My fervent prayer shall ever  
Be for her I loved in vain ;  
But oh ! this bosom never  
More with love shall throb again.

#### AN ITALIAN NIGHT.

" Earth has not any thing to shew more fair."

WORDSWORTH.

OH, yes, 'tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet to see  
The daylight fade in that pure lovely clime,  
To watch the sunbeam's parting ray, what  
time

The stars are rising o'er the twilight sea,  
For then the night comes on all silently,  
With all her host of stars pure streaming  
still

O'er mount and wave, lake, bower, and hill.  
From the far depths of the clear quiet sky  
There nought disturbs the beauty of the  
hour,

Save where from far the mimic lightning  
plays,

Shedding around a gleam of dazzling power,  
As though to mock the fire-fly's fitful rays,  
As hovering high on starry wings of light  
She seems to give new life to the silence of  
the night.

F. S. MULLER.

## Records of the Beau Monde.

### FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1831.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

##### English fashions.

###### EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of rose-coloured crape over satin to correspond. *Corsage* cut low, plain at the top, but with a slight degree of fulness at the bottom of the waist. It is drawn down a little in the centre of the bosom, so as partially to display a blond lace *chemisette*. *Beret* sleeve, surmounted by very full *mancherons*. The skirt is finished by a flounce of the same material: it is cut round the border in deep scallops, which are bound by a narrow satin *rou-leau*: immediately above them is a rich embroidery in white floize silk, in a lace pattern. The hair is dressed very full at the sides of the face, and quite off the forehead; the hind hair is disposed in a single round bow. A *bouquet*, composed of a single white rose with buds and foliage, is placed on one side among the front curls, and a *chef d'or* is brought from behind the bow at the back of the head, round upon the forehead. The ear-rings, brooch, and *ceinture* buckle are gold.

###### OPERA DRESS.

A GOWN of *reps Indienne* of a bright full shade of blue; the *corsage* low and square behind, and sitting close to the shape. The front is arranged *en cœur*, but without a *revers*. Long sleeves, of the *Imbecille* form, surmounted by epaulettes of a round shape, edged with fancy silk trimming. Two rows of similar trimming, but each headed by a *rouleau*, go round the border. They are placed at some distance from each other; the highest a little below the knee. The head-dress is a blond lace cap, the caul of which is open: the trimming of the front, deeper on one side than on the other, is turned back on the right side by a large *bouquet* of exotics, and by a sprig of foliage on the left. The *brides* are gold-coloured gauze ribbon.

Ruby ear-rings. Gold bracelets, with ruby clasps. Boa tippet of sable fur.

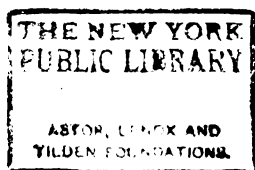
##### French fashions.

###### WEDDING DRESS.

A dress of *blonde de Chantilly*, over white satin; the *corsage* of the lace dress, cut low and square round the bosom, is ornamented with a lappel which forms points upon the shoulders; the points falling over a single row of superb blond lace, which covers the short *beret* sleeve of the white satin under-dress. Two very deep flounces, so arranged that one falls a little over the other, reach from the bottom of the skirt considerably above the knee, and are surmounted by a very rich embroidery. The wedding veil, also of *blonde de Chantilly*, is arranged in the drapery style at the back of the head, and the corners, brought round the base of the bows of hair on the summit of the head, are attached by a nuptial garland of orange flowers. A *bandeau* of emeralds set in gold goes round the forehead; ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets to correspond.

###### DINNER DRESS.

A GOWN of lavender-coloured satin, *corsage drapé*, and cut very low. White satin short sleeves, over which are long ones of white grenadine gauze. The epaulettes are of velvet to correspond with the dress. They are very small, and are open on the shoulder. Velvet cuffs, very deep, and cut round the upper edge in points. The skirt is trimmed in the style of a drapery down one side of the front, and round the border at the knee, with a fancy velvet trimming to correspond with the dress. The head-dress is a white crape *toque*, ornamented with the plumage of birds of paradise, and gold beads. The jewellery worn with this dress should be gold and pearls.





*Evening Dress.*

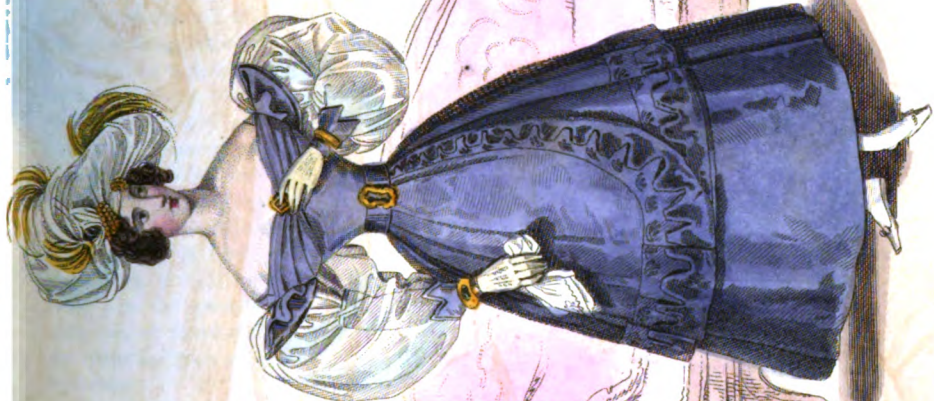
*Opera Dress.*

*London: Published by Whitaker & Co. in La Belle Assemblée (New Series) No. 75 for March 1832.*

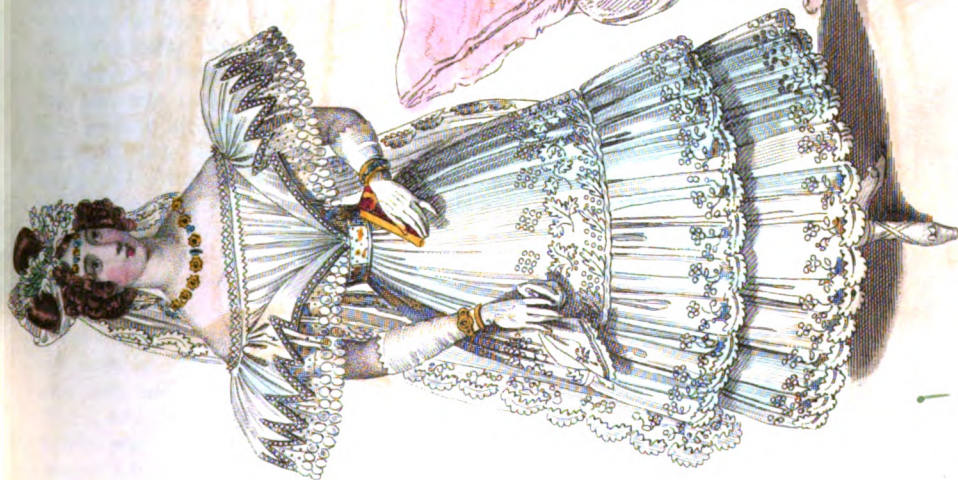




*Green Dress*

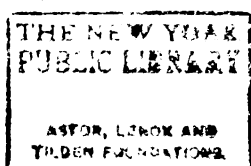


*Blue Dress*



*White Dress*

*March 1831*



## EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of rose-coloured *mousseline de soie*, over satin to correspond. The *corsage drapé à la Grecque*, but higher than usual; long sleeves, surmounted by small printed epaulettes. The mantle is printed *gros de Naples*; the ground a light green. It is lined with white satin. The pelerine is of the usual form and size, but the collar, which is cut in points, and stands up round the throat, is very novel. The head-dress is a turban composed of white *gaze de soie*. *Parure* of coloured gems.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

OR

## FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THIS is one of the months in which out-door dress affords little novelty, even to such an indefatigable gleaner in the field of fashion as ourself. The reason is obvious, winter recedes, and spring is hardly near enough to enable our *élégantes* to bring forward any new inventions in spring fashions. Next month we shall offer our fair readers some that will be well worthy of their notice. *En attendant coici*, a rich harvest for *belles* who delight in the splendid novelties of grand costume, or those still more attractive to the younger part of our fair readers, of ball dress.

First, however, a word *en passant* on carriage toilettes. We have seen several mantles, the capes and collars of which were rounded at the corners, and one or two bordered with swan's-down. Satin hats are more in favour than velvet, and light colours are preferred. Azure-blue, amethyst, and rose, lined with white satin, and finished with a full fall of white blond lace round the brim, are most elegant; they are trimmed with ribbons to correspond with the hat, edged with a very light white silk fringe.

Velvet has not yet diminished in favour in full dress. *Corsages drapés* are fashionable even for this material, though plain ones are more so. The fullness of the skirt is no longer thrown so much before, which has certainly a graceful effect. Waists are also a little shorter, but as yet the difference in their length is trifling. Long sleeves of blond lace con-

tinue in favour. We have noticed some made open from the bend of the arm to the wrist, but closed by round rosettes made of cut ribbon, with a small star of *or* *nut* in the centre of each.

White satin is in still greater favour than velvet. A dress composed of it has the *corsage* draped in the Grecian style, and that part of the bust which is cut to resemble a cymar, bordered with narrow blond lace. Short sleeves, blond over satin, draped in the form of a shell by light silver ornaments. The trimming of the skirt is a silver embroidery, in a very light wreath of foliage above the hem.

The materials for ball dress remain the same, with the addition of gold and silver gauze and crape, which are both very much worn. Ball dresses are extremely short; the *corsages* are in drapery, either *à la Sévigné*, or *à la Grecque*. We scarcely see any made plain. Many, instead of being adorned with a *mantille* of blond lace, have a square piece covered with platted *tulle*, which falls over the back of the bust.

A most elegant ball dress is composed of white crape, and trimmed above the hem with two *chefs d'or*. *Corsage à la Sévigné*, the fullness confined by long gold *agraffes*. Short full sleeve, arranged in a double *bouffant* by a *chef d'or*.

Another very rich dress is of silver gauze *arcéphone*: the *corsage* is of crossed drapery, over a low square one of white satin, lightly embroidered round the bust in satin. *Béret* sleeve, ornamented in the centre with a full knot of silver gauze ribbon. The trimming of the skirt consists of silver gauze ribbon, disposed in zig-zag, and ornamented at each point with a knot of ribbon to correspond.

The trimming of a white crape dress is very rich and original: it is a gold embroidery in relief, representing large rings enchained one within the other.

A striped gauze dress may be pronounced, both in form and trimming, among the most novel of the month: it is of rose-colour, with broad white satin stripes. The *corsage* is bordered with a fold the shawl style, on which three rows plain *tulle*, rose-colour, but of a fuller shade than the dress, are disposed in round full plaits, each row falling over the upper part of the one below it. A si-



milar trimming, but much deeper, adorns the skirt.

The hems of ball dresses are not near so deep as they were last year, the trimming is consequently placed below the knees, which has a better and more tasteful effect.

Head-dresses of hair have diminished in height. We still see a few, but very few, ladies who wear the front hair combed up from the face in the Chinese style: nothing can be more generally unbecoming, except to extreme youth, and even then the features must be not only pretty, but have a mild and childish expression to look well in this *coiffure*.

When the hair is curled, it is less divided than usual on the forehead; the curls are lighter, and do not fall so low upon the cheeks. The hind hair is arranged in bows, mingled with plaited braids; or else in the latter only, which are placed one above another, and form a small crown. A knot of gauze, or an ornament of cut ribbon issues from the centre of the crown, if the head dress is for a social party. If for full dress, jewelled ornaments are placed in front of it, or else a wreath of *marabouts*, mingled with flowers, or with gold, silver, or diamond *épis* surrounds it. This last is a *coiffure* particularly appropriate for ball dress. Another that is in the full odour of fashionable popularity, consists of the hair arranged in bows, among which are placed two birds of paradise on the summit of the head, drooping in opposite directions, and a *bandeau* either of diamonds or pearls brought low upon the forehead.

Flowers are but partially worn in the hair in full dress: they are for the most part arranged in *chaperons*: in some instances, however, they are worn in detached sprigs inserted in the bows of hair.

*Bérets* are extensively seen; the most elegant are composed of coloured gauze figured in gold or silver, and ornamented with a bird of paradise, or an *esprit*. They are made very wide at the sides, and do not come low behind: they are worn a little on one side, and very far back.

The most splendid *parure* that has been seen this season is composed of topazes

set in diamonds. The ear-rings are of the girandole form; the jewels of the necklace are arranged in lozenges, and united by gold *chainons* of the most delicate workmanship; but the most beautiful part of the *parure* is the comb, which is divided into five or six sprigs of flowers, mounted in an elegant and singularly light style.

Fashionable colours are ruby, various shades of green, lavender, and rose-colour, violet, amethyst, celestial blue, and marshmallow.

## Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN  
COSTUME.

*By a Parisian Correspondent.*

### COSTUME OF PARIS.

SHADE of Le Reis, was it possible for you to return to Paris, where for so many years you reigned sole sovereign of milliners, what would be your consternation, your horror, at the scarcity of new fashions! How to account for the fact I know not, but a fact it really is, that invention, as far as regards out-door dress, is quite at a stand-still among us. Nevertheless, our promenades look very gay. They are well filled, owing to the fineness of the weather; and if we have not any new or striking fashions, there are at least a sufficient variety of those that have been some time displayed.

Among the revived fashions are pantaloons of very fine cambrics, which have recently been seen in the Tuileries Gardens, on a few *merveilleuses*. They are made in the form of Turkish trowsers, very wide and long; they are differently trimmed at the bottom; some are bordered with narrow Valenciennes lace, others embroidered, but the greater number are finished by very small tucks laid close together.

Pantaloons are not likely to be generally adopted, which for propriety's sake is a pity, since the extreme shortness of walking dress would really render them very decorous appendages to it. Cashmere shawls, which, in an interregnum of fashion, are always sure to be brought

forward, are in favour, with *gros de Naples* or *Cachemierienne* dresses. *Redingotes* of *gros de Naples*, or *gros des Indes*, are worn with boa tippets only. *Redingotes* have for the most part plain bodies, such as described in the beginning of the winter, made very much in the style of a gentleman's coat. *Chemisettes* are no longer frilled round, but trimmed instead with narrow Valenciennes lace, and the collar, which is not so deep as has been worn, turns partially over a *sautoir* of striped or tartan *gros de Naples*. They are very small, and are tied round the throat in the cravat style.

*Capotes* are rather more in use than last month, but still they are not so much worn as hats. Those of the latter most in request for the public gardens or morning visits, are of deep blue, or full rose-coloured satin. They are trimmed with small knots of cut ribbon, which always correspond with the hat; the only difference in the trimming now and last month is, that the knots are smaller and fewer in number. One only is placed on the inside of the brim. Velvet hats are nearly as much seen. Their shapes are the same, but they are sometimes trimmed with feathers, and almost always have the inside of the brim decorated with blond lace.

White *chaly*, with coloured satin spencers, begins to be much worn in half dress. Some have the skirt untrimmed, others are decorated above the hem with a row of open chain trimming, composed of satin *rouleaus*, to correspond with the spencer. That is made very open on the bust, with a deep collar and lappels. Spencers are sometimes edged with a velvet piping. The *chemisette* must be of blond lace, or embroidered *tulle*; it is thrown open at the neck, but a *sautoir* of China crape, embroidered in coloured silk, is generally tied carelessly round the throat.

You have seen no doubt various accounts of the ball given at the Opera House for the benefit of the poor. Some of the papers (I mean ours of course) have represented it as a scene of enchantment, in which the women all looked like so many Venuses, robed by the hands of Taste and Magnificence; while others have plainly declared that the dresses in

general had neither originality nor novelty, and that many of them were ridiculous and ungraceful.

Truth may lie between these accounts; there certainly were very few *toilettes* of a novel description, but there were many splendid, and some tasteful ones. Generally speaking, however, the dresses did equal in elegance or richness those of the preceding years.

The dresses of the Queen, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and the young Princesses, were remarkably splendid. It was the first time that the latter were seen richly dressed. Hitherto they had appeared like all unmarried young ladies in France, in a style of great simplicity.

The lady patronesses were not in uniform, but their dresses were in general white, composed of either crape or *Donna Maria* gauze, embroidered in silver above the hem. Their head dresses were feathers of the national colours; that is to say, white or red; for blue feathers were very little worn. Each of these ladies had on the left shoulder a tri-coloured knot, formed of ribbons of the national colours, which had been sent to them by the queen.

The dresses were of crape gauze and *tulle*; many were plain, others of *lama*, or embroidered in gold, silver, or coloured silks. The *corsages*, of the usual form, were principally trimmed with blond lace round the bust and on the sleeves, which were *bérets*, or else short, and in *bouffants*. Watered velvet, satin, and *velours d'Ispahan*, were worn by ladies who did not dance.

Many of the dresses were not trimmed round the border: those that were, had an embroidery either in gold, silver, or coloured silks, or else they were adorned with *chefs d'or* or *argent*.

*Coiffures* of feathers, of almost all colours, arranged with singular grace and novelty, were those most generally adopted. Garlands, *bouquets*, and *chaperons*, seemed all equally in favour. The number of head dresses adorned with flowers was comparatively few.

*Coiffures en cheveux* were not so numerous as last year. There were numerous turbans and *bérets*; and some, but not a great number, of *toques*. Birds of paradise, or ostrich feathers, were generally employ-

ed in the decoration of those head dresses. There were also several hats; an innovation in very bad taste, and some of them of the Chinese form perfectly ridiculous.

Two days afterwards a dress ball was given at Court; the toilettes were in better taste, characterized rather by simple elegance than by splendour. Flowers, feathers, and fancy *bijoux* were more numerous than diamonds. Head dresses of hair, too, were more generally adopted, and there was not a single *belle* in a hat.

But the ball *par excellence* was that given on the fourth of this month by the English Ambassador. Whether it were from a spirit of rivalry between the French and English ladies, I know not, but it is certain that the dresses were more splendid, and in better taste than at any ball given this season, that at Court not excepted.

The materials were the same I have already mentioned, but the trimmings were more varied. Some very elegant ones were a mixture of silk and silver, or gold, *bouquets*; the flowers were worked in silk after nature, and separated by sprigs of gold or silver foliage.

Another very splendid trimming is composed of a row of satin scallops, placed at the upper edge of the hem, and falling over it. They are bordered with a silver fringe of that very light kind called *effilé*; and in the centre of each scallop is a stud embroidered in silver. A less splendid, but very novel, trimming is a sort of net

of white beads, which adorned a pale rose-coloured crape dress round the border. The sleeves, of the Spanish kind, were covered with a net of the same description: it was drawn close round the band of the sleeve, and was terminated by a row of ornaments of the pear form, but of a small size, which fell upon the arm.

Several of the *coiffures* were remarkably splendid: the diamonds used to decorate them were generally mounted in *bouquets* of flowers, or in *épis*, upon stalks, so contrived as to give that vacillating motion to the flowers, which produces so graceful an effect with feathers. They were placed in half wreaths, in diadems, surmounting the bows of hair, or between feathers.

There were many *coiffures* ornamented with flowers and pearls. The favourite flower is the *sapinette* of Algiers, arranged in a kind of *gerbe*, like the tail of a bird of paradise.

*Coiffures* of feathers were very numerous; some of ostrich, others *marabouts*. Several wreaths of the last-mentioned were intermingled with roses, or with the short plumage of foreign birds.

Full rich colours, as *ponceau*, violet, dark green, dark blue, and the richer shades of brown, are much worn, both in promenade and half dress; but light colours, as rose, pale lemon-colour, *bleu-Adelaide*, pea-green, and, above all, white, are most worn in full dress.

## Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN  
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND  
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

It is well observed by Mr. Stebbing, in his Preface to the "*Lives of the Italian Poets*," now before us, in three volumes, that "Italy was the cradle of modern learning, and to her poets we owe in great measure its present diffusion among the people of Europe. Princes have occasionally fostered men of learning, but it is the poets who have fostered learning itself; and while

the lives of these great men are left unstudied, we keep closed one of the most useful and valuable volumes in the history of the human mind. In addition to these considerations, there is one peculiarly applicable to English readers. The Italian Muse held early commerce with our own, and taught her some of the sweetest mysteries of the art; and in the present day, sev-

ral of our most elegant writers have thought themselves well employed in giving their countrymen an opportunity of enjoying the noble sentiments and brilliant inventions of Italian genius in their own language. The names of Carey, of Rose, and Wiffin, need but be mentioned to remind the English reader, that in transferring the works of the three greatest poets of Italy into our mother tongue, translation has been carried to a degree of perfection scarcely in any instance before attained; while the name of Roscoe, so worthy in every respect of veneration, reminds us how much has been done in this country to make known the most important periods of Italian history."—Considering how much the study of Italian literature, and Italian history, has, of late years, been cultivated in this country, it is remarkable that a series of the lives of the Italian poets has never before been offered to the public. Mr. Stebbing has, at length, very respectably supplied a valuable *desideratum*. His *Lives*, commencing with Dante and closing with Alfieri, are, with much propriety, dedicated to Samuel Rogers, who, should his name be found at all in the records of some future Johnson, must be indebted for the immortality of fame to his "Italy."

Mr. Stebbing's production is distinguished by carefulness of reading and of research on the part of its author; by purity of taste; by neatness of style; and by mildness, liberality, and generosity of sentiment. Its deficiencies we consider to be a want of spirit and of power—of great and commanding views of men and of circumstances. If space would have allowed, the interest of the work might have been much heightened by the introduction of more numerous specimens from the writings of the respective poets whose lives are given—something in the spirit and manner of Campbell's *British Poets*.

That Mr. Stebbing found a difficulty in compressing the biography of Petrarch, we can readily imagine; but certainly its length is, comparatively with that of others, disproportionate to the interest of the subject. Probably the most enlightened and most philosophic view that has ever been taken of the lives, characters, and writings of Dante and Petrarch, was that for which we are indebted to Ugo Foscolo, published some eight or nine years since. It might have been consulted with advantage on the present occasion.

In no instance, according to our estimation, has Mr. Stebbing been more successful

than in his life of Tasso, which presents a finely-drawn picture of the mind of that wonderful man. The mental malady under which he so long laboured, and his consequent sufferings, are thus touchingly sketched:—

"He had been now for seven years a captive; and during the best part of the time, had been confined in a small and unhealthy cell. Though latterly removed to a somewhat less loathsome chamber, and allowed for a brief period, to enjoy the free air of the country, he was still treated with rigorous austerity, and the hope that so-laced him one day, only served to deepen the despair of the next. Thus oppressed, his mind grew more and more willing to indulge in the reveries of a disordered fancy; his thoughts became visions; the terror of solitude, long suffered, was changed into a belief that the air was rife with beings of another world; all was confusion in his mind—splendid dreams—a resentful sense of injury—a consciousness of power that scarce any other human being possessed—and a knowledge forced upon him, at the same time, that not another could be found more dependant, more afflicted, or bowed nearer to the earth—with all these contradictory emotions in his soul, it is little to be wondered at that he every day became less capable of distinguishing between the suggestions of imagination and the real objects of sense, feverishly strong and active as was the former, and little as there was in the things around him to awaken any interest or keep alive any natural sympathy—the only principle in our being that can prevent the imagination from gaining dominion over the reason."

About this time Tasso "began to believe that he was haunted night and day by a malicious spirit, whose sole occupation it was to annoy him." At length he was liberated from his prison. "Seven years, two months, and some days had been passed there; and if it be only remembered how many horrors, both from within and without, were crowded into one of his days or nights, what an age of mental and bodily suffering shall we see comprehended in that period!" After his liberation, Tasso's imagined "intercourse was with a loftier spirit—with one that seemed to meet his thoughts midway to heaven, and to be sent to make his meditations more solemn and sublime." Manso, "a man of elegant mind, and whose perception of Tasso's feelings was as quick as his desire to soothe them, won his confidence, and rendered his society agreeable to him, by that unobtrusive but warm friendship, which is especially acceptable to a mind so desirous of sympathy, yet so irritable and suspicious as that of Tasso." Manso, in a letter to the

Prince of Conca, gives a circumstantial account of the supernatural visitations of the poet, as received from his own mouth. He observes—

"That he had used all the arguments in his power to convince him that his visions were the effect of a disordered imagination; shewing the improbability of their reality from the consideration that he had no reason to fear that demons would be permitted to torment him, and that it would be presumptuous to suppose that an angel would be visibly sent for his consolation. To these arguments Tasso replied, that the uniform character of the vision with which he had now for some time past been haunted, disproved the idea of its not being real, imagination working more capriciously and wildly. He remarked also, that the mind had not the power of reasoning distinctly while deluded by fancy; whereas he had held many and long and continued conversations with the spirit which attended him, and had heard from it things which neither he nor any other man had ever before heard, or read, or known. 'To which remark,' observes Manso, 'I still continued to object, till one day in the heat of our argument, he said, 'Since I cannot convince you by reason, I will undeceive you by experience, and will make you see with your own eyes the spirit which you will not believe in from my words!' I accepted the proposal; and the following day, while we were sitting alone by the fire, he turned his face towards the window, on which he fixed his eyes, and when I spoke to him, he made no answer: at last he said, 'See! the friendly spirit has courteously come to speak with me; attend, and you will perceive the truth of my words.' I instantly turned my eye in the direction in which he pointed; but though I looked intently, I could perceive nothing, except the rays of the sun, which entered the room through the window. While, however, I was looking, I heard Torquato commence a most sublime conversation with something or other; for, though I neither saw nor heard any one but himself, his words, as he propounded and replied, were like those used by a person in earnest debate. From what he said, I could easily comprehend what the replies were which he received, though they were unheard by the ear. And these reasonings were so grand and marvellous, from the sublimity of the things they contained, and from a certain something not common in discourse, that I was almost stupified with wonder, and dared neither interrupt Tasso, nor make any inquiries respecting the spirit with which he had made me acquainted, but which I saw not. I therefore continued to listen, full of wonder and delight, and unheeded by Tasso, till, as I understood from his words, the spirit was leaving him, when he

turned to me, and said, 'All doubts will now be for ever banished from your mind.' To which I answered, they are but increased; for I have heard many things worthy of marvel, but have seen nothing that you promised to show me to dissipate my incredulity. He replied, 'You have, perhaps, seen and heard much more than'—but there he stopped; and as I did not dare to trouble him with any further questions, the conversation ended.'"

We have room only to add, that Mr. Stebbing's work is illustrated by twenty very neatly-executed little medallion portraits.

After Lloyd's, and after Croly's, comes the first volume of "*The History of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth*," constituting the second volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library. This production, which commences with the reign of George the Third, is to be in three volumes. It evinces considerable research, and a thorough acquaintance with his subject on the part of the author; but while it is entitled to praise for abundant spirit, cleverness, and tact, it is sadly deficient in temper, in candour, in liberality. If we are to adopt the creed of the writer whose book is before us, we must regard George the Third as an unkind, harsh, and intolerant father—as a narrow-minded and most unamiable man; and his successor as a selfish sensualist and heartless profligate. Even Belsham, the radical fabricator of a voluminous work miscalled history, could not have presented more ill-favoured portraits of men, one of whom we have been accustomed to look up to as the "good," the other as the accomplished, the generous, the magnificent monarch. The leaning, however, is stronger and more violent against the father than against the son. "George III. had an obstinacy of opinion which would not be enlightened, and an absoluteness of will which would not be opposed. He adhered to his tactics of using his ministers as mere tools, in spite of public odium and mischief, and he met the remonstrances of the metropolis, in particular, with indignity." This leads to the address of the city, presented in the year 1770, which the king answered with a harsh rebuke. "Beckford, Lord Mayor this year, a man of strong sense, nerve, and democratic independence, presented a third address, was replied to by the king in terms of disapprobation, and asked leave to rejoin. In the novelty and confusion of the request, leave was given or assumed; and Beckford improvised an admirable reply, which concluded as follows:—'Permit me, Sire, further to observe, that whoever has already

dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, by false insinuations and suggestions to alienate your majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, is an enemy to your majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution, as it was established at our glorious and necessary revolution.' 'The lord mayor,' says the Annual Register, 'waited near a minute for a reply, but none was given.' The fact was, that the king stood mute with anger; and the whole court with astonishment. Beckford's address was applauded to enthusiasm in the city, and is inscribed on the statue erected to him in Guildhall."—Now, as far as the plain and simple truth is concerned, Beckford's sole credit in the affair was derivable from his "nerve, and democratic independence"—or impudence; for, so far from his having *improvised* (if such a term be admissible in the English language) "an admirable reply," it is known to every man, woman, and child in the empire, that, in full anticipation of the king's disapproval, the said "admirable reply," had been *written*, and committed to memory—not written by the lord mayor, but by an obscure paragraphist of the day, whose name, though on record, we cannot at this moment call to mind. We dismiss this point with the simple observation, that *history* and *fact* OUGHT to be synonymous. In this volume is revived the silly and most groundless fancy that Burke was the author of Junius's Letters. Some day or other—for the secret was *not* buried with the writer, but is known to many—the public at large will be convinced by whom those famous letters were written. But the time is not yet come. With all its faults of strong prejudice and high colouring, the work before us is evidently, as we have intimated, the production of a man of talent, and well deserving of perusal.

On perusing the second volume of "*The History of France, by Eyre Evans Crowe*," we are not disposed to withhold one iota of the high praise which we found ourselves called upon to award to its precursor.\* The name of this writer must become better known, for genius and talent in combination will force their way. This volume, commencing with the reign of Louis XIII., brings the history down to 1792; and, consequently, embraces the earlier scenes of that horror of horrors, the French revolu-

tion. One of these, as a specimen of Mr. Crowe's clear and condensed, forcible and graphic style, we feel bound to offer to the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. Here is a portion of the narrative relating to the massacre of September 2, 1792. After the slaughter of two hundred of the principal ecclesiastics of the kingdom, at the convent of the *Carmes*—

"Thence the assassins returned to the Abbaye, and proceeded in form. They prepare a table, Maillard constitutes himself judge, with a dozen aids or assessors. He called for a list of the prisoners, which was delivered, the very gaoler fainting with horror at the scene which must follow. Maillard then addressed his comrades with the mockery of reason and calmness, and passed a panegyric upon justice. 'Do you,' said he to the band of assassins, 'place yourselves outside the gate. When I pronounce that the culprit should be transferred to *La Force*, strike him down and slay him as he goes out.' The artifice was applauded, as preventing struggles and difficulties, and the prisoners summoned. The first were Swiss. They met with no favour; were ordered out of the gate, and massacred. Next Montmorin was brought forth, he whose mock acquittal served as a pretext for these crimes; and underwent his fate. This scene was continued till late at night; the assassins pausing at times to refresh themselves with wine. The women however were spared. The daughter of the singular Cazotte saved her aged parent. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil made the same effort in behalf of her father, when a ruffian presented her with a goblet of blood, saying, 'Drink, drink the blood of the aristocrats!' To have some claim to pity, she actually swallowed the horrid draught, and M. de Sombreuil was spared. Others were preserved by a display of courage, and extorted pardon by exciting admiration: such is the caprice of crime. One thousand livres are registered in the books of the municipality as payment for these deeds. Each prison presented a similar scene. The number massacred is calculated at 13,000.

"Amongst those confined at La Force was the unfortunate and lovely princess De Lamballe, the friend of Marie Antoinette. She met no mercy. The pen refuses to trace the ineffable horrors committed on her remains. Her head, borne on a pike, was brought in procession to the Temple, where the *commune* had confined Louis and his queen. They were startled at the unusual tumult, and demanded the cause. Rushing to look at a window, Marie Antoinette was prevented by her guards. She pressed for explanation; and it was given:—'they sought to prevent her beholding the head of

\* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. xii. page 271.

the Princess Lamballe!" She fainted at the word in the arms of the no less wretched monarch."

We look forward with intense interest to the third and concluding volume of this work, which, besides portraying, in vivid colours, the wars of the revolution—the rise, progress, and fall of Buonaparte—and the restoration of the Bourbons—will, it is presumed, put us in possession of the state of affairs in France at the abdication of Charles X., and the accession of Philippe I.

"*The Incognito, or Sins and Peccadillos, by Don T. Trueba, Author of the 'Romance of History, Spain,' 'The Castilian,' &c.,*" is, as the writer informs us, an experiment in a line of composition which claims his partiality, and which he would willingly cultivate, despite the advice of some of his friends, who would counsel his adherence to Romance. "There are various reasons," observes the writer, "why I should not follow such advice. The first is a natural inclination for drawing sketches from real life, with which I am acquainted, rather than historical pictures, which is a kind of painting from memory, and for which I consider myself deficient in two principal requisites—a spirit of patient and laborious research, and powers of poetry for the descriptive portion of such works." So far, good; though we are not aware of the assumed deficiency of Don Trueba's descriptive powers. Indeed, his glowing picture of Aranjuez, in the present work—to say nothing of the graphic views which he has given of the society and manners of the lower as well as of the higher classes, in Madrid,—is sufficient to induce us to entertain an opposite opinion.—"Besides," continues our author, "Sir Walter Scott has made this line of composition so peculiarly—so absolutely his own, as to afford little encouragement to those who humbly follow in his track." All this we deny. Sir Walter Scott's right of appropriation in romance is no more absolute than is that of Gibbon, Robertson, or Hume, in history. Not one of the parties named was ever entitled to take out a patent of invention. "But perhaps a reason superior to those which I have already enumerated, will be found in the prevailing taste of the day—a taste which naturally springs from the very spirit of the age, and which looks eagerly for fact even in fiction; and is gratified in proportion as a scene, an event, or a character, bears nearest to the interest, prejudices, and state of present society." Here, then, we

conceive, is the true key to Don Trueba's determination to produce "the first Spanish novel of its class, which has appeared in England." In fact, "*The Incognito*" is a fashionable novel, the scene of which is laid in Madrid about the year 1819; at a time when "the several plots and unsuccessful attempts of Lacy, Vidal, and Portier, together with the tragical end of those chiefs, and above all the consummate specimen of double dealing in the late affair of the Count de Abisbal (General O'Donnell), kept men's minds in a constant state of excitement; not so much for those events in themselves, as through dread of being wrongly implicated and punished accordingly." Be it understood, however, that this is not a political novel, in any sense of the word; its characters and events are almost exclusively of a domestic nature. Founded in mystery, it has, as far as the conduct of the story is concerned, all the deep interest of romance; but the work is chiefly valuable for the vivid national sketches which it affords of the existing manners and customs of Spain. The description of El Avapiés, the St. Giles's of Madrid, and the feast of the *manolos*—a ruffianly crew, distinct from the rest of the inhabitants of the capital—is excellent.

"Sometimes indeed you may see one of them—a tall, swarthy, long-whiskered, ferocious-looking fellow, indolently reclining against a wall, basking in the sun, whilst at his feet, upon a rag of an old brown cloak, is displayed 'a beggarly account' of rusty nails, a lock, an old blade of a sword, a tinder-box, a few flints, two horse-shoes, sundry pieces of old iron, and similar trumpery. But how with the product of this merchandisè he contrives to live, find his expenses in cigars and wine, shew-off on a Sunday in a fine cloak or a silk neck-cloth, treat his *maja* and buy her ribands, savours indeed a little of the miraculous. The *manolos* are great *connoisseurs* in horses and bull-fights, and are to be found amongst muleteers and carriers, which trades they sometimes, though seldom, follow; they flock to the court-yards of *mesones* and inns, with what intention I leave the charitable reader to imagine, and when they have absolutely no other way of killing time, they creep from their *sanctorum* and venture to the *Puerta del Sol*, where they loiter and lounge in clusters, discussing the merits of the bull-fighters, and recounting the wonderful feats of courage of some member of the fraternity. The *manolos* must not, however, be all confounded together. They have their ranks and gradations. Every *manolo* is not a *majo*, for this is an appellation bestowed

on, or assumed by, those who in virtue of their wealth, bravery, and deeds of gallantry, consider themselves entitled to the distinction."

The descriptions of the Spanish coffee-houses—festivities at Christmas—the entrance of troops of turkeys into Madrid at that season—the *nacimiento*, or representation of the nativity, are all lively, striking, and Teniers-like in detail.

Don Trueba's characters are full of spirit; but, are they not occasionally overstrained? Were it not for the deference which is due to a native of the country in which the scene is laid, we should also be disposed to regard some of the characters—Verdeflor, for instance—as rather English—or French—than Spanish.

All that we shall say of the plot of this novel is, that it is cleverly constructed, and that the grand *dénouement* is ingeniously concealed till within a few pages of the close. The catastrophe is violent—savouring, perhaps, rather too much of the old school; but it is highly wrought, and poetical justice is rigidly enforced.—For productions of this class, Don Trueba must possess an exhaustless mine of material.

"*Lays from the East*, by Robert Calder Campbell," while they have been too warmly panegyrised by some of our contemporaries, have been too severely—sneeringly, heartlessly—censured by others. Dunces may say, and scribble what they please; but the author of these *Lays* possesses the true material of poesy: he has richness, even prodigality, of imagination—considerable felicity of description, and much tenderness of feeling. That he is an unpractised writer—a juvenile poet—there cannot be a doubt; for, amidst the beauties which are scattered, with no sparing hand, in almost every page, there are faults—minor faults, it is true—as to the structure of the verse; also, an overweening fondness of ornament—the frequent recurrence of pet words, that sin of the cockney school—and, in *one* poem, at least—"The Vision"—the introduction of revolting images. All this unquestionably betrays immaturity of judgment. Yet, Mr. Campbell is a poet: he has great freshness of fancy and of feeling—a bosom true to the throb of passion and of tenderness; and, if he attend duly to the culture of his mind, it is far from improbable that he may hereafter assume a high station amongst his brother bards. We shall select one specimen—"Remembered Music"—less, however, for its poetic superiority than for its brevity, which renders it more suitable to our purpose:—

No. 15.—Vol. XIII.

She loved that ancient strain,  
Because its echoes brought  
Her native hill, and dale, and plain  
From hidden realms of thought;  
And, in its dulcet tone,  
She saw the woodland rill,  
Whence the mist-wreath pale soar'd o'er the vale  
To crown the distant hill!

And every cadence was  
As a spell to raise the dead—  
The surface of a magic glass  
Where spectral beings tread;  
And faces thence look'd out,  
That now were shrouded deep—  
Where the cerements of death enwrapt them  
about,  
In their long and listless sleep!

And eyes look'd on her thence,  
Bright with those sunny glances,  
Where a first love's innocence  
On the waves of Passion dances:  
And sounds came on her ear,  
Voluptuous as the song  
Of bees, that are sinking to slumber where  
They have fed on sweet flowers too long!

But when it died away,  
That sweet and ancient strain,  
The spirit of decay  
Once more stole o'er her brain!  
Then who would doubt the power  
To the Psalmist's lyre that clung,  
When it brighten'd the monarch's frenzy-hour,  
As the minstrel David sung!

There are other pieces in the volume, which, either in the whole, or in part, we prefer to this; especially, "The Ship," "Endymion asleep," "The Warrior returned," "She came to me in Silence," "Twenty-seventh July, 1829," "To the Estranged," "The Sultan and the Slave," "After the Battle," &c.

"*Time's Telescope*, for 1831," is this year somewhat late in the field. This is bad management. A change has come over the spirit of this publication, since it fell into the hands of a new editor a year or two since; and we are now told that, "as the 'Parent of Annuals'"—a tolerably modest assumption—"it has been thought advisable to assume a somewhat gayer appearance than heretofore, in accordance with the prevailing modes of the younger branches of the family, and though certainly far from rivalling in splendour the *Messrs. Keepsake, Souvenir, Forget-me-not, and Co.*, yet like many other elderly persons, adhering sufficiently to the

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fashion of the day, to render ourselves agreeable." This is in bad taste: dandies of sixty have no admirers but themselves. To drop the figure which has been thrust upon our notice, inferior copper-plates are poor substitutes for ably executed wood-cuts, which are, in their nature, infinitely better adapted to the purpose of usefully as well as beautifully illustrating works of this class. The astronomical portion of this volume is the only feature that wears the aspect of improvement.

A new work, and one much wanted, by "James Elmes, M. R. S. A., Architect, Surveyor of the Port of London, Author of *Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren, &c.*" is more distinctly characterised by its title-page, than it would be by any terms that we might employ—"A *Topographical Dictionary of London and its Environs; containing Descriptive and Critical Accounts of all the Public and Private Buildings, Offices, Docks, Squares, Streets, Lanes, Wards, Liberties, Charitable Institutions, Commercial, Charitable, Scholastic and other Establishments, with Lists of their Officers, Patrons, Incumbents of Livings, &c. in the British Metropolis.*" The general utility of such a production is self-evident; and the elaborate, careful, and correct style of its execution reflects great credit on the author. In this closely, yet very clearly printed volume of little more than 400 pages, scarcely a court, alley, passage, nook, or corner in the metropolis is left without its specific indication; and thus all reference to a map becomes unnecessary. We leave it, however, to Mr. Elmes's consideration, whether an enlarged edition of this work might not, as a library book, prove eminently acceptable to the historical and antiquarian reader.

### NEW MUSIC.

*Songs of the Ship: the Poetry written and the Airs selected, chiefly from the Naval Melodies of Great Britain; by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.*

THIS very handsome—we may say splendid—volume is inscribed, by permission, to his Majesty. The idea of the work, Mrs. Wilson informs us, "originated in a wish to revive some of the beautiful melodies of the SEA and the SHIP, which for want of a modern versification (like other gems of the deep), have too long lain hidden beneath the weeds of oblivion and neglect." In adapting words to the airs, the author, as she further informs us, "has been scrupulously careful not to weaken, by a too highly polished phraseology, or the

fiction which poetry allows, those manly and generous sentiments so peculiarly the characteristic of the BRITISH SAILOR." In this view, we must regard the volume before us as a drawing-room, or full-dress, version of old favourites; for, unless it be for ears most fastidiously "polite," we should not ourselves have dreamed of the necessity of furnishing new words to such airs as Sally in our Alley, Wapping Old Stairs, The Girl I left behind me, From Night till Morn, When War's Alarms, &c. What follows is perhaps of more importance:—"The various composers, who have plied the oar to 'speed the light bark on its way,' by assisting the author in arranging and modernizing the airs, (but why *modernize* the airs?) and furnishing pianoforte accompaniments, have been equally careful with herself to retain the original character of the music, and not, by over-embellishment, or 'the foreign aid of ornament,' to injure those beauties whose chief attraction is derived (like all other charms) from simplicity and truth to nature."

Amongst the twelve airs contained in this volume, there are two, if not three originals. The Sailor's Toast, and The Return to Port, *composed*, we presume, by Mrs. Wilson, and *adapted* by Mr. Rodwell. They will be received—words and music—as fair specimens of sea-songs. Mrs. Wilson has been fortunate in her printers—letter-press as well as music.

### THEATRICALS.

#### THE KING'S THEATRE.

THIS theatre opened its doors to the public on the evening of the fifth of February, when Madame Vespermann made her *début* as *Rosina*. As the indulgence of the auditory was claimed for the fair *cantatrice* upon the plea of indisposition, and as the plea can scarcely be said to have been withdrawn, we have had but little opportunity of coming to a satisfactory decision upon her merits. As far as we can judge, her voice, like her person, is thin and flimsy, and we sighed for the return of Malibran; her execution however, is brilliant, and quite of the Sontag school. In aiming at effect, she at times completely overshoots her mark; and those airs which should be characterised for simplicity and beauty, fall unimpressively upon the ear. Her style of singing the beautiful cavatina *Una voce poco fa*, will serve to illustrate this objection. De Begnis has returned to

these boards, and represented the amorous guardian: his *Dr. Bartolo* was admirable. Lablache was loudly applauded in *Figaro*, and Curioni went through the rôle of *Almaviva* with his wonted apathy. The remaining characters were personated much as heretofore. *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* was repeated on the 8th.

On the 12th of February, *Ricciardo Zoraida* was represented for the purpose of introducing Signor David to an English audience. So loud and so unqualified has been the applause awarded to this noble singer that he may almost give utterance to *Cæsar's* exclamation. The opera selected for the *début* is, in our opinion, a very poverty-struck affair, and solely calculated for the display of a solitary tenor. David sang triumphantly through the part of *Ricciardo*, and convinced us, that however great the distinction claimed by Donzelli in this personation, the latter singer must yield precedence to our new candidate. Resembling *Veluti* in his style of singing, David has made a powerful impression upon the public. His falsetto notes, of which he is perhaps a little too lavish, are beautiful, and his entire performance is characteristic of singular taste. His enthusiasm is unbounded, and the Horatian sentiment—they who desire that we should weep, must first weep themselves—forces itself upon the recollection of the audience.

We had almost forgotten to mention that Miss Fanny Ayton, during the indisposition of Madame Vespermann, ranked as *Prima Donna*.

#### DRURY LANE.

THE only new production at this house has been an adaptation of Scribe's *Fra Diavolo*, upon which the severest criticism that we can pass is, that it has been withdrawn. The original music of Auber was arranged by Mr. Lee, who introduced some tasteful compositions of his own; but in spite of this and the voice of Mr. Sinclair, the winningness of Mrs. Waylett, and the never-failing animal spirits of Harley, the opera dragged its slow length along, and then vanished with becoming expedition.

One extraordinary event has however occurred—or rather one that is less extraordinary than it ought to be—the return of Mr. Kean. While he can act as he does, and the public are willing to pay a thousand pounds for every farewell he may take, it would be a pity to waste our virtuous indignation on the subject. His farewell last year was so

flattering that he was tempted to come back for the sake of taking another; and may perhaps say to the public, as Shenstone's lover says in the pastoral—

“So sweetly you bade me adieu,

I thought that you bade me return!”

His *Richard*, which the town insists upon his playing, has lost all that it ever had to recommend it, its energy; but his *Shylock* is more perfect than ever. The partial decay of his physical strength, which is of no consequence here, has taught him the true wisdom of relying upon his intellectual faculties. In his *Sir Edward Mortimer* also, we observed some touches of passion and tenderness, that almost exceeded the triumphs of his earlier days. They were certainly more refined and subdued.

This theatre has been honoured with another visit from their Majesties, in whom we rejoice to see a disposition to support the reign of comedy, and to render the drama once more fashionable. We wish them all the enjoyment that belongs to such performances as were witnessed by them on this occasion—the *School for Scandal* having been most efficiently played, to the evident gratification of the King, and the delight of his laughing people.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

THREE new pieces, besides other novelities, this month, bespeak the activity of the management, and their resolution to leave the public no excuse for not flocking to the theatre. These pieces have broken in very pleasantly upon the monotony of the entertainment furnished by Miss Kemble, Miss Inverarity, and—to complete the number of graces—the comic pantomime. Of the three productions we commence with the last, because it is more readily disposed of. It is called *Comrades and Friends*, and presents but few points that we can confess ourselves to be pleased with. It is a striving to produce effects that are never realized, or, when they are produced, are not pleasing and natural. The next is a petite comedy—there is a little too much dignity in the designation—called *Married Lovers*. It is by Mr. Power, and seems to be indebted for its origin to the French. It carries us back to Louis the XIV's age, and introduces us to the Duke of Orleans, a coxcomb of a marquis, the British ambassador of that day, and an Irish colonel, played in his most humorous vein by the author. The incidents, which are rapid, but in some instances farcical to the extreme verge of endurance.

ance, arise out of a simultaneous disposition on the part of the principal characters to make love to each other's wives—who of course plot together, and finally revenge themselves in a very satisfactory laugh at their husbands. The dialogue is sprightly, if not sparkling, and the piece altogether has many indications of talent. The actors did as much as could be done for it; though Mr. Bartley, we thought, was less happily suited than usual. Miss Taylor had another opportunity of confirming the impression she had previously made. She acted very delightfully, and dressed as well as she acted. Her songs, which were well given, made the performance complete, and added considerably to the effect and attraction of the piece.

The next novelty is an operatic drama, by Mr. Bishop and Mr. Planché, who have combined to produce a few pleasant scenes, under the title of the *Romance of a Day*. There is a little of the old stage affectation in the construction of the piece, and something, too, of a better and more natural kind. There is one thing in it for which we are especially grateful—the introduction of Miss Ellen Tree, who, always welcome, is here more so than ever, where she comes as a peasant girl, all love and gentleness, and reminds us of her sister more than she has ever done before. Nothing can surpass the artlessness and grace of her acting, and of her “looks and tones,” we can only say that we could devote a volume to the description of them, and leave off without saying half enough. Miss Taylor, too, creates another species of enchantment, and in the dress of a light-hearted youth, shews off a pretty figure, and capers about the stage in utter defiance of its rules. She sings a song about “Karoline” exquisitely—indeed, the music throughout is no less pleasing than peculiar—the scenery picturesque—and the whole effect satisfactory both to the author and the audience.

All our popular comedians—there is scarcely an exception—commenced their career in tragedy, and became droll by degrees. They seem to have proved that a bad tragedian must necessarily make a good comedian. That the reverse of this is true in Miss Fanny Kemble's case we will not venture to state, but she has at all events stepped from the sublime to the ridiculous, and turned her tears into smiles. She has appeared as *Beatrice*, the most difficult of characters. We are inclined to attribute to its difficulty much of the disappointment with which we witnessed it. It was not deficient in intelligence and lady-like feeling

—but these go but a small way in the composition of such a creature as *Beatrice*. It wanted ease—that may be acquired; but it wanted also the spiritual requisites of comedy. Miss Kemble trusted too little to her mind, and too much to her manner; she did not revel and exult in the wildness of the wit—she scarcely at times seemed to relish it—and the “lightning of the mind,” became almost harmless. She did not accomplish what we had anticipated from her; but we will not yet give up our hope, that in several parts of comedy, Miss Kemble will surpass many of her tragic efforts. The *Benedick* of Mr. Kemble requires but one word—it is better than it used to be; and we know of no terms in which so much praise can be conveyed. Blanchard and Keely were as quaint and rich as could be wished; and Mr. Warde evinced his sense in accepting such a part as *Leonato*—he played it admirably.

#### THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

It is rather early as yet to form a judgment as to the success of the experiment that has been made, in the re-modelling and re-management of this very out-of-the-way and hitherto impracticable little theatre; but we can with some certainty speak to its merits, though we cannot find room for a complete catalogue of them. An entire transformation has taken place, and yet it falls something short of what was wanted. The elegance and taste of the interior render the plainness and poverty of the lobbies more conspicuous, as the excellence of several of the performers makes the awkwardness of others more manifest. These points may be amended—there are some which it is impossible to improve—such as Mrs. Glover, for instance, who, in a little piece, just sufficiently absurd to be laughable, called *Every Body's Husband*, dresses and dashes through the scene “as if she should never grow old;” and Mr. Green, who in the same piece exhibits something of the true spirit and enthusiasm of his art, and makes us enjoy all he does, because he evidently enjoys it himself. This agreeable actor has an enviable share of ease and animal spirits; he plays as if he loved it, and is good-humoured because he cannot help it. Nor is his humour the worse for being gentlemanly—or his costume the less comical for being singularly neat and becoming. Gentlemen ought to be very abundant on the stage, when Mr. Green and Mr. Jones can be spared from the principal theatres. But managers and ministers always know best

what they are about—and all opposition is idle.

Of the *Acis and Galatea* we cannot say so much, although it is tastefully managed, and has all the advantage of Handel's divine music, and Gay's pleasant poetry to sustain it. But the affair is not dramatic, and cannot be made so. We are afraid that the visitors of such a theatre as this would prefer more mirth, and less music—exquisite as it is. At all events it should not be entrusted to persons who make us laugh at the very point where we ought, and where we wish, to be intensely affected. Miss Vernon is too young, and too inefficient every way, for *Galatea*; and Mr. Bennett, who evidently thinks more of his hair than the harmony, renders *Acis* too lackadaisical even for laughter. Yet his voice will be of advantage to the theatre in parts of a different cast. Mr. E. Seguin's *Polyphemus*, however, redeems every thing. There is a vast deal of O. Smith-ness about his action, and his voice is no contemptible echo of Phillips's. Then we have Mrs. Humby, and Mr. J. Russell, and some lively dialogue, an indefatigable troop of dancing nymphs, and an excellent piece of scenic effect to conclude with.

The third piece, from the French, is called *Tact*, a version of which was produced by Mr. Poole, at the Adelphi, some time ago. It is amusing, and would be more so if it were shortened. A Mr. Smith, who was as bad as he could be as a young Citizen in the interlude, was here highly endurable as an old one. Mr. Russell, as *Mr. Dulcimer Star*, sang, danced, and flourished in a style of bathos and burlesque not soon to be forgotten. There were two characters that should have been reversed in this piece: Mr. Forrester as an officer could not for one instant assume the voice, walk, or deportment of a gentleman—while it was equally clear, that Mr. Green, as his servant, could not be any thing else. A mere change of dress would have rendered it perfection.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

FROM its yearly increasing number of pictures by Academicians, and other distinguished exhibitors at Somerset House, it is evident that the British Institution is rapidly growing in favour with the leading professors, as well as the patrons of painting and the public at large. The advantage is sensibly felt by all parties; celebrity and sale to the artists, opportunity of sight, se-

lection, and purchase, to the connoisseurs and collectors, and gratification to those who can afford only to view and to mark the progress of art. Certainly, the number of subjects previously exhibited was never so great as in the present season; and altogether, there are about fifty pieces more this year than there were in the last. Besides a multitude of others, which it is impossible for us to recollect, we meet, of old acquaintances, the Lavinia of the President, which at length has found a purchaser; Partridge's Titania, Puck, and Bottom, distinguished by its rich glow of colour, and the graceful form of the fairy queen, and altogether one of the best pictures in the room; Gil Blas, discovering himself to Camilla, by the junior Shee, a production, as we have before had occasion to observe, of great promise; Etty's admirable and exquisitely touching painting of the Storm—full of poetry and of the deepest feeling; Pickersgill's Italian Peasant and Child, with the merits of which the public are well acquainted, through an engraving in one of our best annuals; Stanfield's Mount St. Michael; Briggs's Inez de Castro; Clater's Romps; Arnald's Echo, &c. Were it for these pictures only, the rooms would be well worth visiting.

Although the aggregate number of subjects this year is greater than usual, the walls of the gallery are not particularly crowded; which must be accounted for from numbers of the pieces being remarkably small—a point much against them, as, though in many instances eminently meritorious, they are very liable to be overlooked.

The second picture in the catalogue is entitled *Too Hot*—some have termed this a misnomer, for that, as far as colouring is concerned, it is much *too cold*. In other respects, however, the subject is very ably and successfully treated, as are all Edwin Landseer's subjects, when the canine race are his theme. Several dogs, attended by a boy, their friend and associate, are assembled round a dish of hot porridge; and the spectator cannot but be struck with the variety of impulse, action, and expression, evinced by the animals in their impatience for the tempting meal. Nor are the air and character of the boy at all behind them, in nature or in merit. Landseer, by the by, and we think he is well entitled to the honour, has just been elected a Royal Academician, in consequence of the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Infinitely more to our taste is another picture of this artist's—*Low Life and High*

Life (248). In the first of the two compartments into which the piece is divided, we have a butcher's dog, blind of one eye, fat, lazy, and happy, and almost too old for service. A meat block, bright pewter pots, tobacco pipes, a pair of top boots, &c., all in excellent keeping, identify the scene. The other compartment is equally true, and equally excellent: a fine, graceful, aristocratic-looking hound, with an elegant cut steel collar, and all the adjuncts to correspond. He finds himself perfectly at home in his master's richly furnished study. A better contrast could hardly have been imagined. Highland Game (289) by the same artist, without any particular novelty, is in his best style, as a study of grouse, head of a deer, &c. Quite of a different character is Cottage Industry (25) understood to be a portrait of the second daughter of the Duke of Bedford, in masquerade.

Howard, in his subject of the Lost Pleiad of Miss L. E. L. (3) does not come before us with his accustomed claims to praise. The colouring is cold and raw, and the "shape of beauty" is not sufficiently ethereal for the poet's idea.

Harry Willson's Prophet at an Altar (9), Four Interiors of Cathedrals (454), a Priest at an Altar (181), and the Chancel of a Church, with the Elevation of the Host (230), are all very charming little cabinet pictures.

A Study from Nature (11) by C. Steedman, is a very clever, spirited head, in the Flemish style.

One of the gems of the exhibition is Roberts's Part of the Corn Market at Caen, formerly the Church of St. Sauveur (12). It is in his best and least mannered style. The stained glass window—the strong sunlight—the deep shadows, and the warm, rich colouring of the picture, combine to produce a most delightful effect. Unfortunately for the admirers of this artist, and his admirers must be general, this is his only production of the season.

John Wilson's Scene on the Flemish Coast (22) is very ably treated.

Mrs. Hakewill has a female head, a Study from Nature (403) and an illustration of Scott's line—In Peace love tunes the Shepherd's reed (228), both of which display considerable improvement in the manner of this pleasing painter.

Collins's Nutting Party (29)—warm and mellow, full of life and nature—is excellent in its way.

Knight is not making the progress we could wish in colour; but, as far as humour

and character are concerned, his Auld Friends (126) and his Pedlar (213) are well deserving of notice.

Newton has only one subject—the Toilet (37).

"A heavenly image in the glass appears,  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she  
rears."

These lines are far from heightening the effect of the picture; for, though the lady is beautiful, her beauty is not of the first order; and certainly her appearance would never conjure up the idea of Pope's Arabella. Why is Mr. Newton so inattentive to his drawing?

Kidd's Happy Highlander (45) a scene of domestic felicity in humble life, possesses great warmth, freedom, and spirit.

Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem (53) by Miss Beaumont, is a very pleasing, sweetly coloured little picture; but we have some doubt whether the lady is sufficiently oriental in her costume and style of feature.

Stanley's Amiens (54) though somewhat too vivid and shewy in its colouring, is an agreeable and effective picture.

We have lately seen a penny or twopenny missionary print, something about a European Girl catechising a Negro. We really think that Mr. Evans must have been beforehand with us, and made the subject his own, by converting the two figures into Othello and Desdemona (58). Really, as was said upon another occasion, "this is too bad." By other painters also, we have Juliets and Beatrices, which might be taken for pot-girls in their holiday attire.

Stump's Sir Edward Mortimer (73) is wholly deficient in the high intellectual character of Godwin's hero; or, if we regard it as a stage affair, we are not acquainted with any actor who could with so much coarseness and vulgarity *unlook* the character.

Etty has a most exquisite sketch of a subject for an altar-piece, representing the Martyrdom of some of the earlier Christians (7). We know not whether for design, for composition, for brilliancy of colour, or for intense feeling of the subject, it is entitled to the highest praise. Should the artist paint his picture in a style commensurate with the merit of this sketch, it will place him upon a prouder eminence than that which he at present occupies.

Captain Macheath (80) by Leverage, is a capital, spirited, and highly characteristic study.

Clint also has a theatrical scene from the

**Merry Wive of Windsor—Falstaff's Assignment with Mrs. Ford (95)**—which, if less broad in its general effect than some of his former productions, is conceived and painted in a superior style. In the expression of Mrs. Ford's countenance he is eminently happy; much more so we think than in that of the fat merry knight, who is deficient in that rich, mellow, unctuousness of humour, which are ever associated in our minds with the idea of Falstaff.

**Spaniel Puppies (96)** and a **Bull Terrier Puppy annoyed by a Wasp (122)** by Stephen Taylor, are remarkable for their truth and vivacity of character. So also is a **Scotch Terrier attacking a Badger (499)** by the same artist. This dog would be hardly unworthy of the pencil of Landseer.

**The Spring-Nosegay (101)**—a **Child with Primroses, &c.**—by Mrs. Carpenter, is another feather in the cap of this charming painter.

Webster's humour is forcible, but generally exaggerated. This remark fully applies to the **Culprit (106)** and the **Catholic Question (113)**. The first of these represents an orchard-robbing urchin, dragged by the indignant gardener, into the presence of the deaf village schoolmaster. In the other piece, a party of vociferous boys, with their annual **Guy Fawkes**, are assailing the cottage of a sensitive Catholic.

**Good's Merry Cottagers (121)** and several other pieces, have great humour and effect; but the incessant repetitions of this artist in point of manner, especially with the trickery of his lights, tends materially to lessen the charm.

In several of his pieces this year Clater is very successful. His humour, however, like that of Webster, is frequently exaggerated. One of his more chaste productions is the **Advertisement for the Lost Dog (120)**. Probably the one most generally admired is **Preparing for the Portrait (319)**. The texture of the lady's satin dress, and the general high finish of the painting, are entitled to great praise.

**Cavalry Attacking a Battery of Guns (127)** by Barker, is replete with life, action, and vigour. It is evident that Mr. Barker has studied **Salvator Rosa**, **Borgognone**, and other old masters, with great advantage. This production does him high credit. Similar in character is his **Cavalry Attacking and Retreating**.

**Howard's Servant Girl at Antwerp (148)** is a good portrait—probably much handsomer than the original.

Year after year Fradelle seems to dege-

nerate. All his energies appear to have been thrown into one of his early pictures, **Mary Queen of Scots** and **Chatelard**, and that was a palpable plagiarism from the **Tasso** and **Leonora** of a foreign artist, whose name we just now forget. Still his **Leicester** and **Amy Robsart**, from **Sir Walter Scott's** novel, had considerable merit. Since that we have had some inferior pieces, from other novels by Scott; and this year we find **Petrarch's Declaration to Laura (149)**, and **Abelard's first Word of Love to Eloise (160)**. Now really, had we chanced to meet with these in some district celebrated for the manufacture of tea-trays, we should have been impelled to pronounce, extemporaneously, a funeral oration on the decay of the art. Here we have plenty of bright and garish colour, but of sentiment or expression—of conception of the character of **Petrarch**, of **Laura**, of **Abelard**, or of **Eloise**, these productions are as innocent as a piece of blank paper. Such attributes are evidently beyond the reach of Mr. Fradelle—why does he aim at them?

**J. S. Davis's Interior of the Painted Hall**, now the **Picture Gallery, Greenwich Hospital (153)** is a very clever and successful effort in its way.

**A. J. Oliver** has several little things, **Walnuts, Filberts, Grapes, &c.**, very happily executed.

**Parker's Signal (171)** given by smugglers, is a spirited and forcible composition.

We had nearly passed over **Boxall's "Guest of Thoughts all Tenants to the Heart" (151)**. A beautiful female, but altogether the property of Mr. Newton.

**Morton's Sleeper (184)**, a boy with a hurdy-gurdy, is less effective than some of his former pieces of the same class. Perhaps we have had too many of them.

**Havell** has two sweet little things: **Chapel on Mount Vesuvius (197)**; and the **Camaldoli, Convent of Capucins on Mount Vesuvius**.

**Crome's Moonlight (225)**—a stream, with boats, a windmill, &c., is a picture on which the eye may long rest with delight.

**Fraser** appears determined to take the applause and admiration of the public by storm. He has this year made one of the most astonishing leaps in the progress of art we ever witnessed. Formerly he was successful in works of rustic humour; now he has shewn himself capable of excelling in a much loftier department. Every one must remember **Teniers's** celebrated picture of the **Temptation of St. Anthony**. **Fraser** has now given us (229) **Teniers em-**

ployed in painting that picture. And the style is almost that of Teniers himself. In colour it is brilliant yet chaste; the contrasts are strong without being violent; the tone is rich, mellow, and highly effective. The most minute and successful attention has been paid to all the accessories of the piece.

From its size, situation, and colour, Lance's Wine-Cooler, executed by Rundell and Bridge for his late Majesty (250) cannot fail of attracting notice. In our eye, however, it possesses comparatively but slight interest. Though of dead gold we should have expected the Cooler to present a more gorgeous appearance. But in semblances as well as realities, how infinitely preferable are imitations of the works of nature to those of art. For instance, a composition consisting of the American Cunas, Citrons, &c. (270) by the same artist. What a delightful repose for the eye! Again, a Fruit Piece (353) Grapes, Pine, Apple, Peaches, &c. Afterwards we come to the Casket (489) which, though a very cleverly and brilliantly painted display of jewellery, can only gratify the eye for the moment, without awaking the faintest emotion of the mind.

The Winter Morning (302) by Buss, is exceedingly good. Just awoke in the depth of winter, and aroused by the arrival of his hot water for shaving, a hearty-looking fellow is seen reluctantly meditating on the adventurous exploit of quitting his warm and luxuriously comfortable nest. The frost on the window panes, the steam from the water, and other circumstances infallibly mark the state of the weather. Contrasting with this, but not within view of him for whom it has been prepared, a fire blazes cheerfully in the adjoining apartment. The subject is extremely well treated.

Haydon has a piece from Ovid, Mercury in the disguise of a Clown, playing Argus asleep, in order to release Io from the shape of a Cow (303). There is more merit in this picture than in some others of much greater pretensions by the same artist. It is well composed, and warmly and richly coloured.

The Faithful Steward (513) by Partridge, is a very ably studied head.

Arnald has a very clever drawing, entitled War in Heaven (522), from Milton's Paradise Lost.

A Scene at Dolgien, near Dolgelly, N.W. (456) and also a Scene near Cader Idris (494), are in F. C. Lewis's best style.

Ward's Arabian Mare and Foal (320) deserve to be mentioned in terms of the highest praise. In pictures of this class he is unequalled.

Amongst the sculpture Carew's Falconer must be considered as standing alone unrivalled, unapproached. The figure is simple, bold, manly, and well modelled. Possibly the general effect might have been heightened by giving more character and expression to the head and face; but even as it is, it will not detract from the fame of the man who produced the Adonis, and the Venus, and Vulcan, now in Lord Egremont's Gallery.

#### FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

*The Children in the Wood.*—It is intended, we understand, to introduce to the public a series of our antique national ballads, to be illustrated with engravings on wood. The idea is a good one, and we shall be happy to see it carried into effect. The first of this series—the *Children in the Wood*—is now before us; and beautiful in execution as in design, the illustrations will offer a rich treat to many of our readers. These exquisite drawings have been penciled by Mr. Harvey, and we congratulate him upon an accession of fame: the engravers, Messrs. Thompson, Williams, &c., are also entitled to high commendation. The embellishments, which are six in number, exclusive of two vignettes, rank among the finest specimens of engraving on wood. Were it not invidious to make selections where all are excellent, we should instance the frontispiece as entitled to particular consideration. It illustrates the following lines:—

Thus wandered these two little babes  
Till death did end their grief.

In one another's arms they died, &c.

The sentiment here is of a high character, and all the accessories of the picture combine to form an admirable whole. This little publication is the most tasty and elegant of the season.

The *Dutch Girl*, by Newton, is a picture that deserves to be remembered, and the engraving before us, by Doo, relieves it from the possibility of being forgotten. It is executed in a style of art that will render it very acceptable to all the admirers of the picture; the simplicity, natural grace, and truth of character, are properly preserved—and the print, therefore, which is intended as a companion to the Forsaken, will form a brilliant addition to any portfolio, however rich in gems of art it may be.

## Melanges of the Month.

### *Varieties in High Life, &c.*

His Majesty's birthday is, in future, to be held on the 28th of May.

The grand entertainment to be given by their Majesties at Windsor Castle in the spring, will take place at St. George's Hall, if finished by the time.

His Majesty, we understand, with a liberality that does him honour, has commissioned Mr. Stanfield to paint two marine views, for each of which the artist is to receive a thousand guineas.

The first act of the Duke of Sussex, on being appointed to the Rangership of Hyde-park, has been to give directions for the placing an adequate protection against the spot where the late Lord Rivers lost his life.

The Duke of Sussex intends to receive the Fellows of the Royal Society, and other eminent literary and scientific persons, twice a week, alternately at breakfast and in the evening, at his apartments in Kensington Palace.

The Hon. Mrs. Anne Boscawen was sixty-four years in the service of the late Queen Charlotte. She died on the 14th of February, at the age of 87, on the anniversary of the day on which she entered St. James's Palace as one of the royal household.

All the valuable *armoury*, both ancient and modern, the *pictures, plate, books, china, glass*, and other furniture belonging to his late Majesty, George IV., which, at the time Carlton Palace was taken down, were deposited either in the stables in Carlton Gardens, (which were fitted up at an enormous expence, purposely to receive and preserve them,) or the large white house in Pall Mall, once the residence of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and afterwards of Sir Walter Sterling,—have been removed to Buckingham Palace. The establishment at the stables, and likewise that in Pall Mall, (both of them very expensive, because of the requisite number of servants,) are intended to be broken up. The stables will be pulled down, and the ground on which they stand let on a building lease. The house in Pall Mall will likewise be disposed of to the highest bidder.

The following gentlemen who have been appointed High Sheriffs for the present year, profess the Catholic religion:—Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne, Bart., Hampshire; Charles Eyston, Esq., Berkshire; Sir Edward Smyth, Bart., Shropshire; Sir Thomas Stanley Massey Stanley, Cheshire; J. F. Fitzherbert, Esq., Staffordshire.

It is understood that Lord Cochrane will forthwith be restored to his honours.

The marriage of Lady Emline Manners with the Hon. Charles Stuart Wortley, will be celebrated in the course of the present month.

No. 75.—Vol. XIII.

It is understood that Lord Lyndhurst's appointment to the chief seat on the Exchequer bench, is only a provisional arrangement, his Lordship's ultimate destination being Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench.

Lord Lyndhurst nominated Dr. Southey, the brother of the Poet Laureat, to a high medical situation, the income of which amounts to nearly one thousand pounds per annum: but previously to the consummation of the appointment, the government was dissolved. Lord Brougham, however, on accepting the seals, confirmed the appointment.

The will of the late Sir Robert Wigram, has been proved at Doctors'-commons, and probate granted for £400,000. personal property, besides freehold estates.

It is said that a moiety of Mr. Beckford's residence in Lansdowne-place, Bath, which consists of two houses united into one by a covered way, is to be sold, this spring, with part of the splendid furniture. The library is to be reserved, and at Mr. Beckford's death, left to his nephew, the Marquess of Douglas, son of the Duke of Hamilton.

### *Thomas Hope, Esq.*

Only ten months have elapsed since we had the pleasure of introducing a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Hope, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated portrait of that distinguished woman;\* and now we are called upon to record the lamented death of her husband, which occurred at his house in Duchess Street, London, on the 3rd of February.

Thomas Hope, Esq. was of the same stock as the Hopes, Baronets, of Scotland, one of whom settled in Holland, where he acquired immense wealth in mercantile pursuits. Mr. Hope was, we believe, a nephew of this gentleman: one of his brothers is still living in Holland; and another (Philip Hope, Esq.) resides in Norfolk Street, London. The Hopes of Amsterdam were proverbial for their riches, for the splendour of their mansion, and its valuable collection of paintings.

Mr. Hope, early in life, travelled over various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and, possessing a facility of drawing, he brought to England a great collection of sketches, principally of architecture and sculpture. Having purchased a large mansion in Duchess Street, he devoted much time and study to the furnishing and fitting up of the interior, partly from his own drawings, and partly in imitation of the best specimens of ancient and modern buildings in Italy. He also made designs for the whole, and for the furniture; the

\* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. XI., page 185.



house consisting of a picture gallery, a statue gallery, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, cabinets for vases, &c., which he had collected in his travels. Mr. Britton, in his "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London," has given an account of this house, accompanied by two plates; and, in his work, entitled "The Union of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," the same gentleman justly observes—"To Mr. Hope, we are indebted, in an eminent degree, for the classical and appropriate style which now generally characterises our furniture and ornamental utensils. Like most other innovations, his was described as whimsical and puerile by some persons, as if it were unbecoming a man of fortune to indulge in the elegant refinements which wealth placed at his command; whilst others caricatured the system, by cramming their apartments with mythological figures and conceits, jumbled together without propriety or meaning."—In the year 1805, Mr. Hope published his drawings in a folio volume, entitled "Household Furniture and Internal Decorations;" a production which effected a complete revolution in the system of furnishing and decorating houses, and called forth some absurd comments in "The Edinburgh Review."

Mr. Hope was a munificent patron of artists and of the arts. By his liberality, Thorwaldson, the celebrated Danish sculptor, was brought forward. He was one of the earliest patrons of Chantrey; and in him Flaxman found a friend and employer capable of appreciating his merit. In 1810, however, Mr. Hope experienced a singular instance of ingratitude from a French painter named Dubost, who, in consequence of some dispute respecting the execution and price of a picture, turned round and stung his benefactor. He painted and exhibited an infamous caricature entitled "Beauty and the Beast." This was at length indignantly cut to pieces by Mr. Beresford, Mrs. Hope's brother. The painter brought an action for damages, which he estimated at £1,000.; but the jury gave him £5., as the worth of the canvas and colours; and even that verdict he would not have obtained had Mr. Beresford put in a plea that he destroyed the picture as a nuisance, instead of putting in a general plea of not guilty.

Mr. Hope was the author of two superb works on costume: one, entitled "The Costumes of the Ancients," in 2 vols. royal 8vo., 1809; the other, "Designs of Modern Costume," folio, 1812.—His romance of "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek," is too well known, to require further notice here. Mr. Hope was an occasional contributor to periodical publications; and, at the time of his decease, he was engaged in passing through the press an original work "On the Origin and Prospects of Man."—He has left a large collection of drawings and engravings, illustrative of buildings and scenery in Greece, Turkey, Italy, and France; several plates of his antique sculpture, vases, &c.

#### *Miss Macauley's Lectures on Education.*

Most of our readers are familiar with the name of Miss Macauley, this lady having frequently challenged the public applause in her various Lectures on Education, History, Morality, the Drama, &c. She is at this time engaged at Willis's rooms in the delivery of a series of four Lectures on Education, expressly calculated to benefit the junior branches of her audience. These essays, interspersed with various anecdotes or illustrations, musical recitations, &c., are forcibly penned, and will gain for their author an increase of popularity. We were much pleased with her execution of a beautiful little poem by Mrs. Opie—the Warrior's Return—which, if not actually original, had the charm of novelty to most. The audience was numerous and fashionable, and liberal in applause.

#### *Precedency.*

Sir James Shaw, the newly elected Chamberlain of the city of London, had the honour of obtaining for his fellow citizens, during his mayoralty in 1805, the King's warrant of precedency within the walls of his jurisdiction, over every other subject, howsoever elevated his rank. This privilege Sir James exercised at the funeral of Lord Nelson, when he took precedence of his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales. In token of this event the worthy Baronet took for the supporter of his shield, a man (emblematical of fortitude) holding an escrol inscribed, "The King's Warrant of Precedency," on the dexter side; on the sinister, an emblematical figure of the city of London, with hand extended to receive the escrol—motto, "I mean well."

#### *Will of the Prince de Condé.*

Proceedings have been commenced in the Cour de Premier Instance, to set aside the will of the late Prince de Condé, on the two several grounds, first of the will not being (as alleged) in the hand-writing of the Prince; second, of its having been procured by undue influence. It is further alleged, that the Prince did not come fairly by his death. The property left by the Prince amounts to the enormous sum of nearly 80,000,000 of francs—more than £3,000,000 sterling. The will of the Prince leaves the bulk of this property to the Duke d'Aumale, third son of the present King of France. This young Prince is left residuary legatee, and in the event of his death, the youngest son of the King, the Duke de Montpensier. The sum of 2,000,000 of francs is left to the Princess de Feuchieres, together with the castle and estate of St. Leu, the use of furniture, horses, equipages, &c., at the Palais Bourbon, and the timber, &c. belonging to the castle and estate of Ecouen—the whole of which legacy is reckoned to be worth 12,000,000 of francs. The Prince leaves 100,000 francs to be employed in establishing a charitable institution in the Castle of Ecouen, for the use of the descendants of the ancient army of Condé and La Vendée. The

Prince recommends his old officers and domestics to the care of the Duc d'Aumale, and he desires to be buried at Vincennes, near his son, the Duc d'Enghien. It is sought to set aside this will, at the instance of the Princess Rohan, on the grounds above stated.

*Sums received by the Ex-Royal Family of France, from the Public Treasury, since the Restoration in 1814.*

	Francs.
1814 (The nine last months)	19,510,000
1815 .....	30,700,000
1816 .....	23,000,000
1817 .....	29,000,000
1818 .....	31,800,000
1819 .....	34,000,000
1820 .....	34,000,000
1821 .....	34,000,000
1822 .....	34,000,000
1823 .....	30,000,000
1824 .....	34,000,000
1825 .....	32,000,000
1826 .....	32,000,000
1827 .....	32,000,000
1828 .....	32,000,000
1829 .....	32,000,000
1830 (The 7-12ths of 32 mls.)	18,670,000
Total for the Civil List and Royal Family .....	516,680,000
To which are to be added, to defray the debts of the King, in 1814 .....	30,000,000
Expenses of the marriage of the Duke de Berri .....	1,500,000
Funeral of Louis XVIII..	6,000,000
Produce of the Domains of the Crown, valued at 5,000,000 per annum ....	80,000,000
<b>Total ....</b>	<b>634,180,000</b>
About £27,000,000 sterling.	

*The Name of Charles.*

France has no cause to congratulate herself on the majority of her kings who have borne the name of Charles. Charles the Bald was a capuchin king, and a visionary. Charles the Fat was possessed of a devil, and died a fool. Charles the Simple was worthy of his name. Charles the Handsome was the enemy of commerce, and travelled nowhere without a carriage full of relics. Charles the Wise, in one day, during the times of the Jacquerie, killed twenty thousand of his subjects. Charles IX., the King of St. Bartholomew, as Mezeray tells us himself, shot his subjects with his fowling-piece. Charles X., at Holyrood, crowns the series.

*Literary and Scientific Intelligence.*

N. W. Senior, Esq., has been appointed to the chair of political economy in the King's College, London; J. J. Park, Esq., English law and jurisprudence; the Rev. Henry Moseley, natural and experimental philosophy; Joseph Rowe, Esq., lectureship of commerce; the Rev. J. R. Major, M.A.,

head master of the High School, attached to the upper department.

A charter which now only awaits the Royal signature, is to be granted to the University of London, bestowing on this establishment all the privileges and powers at present enjoyed by the most favoured of our universities, the granting degrees in theology alone for the present being excepted. To compensate for this privation the University of London is to be enabled to grant newly-invented degrees of Master of Medicine and Surgery, in addition to those better known, of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Medicine.

The exhibition of the works of the French artists will commence on the 1st of April next, at the Louvre.

The annual average quantity of dew deposited in this country is estimated at a depth of about five inches, being about one-seventh of the mean quantity of moisture supposed to be received from the atmosphere over all Great Britain, in the year; or about 22,161,337,355 tons, taking the ton at 252 imperial gallons.

The Geological Society of Cornwall, originally established by Dr. Paris, have resolved to erect a monument, composed of native granite, upon the highest hill in the county, to commemorate the splendid scientific attainments of their countryman, Sir H. Davy.

The total number of emigrants from the United Kingdom to Canada, in 1830, was 28,100. Of which number, 17,596 came from Ireland, 6,895 from England, 2,600 from Scotland, and 204 from Wales.

A Letter from New South Wales says, "We have at present the cheapest market in the world. Black cattle from 7s. to 12s. per head; sheep from 2s. to 4s. each; wheat 5s. per bushel; maize 1s. per quarter; beef 4d. per pound."

In 1829, the population of Rome was 144,541; it is now 147,285, being an increase of 2,744. In 1821, the population was only 135,171; the number of deaths in 1830 amounted to 4,995.

A music-seller in Dublin has published some *Orange and Green Quadrilles*, respectfully dedicated to Mr. O'Connell; Mrs. O'Connell's *Orange and Green Waltz*, with the *Anti-Union Quadrilles* and *Anti-Union Waltz*, most respectfully dedicated to the King!

*Works in the Press, &c.*

Leigh's Guide for Travellers through Wales and Monmouthshire, with Map, &c.

The Siege of Constantinople, a Poem, in three Cantos, by Nicholas Michell.

The Anti-Materialist, or a Manual for Youth, by the Rev. R. Warner, F.S.A., &c., author of "Literary Recollections," &c.

A Work on the Principles of English Composition, by Mr. Booth, author of the "Analytical Dictionary."

An Outline of Sematology; or, an Essay towards Establishing a new Theory of Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric.

## BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—Lady Phillimore.—The lady of R. Bernal, Esq., M. P.—Lady Suffield.—Lady Sussex Lennox.—The Hon. Mrs. Fraser.—Lady Frances Sandon.—The lady of D. Campbell, Esq.—The lady of the Rev. G. Scobell, D.D.

OF DAUGHTERS.—Lady Sidney, daughter of His Majesty, and wife of Sir Philip Sidney, K. C. B., M. P.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Baillie.—The lady of the Rev. H. C. Cherry.—The lady of the Chevalier de Montezuma.—The lady of E. J. Cooper, Esq., M. P.—The Right Hon. lady Isabella Kingscote.—The lady of Sir H. L. Baker, Bart., R. N., C. B.—The lady of the Right Hon. Sir J. Graham, Bart.—The Hon. Mrs. Charles Heneage.—The lady of Major-Gen. the Hon. Patrick Stuart.

## MARRIAGES.

At Kennington, Captain H. B. Mason, R. N., to Ann, widow of Lieut.-Col. G. Arnold.

At Bungay, Suffolk, the Rev. J. Balfour, of Lower Peover, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Captain John Rix Birch, of Stowe Park, Cheshire.

At Brixton, the Rev. T. Phillpotts, son of J. Phillpotts, Esq. M. P., to Mary Emma Penelope, only daughter of the late Ulysses Hughes, Esq. of Grovesend, Glamorgan-shire.

At Blithfield, Staffordshire, the Rev. A. Bouverie, third son of the Hon. B. Bouverie, to Fanny, second daughter of the late W. Sneyd, Esq. of Keel, and one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour.

At Durham, J. H. Burnet, Esq. son of Sir R. Burnett, Bart., to Caroline Margaret, daughter of the late C. Spearman, Esq. of Thornley, Durham.

At Florence, T. Page, Esq. of Ely, to Susanna, eldest daughter of the Hon. Col. de Courcy, and niece to the Right Hon. Lord Kinsale.

At Marylebone Church, G. H. Wood, Esq. late of the 67th Regiment, son of the late Gen. Wood, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late J. Christian, Esq., of Wigmore-street.

At Bury St. Edmund's, the Rev. H. T. Wilkinson, M. A., third son of the Rev. M. Wilkinson, Rector of Redgrave, Suffolk, to Caroline, third daughter of John Le Grice, Esq. of Bury.

At St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, the Rev. H. J. Shackleton, M. A., Vicar of Plumstead and Wickham, Kent, to Anna, only daughter of S. Hallett, Esq., of West Chelborough, Dorset.

At Aylesford Church, B. H. Blake, Esq., of the 4th Light Dragoons, to Caroline Elizabeth, youngest daughter of C. Milner, Esq., Preston Hall, Kent.

The Right Hon. Lord J. Campbell, to

Anne Colquhoun, eldest daughter of the late J. Cunningham, Esq., of Craighends.

## DEATHS.

At Hastings, the Hon. F. W. Robinson, only son of Lord Grantham, aged 19.

Suddenly, Lieut.-Gen. Graham, Deputy Governor of Stirling Castle.

At Woolwich, aged 59, Lady Robe, relict of Col. Sir W. Robe, K. C. B.

At Bath, the Rev. Dr. W. Trail, aged 81.

At Ayr, Capt. A. McCoskrie, aged 93.

In Trinidad, widow Gollivette, aged 116 years, having retained her faculties to the last.

At Brunswick Square, Mrs. Conran, widow of Lieut.-Gen. Conran.

At Brighton, Eliza, wife of Lieut.-Col. Trickey.

In Grosvenor Square, Henrietta Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury.

At Paris, Madame de Genlis, aged 84.

In Devonshire Place, London, the Rev. W. H. Carr, B. D. F. R. S., &c. of Menhenniot, Cornwall.

Aged 91, the Hon. Philip Roper, of Linstead, Kent, son of the Right Hon. Henry Roper, tenth Lord Teynham.

At Edinburgh, Lady Dunbar, widow of Sir G. Dunbar, of Mochram, Bart.

At Neuchâtel, Switzerland, H. V. Salusbury, LL.D., brother of Sir T. Salusbury, Bart.

Ellen, wife of T. Legh, Esq., M. P., of Lyme Hall, Cheshire.

At Upton Hall, Northampton, T. S. W. Samwell, Esq.

At Cowley House, Chertsey, aged 91, R. Clarke, Esq., Chamberlain of the City of London.

At Caledon, R. Crothers, aged 103.

At Spanish Town, Jamaica, Jane Morgan, aged 120.

At Frognaal, aged 66, John Thomas Lord Viscount Sydney.

At Thirkleby, Yorkshire, aged 80, Sir T. Frankland, Bart.

At Richmond Terrace, Clifton, Lieut.-Gen. Bright, late of the Royal Marines, aged 90.

Near Dublin, Viscountess Massereene, lady of the Right Hon. Lord Ferrar.

In Stratford Place, aged 59, Charlotte, Baroness de Roos, widow of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald.

At Cowdray Park, Sussex, Elizabeth Mary, wife of W. S. Poyntz, Esq.

At Newcastle, Longford, the Hon. Miss Louisa King, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Lorton, aged 18.

At Brussels, Augustus Thomas, third son of Sir J. Morris, Bart.

In Hyde Park Place aged 85, Mrs. Ford, mother of the Duchess of Cannizzarro, late Countess St. Antonio.

At the Episcopal Palace, the Lord Bishop of Cork.

# La Belle Assemblée,

OR

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LXXVI., FOR APRIL, 1831.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of LADY CUMMING GORDON, engraved by THOMSON, from a Miniature by W. C. Ross.

- An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Ball Dress.
- An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.
- An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in the Home Dress of a Vienna Lady.
- An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in the Home Dress of a Madrid Lady.
- An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Italian Peasant's Dress.
- An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Spanish Dancing Dress.
- An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Turkish Home Dress.
- An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in the German Costume of the Sixteenth Century.

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"*Scenes in the Upper Regions, No. II.—The Plague of Tongues,*" next month, if possible.

"ZETA'S" communication about "*Going to a Ball unasked, unknown, and unaccompanied,*" is a very, very tame story.

"MR. DEAKIN" will perceive that his prose favour is inserted. "*Honneur aux Braves*" shall also experience due attention.

A niche shall shortly be found for "*The Castle-Builders of Padua,*" by "IOTA."

"*First Love,*" by "F. W. D. M.," very soon.

The length of "*An Address to the Departed,*" would, were there no other objection, render it unsuitable to LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

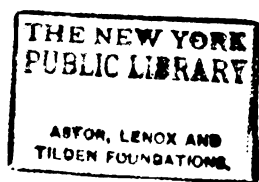
"*Bright shines the Sun*" is in exactly the same predicament.

"MR. BRADFIELD'S" Stanzas "*To a Lady,*" are in reserve.

Also, "*The Traitor to his Mistress;*" and, "*To Inez—written for an Album.*"

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LADY CATHARINE Gordon.

*Engraved by THOMSON, from a Miniature by R. S.*

*Published by Whittaker & Co. in La Belle Assemblée N° 76 (new Series) for April, 1837.*

*The Poets by M. G. Napier 23, Colclough Street.*

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR APRIL, 1831.

## ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF LADY CUMMING GORDON.

WITH the ancestral descent of this lady, maternal and paternal, the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE* have been some time acquainted. Eliza Maria, wife of Sir William Gordon Cumming Gordon, of Gordonstown, in the county of Elgin, Baronet, is the eldest daughter of the late Colonel John Campbell (eldest son of Walter Campbell, of Shawfield, North Britain, Esq.) by the Right Honourable Lady Charlotte Maria Campbell (now Lady Charlotte Bury); consequently, she is a grand-daughter of His Grace, the late, and niece of the present Duke of Argyll; and sister of the Right Honourable Harriet Charlotte Beaujolois, Viscountess Tullamore.\* Lady Cumming Gordon's father died on the 15th of March, 1809; her mother, eminently distinguished by her beauty, her talents, her intellectual powers, still survives, the admiration of

that splendid circle in which her birth and merit have long entitled her to move.

Having, in our memoirs of Lady Charlotte Bury, and her younger daughter, Lady Tullamore, presented ample details of the illustrious house of Argyll, maternal ancestors of Lady Gordon, we shall now, instead of repeating information previously given, proceed briefly to notice the ancient family of Cumming Gordon, to the representative of which, Sir William, Miss Campbell was married in the year 1815.

In the opinion of several antiquaries, the Cumming, or Comyn family, is of Norman extraction, and descended from the Comyns of France, through Robert, Comes, or Count, de Comine, who accompanied William the Conqueror, in 1066, and became progenitor of all the Comyns in this country. It appears, however, from good authority, that the Comyns were settled in Britain before the Conquest; for Robert Cumine, Earl of Northumberland, a powerful Baron in the north of England, was employed, in 1068, by the Norman Duke against the insurgents of Durham, whose immediate descendants were expelled from England, by William Rufus, in 1095. According to other statements, the Comyns are of the ancient inhabitants of Scotland; Cumine, who succeeded Columba, in 597, having

\* In the XIth volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE*, page 231, will be found a portrait of Lady Charlotte Bury, engraved by Wright, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated picture; in the IIIrd volume, page 186, a portrait of Lady Tullamore, engraved by Cochran, from a miniature by Wilkin; and, in the IId volume, page 139, a portrait of the Countess of Charleville, mother of Lord Tullamore, engraved by Thomson, from a painting by Hamilton.



been the second abbot of Icolmkill; and Comineas Albus, living in 657, was the sixth abbot of the same monastery. Be this as it may, there was no name so great, or so extensively diffused, when surnames became hereditary in this country, as that of Comyn; and, from the reign of King Malcolm Canmore, to that of Robert Bruce, the individuals who enjoyed it had larger landed possessions, and far greater power, than any other clan in Scotland. In 1255, there were no fewer than thirty-two knights of the name of Comyn, in Scotland; and, unquestionably, the Comyns, lords of Badenock—from whom descended the Earls of Buchan, Monteith, Angus, &c.—held the chiefship of the whole clan.

Robert Comes de Comyn, the earliest ancestor of this family upon record, was a nobleman of the first rank in Scotland, in the reign of King Malcolm Canmore, and he also held a considerable estate in the county of Northumberland. He fell at the battle of Alnwick, in 1093. His grandson, William, came into honourable notice in the year 1200, as one of the envoys whom King William the Lion deputed to King John, to congratulate him on his accession to the English throne. About ten years afterwards, he became Earl of Buchan, in right of his second lady, the Countess and heiress of Buchan. Walter, one of his sons by a former marriage, became Earl of Monteith.

Thus, through a long race of distinguished individuals, descended Alexander Penrose Cumming, Esq., eldest son of Alexander Cumming, Esq., of Altyr, in Elgin, by Grace Penrose, niece and sole

heiress of John Penrose, of Penrose, in the county of Cornwall, Esq.; and, as the heir and representative of the last Sir William Gordon, Bart., of Gordonstown, he assumed, in obedience to the testamentary injunction of that gentleman, the name and arms of Gordon, and was created a Baronet on the 21st of May, 1804. Sir Alexander married Helen, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant, North Britain, Bart., by whom he had a family of two sons and nine daughters. Of the sons, the elder was

William, his successor, the present Baronet, born on the 20th of July, 1787. On the decease of his father, February 10, 1806, he succeeded to the title; and, on the 11th of September, 1815, he married the lady whose portrait is here prefixed. The offspring of this union are as follows:—Alexander Penrose, born August 17, 1816;—Ronaleyn George, born March 15, 1820;—Henry, born November 14, 1822;—John Randolph, born June 21, 1826;—Anne Seymour Conway;—and Adelaide Eliza.

Sir William Gordon Cumming Gordon “represents, in the male line, as chief of the name, the ancient family of Cumming; and he inherits, through female descent, the estates of the knightly house of Gordon, of Gordonstown, premier Baronets of Nova Scotia, whose dignity, in the terms of the regulating patent, under the sign manual of King William the Third, is merged in the ducal house of Portland. Sir William is also heir-general of the very ancient family of Penrose, of Penrose, in Cornwall, which family was settled there antecedent to the Conquest.”

## NATIONAL COSTUME AND CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

*From a Traveller's Note Book.*

FRANCE.—The head and fountain of taste and fashion in dress, yet without any distinctive marks to tell the source from which their fashions spring. Whilst the French disperse all that is valued in dress to the whole world, it is amongst their peasantry alone that any thing approaching to a national or characteristic costume may be seen. The dress of the Parisian *belle* is a compound of the produce of earth, sea, and air. The growth of the whole world, from Siberia to Otaheite, is made tributary to her wants; and she gives to every *nouveauté* a name by which it is distinguished and made known.

None will dispute the gracefulness of most French women, nor their successful pains to resemble the finest statues of antiquity, from which they seldom depart, always taking care, through every variety, not to outrage nature. In illustration of their manners and character, a scene from real life will perhaps be more acceptable than any laboured moral disquisition.

The Hôtel de — was the most attractive in all Paris, particularly to young Englishmen, whose residence in the capital was but migratory. I amongst the number was dazzled by the beauty and splendour of the *soirées* held there, to which, by good fortune, I managed, with a friend, to get introduced.

We there met the lovely young Countess — and her sister, nearly as lovely as herself. They were the most interesting creatures in the room, and seemed endowed with qualities that to our minds appeared more English than French. How these charming girls, thought I, to all the fascinations of French manners, add the endearments of affability and candour! My friend was with me in opinion, and improved his acquaintance with the elder sister to that sort of *friendship*, which consists in sighing, in looking tenderly into each other's eyes, and pressing one's partner closely during the waltz.

I was not so successful with my fair  *innamorata* as to be allowed any such happiness, for, after one or two *tours* of the room, she became exhausted, and so near fainting, that I was obliged to lead her from the ball-room to the marble-paved vestibule, to give her some fresh air: here, having provided her with a seat, no fan at hand, my scented handkerchief proved a substitute till she seemed somewhat recovered. But, like the adder in the fable, she stung me to the quick for my kindness. "*Mon ami*," said she, "*je ne veux pas que l'ou me passe ces attentions là, quand ou ne vas pas m'épouser!*" This was a poser. What, thought I, can't a gentleman display a little politeness towards a lady without being accused of marriage?

I returned to my friend to tell him what an unfortunate fellow I was, that I could not look a lady in the face without being asked to marry!

But he was too much occupied with his lovely Countess to heed any of my annoyances; she had just done him the favour to admire a beautiful emerald ring he wore on his finger, and he had done as much to one of infinitely less value on her's; so they had contrived to make an exchange. My friend exultingly triumphed in the delicacy with which he had overcome her scruples in inducing her to wear his little *bijou*.

To dancing succeeded cards. My friend, somewhat of a dandy, must needs play *écarté* with his gloves on; as though, in the true English pride of wealth, he disdained to touch paltry gold with his delicate fingers. This excited the risibility of his adversaries at the game; a number of French officers, of the *Garde du Corps*, whispering and smiling amongst themselves at the affectation of my fellow countryman. No sooner, from a private intimation of mine, had he uncovered his hand, than the little French ring caught the eye of the officer with whom he had been playing—

"Where got you that ring, Sir?" exclaimed he, in a loud and angry voice.

Unused to interrogatories so put, he replied warmly; and in an angry conver-

sation which followed, my friend was told, that "he must either resign the ring or die!"

Swords and the Bois de Boulogne were immediately proposed. It was a fine moonlight night. To this, as one of the seconds, I objected, and urged, as an amendment, pistols and daylight! There was some difficulty in persuading the Frenchman to be killed in any way but his own!

Morning came—the ground was measured—the parties took their places—and shots were exchanged. My friend's ball went much nearer his adversary's head than was pleasant, for he threw it back as though he had been struck—but no mischief was done.

At the moment of reloading the pistols, the second of the *Garde du Corps* expressed his regret "that two strangers should fight a duel about a worthless woman!"

"At present," said I, "they are fighting about some harsh expressions."

"The Countess is his mistress, Sir! he has already fought six duels for her!"

"The greater the pity!"

"Yes; she takes this mode of tormenting the man, who has made so many sacrifices for her! She wishes to get rid of him; knowing she cannot do so by open means, she endeavours to involve him in scrapes."

"What affection!"

"Yes; he loves her to distraction!"

By this time the pistols were reloaded. The second of the *Garde du Corps* went up to his friend, and whispered a few words.

The signal was again given. The Englishman's shot carried away one of his adversary's fingers, who, I observed, had not attempted to return the fire.

The *Garde du Corps* was asked "if he were much hurt?" To which he replied, "Not at all; *c'étoit une affaire de rien!*" and begged to apologize for the harsh words he had used regarding the ring.

This was, indeed, truly noble! Explanations ensued. The fainting-fit of the sister was cited. A pair of white satin slippers were produced! Numerous testimonials of everlasting attachment were exhibited! The "*affaire*" ended by the *Garde du Corps* being made perfectly hap-

py for the loss of his finger, in the assurance that he might henceforth remain in the undisturbed possession of his amiable Countess.

*Germany.*—The German ladies are in their fashions imitators of the grand models, the French; and, in regard of dress, a ball-room at Vienna is little distinguishable to the eye from one at Paris. The German ladies are mostly well educated, and combine with their learning a praiseworthy share of industry and domestic habits. Their personal beauty is not generally a theme of great eulogium, for there is too frequently a heaviness or vacancy about the countenance which leaves any thing but a favourable impression.

The facility of divorce amongst the Protestants of Germany gives rise to many ludicrous scapes. A mutual wish between man and wife to separate is quite sufficient to obtain a divorce. Thus, persons of discordant tempers are by no means obliged to submit to each other's society; much less if there be any weightier cause of disagreement.

At Baden, I could not help admiring the vivacity of the old Gräfinn C—, who, with a fourth husband, about one third of her age, sat opposite me at dinner. "You think her beautiful, do you?" said an old general, who sat on my right. "If you had seen her, Sir, when she first came to my arms about forty years ago, you would then, indeed, have been astonished; she was the handsomest woman in all Germany; but her confounded temper, notwithstanding that arch smile she wears, soon made me send her about her business."—"Oh! I understand—yet who would think she was so bad, to look at her?" Here I turned to my neighbour on the left, with whom I was rather more intimately acquainted, to ask him if the Gräfinn really deserved such a character? "I don't know," said he, "what she may be at present, but whilst she lived under my roof she conducted herself properly; but I happened to meet with some one I liked better, and so we parted!" In the course of the evening I took occasion to observe to another gentleman, "What an abominable creature that old Gräfinn must be! Here are two persons present with whom she has lived in the course of

her life!"—"And I have the honour to be a third, Sir," replied he; "and yet I do assure you the Gräfinn is as virtuous as your own wife!"

The enigma grew more mysterious, and I rather offended, on which I was whispered—"We are her four divorced husbands, Sir! and, if I'm not mistaken, the gentleman you saw by her side will soon give way to a fifth master!"

*Spain.*—Amongst all the nations of Europe the Spanish ladies may claim the praise of grace and originality, though not of variety in dress. They are, perhaps, the only continental women who have preserved, in their higher classes, any thing like a national costume. The *majo* dress is generally allowed to be the most becoming to their peculiar figures, and it exhibits their exquisitely small feet and handsome legs to great advantage, from the *basquina* being trimmed with a rich silk fringe and tassels. The small step of the Spanish ladies is an artificial grace: when young, their ankles are generally fastened together with cords of just sufficient length to regulate the step, and in this manner they are from an early age taught to walk.

The mantilla is again peculiarly national, and serves as a substitute for both bonnet and shawl. The adjustment of the veil, which is a constant occupation, forms no small part of that *gracia* for which the Spanish ladies are so celebrated, and which it is their particular study to acquire.

The unique forms of the *Madrilenas* enable them to dispense with that fictitious adjunct of dress now so generally used in England, and which, for the sake of "ears polite," I shall call "wings;" a fashion, whose awkward imitation and arrangement lead to instant detection. Of this I shall cite an instance.

Sir I—— had resided a long time at Seville, and was verging towards that age called venerable, when he determined to make up for past errors by playing the part of Benedick. He was too much in love with every thing Spanish to leave his own countrywomen, of whom there were many in Seville, the least hope of seeing his choice alight on one of them. Nothing, they thought, would content Sir I—— less than a high-bred *don-*

*cella*, who could boast of a descent as antique as the reign of Fernando and Isabelle!

The fact was at last announced, that Sir I—— had taken to himself a wife, by numerous invitations which circulated through the city to commemorate the event by a grand ball. The evening came, and all were curious to see Donna ——, who was introduced in a splendid *majo* dress, with the mantilla so closely drawn around her face, that it was scarcely possible to see her features—a reserve attributed to her bridal modesty!

Having caught a glimpse of her ladyship's foot, and the curious position of the "wing," I suspected a "daw in peacock's feathers," and mentioned my doubts. On throwing back the mantilla, they were completely verified by the display of rosy cheeks, which never received their colour from a southern sun, and a pair of arms that would not have disgraced an Amazon.

Had any farther proof been wanting of the land which gave the lady birth, it was made generally known by her introduction to Mrs. ——, to whom she observed, "that she had caught a great *cold*, and that the fault was purely that of Sir I——, who had kicked the *kivir* off the bed at night."

*Portugal.*—The Portuguese are not deficient in taste for dress, though this remark must be limited to the drawing-room alone. When they walk abroad, even in the hottest days of summer, they envelope themselves in heavy cloth mantles with large capes, which they say is an admirable preventive against heat, but beneath which they so profusely perspire, that I can only compare the opening of their mantles to that of the valve of a steam-boiler letting off the superfluous steam.

But whatever may be the merits of their dress, there can be no doubt that in their persons they are *mal-propre*, and have many disagreeable tricks, the mere relating of which would be deemed offensive.

A Portuguese lady paying an early visit to an English friend, found her dipping her head into a large basin of water—"Why, my dear, do you thus destroy your fine complexion? you would find

that dry-rubbing your face would preserve the skin much, much longer."

Directly a Portuguese lady returns from visiting, or from mass, she puts aside her fine clothes, and slips into a loose silk morning gown, in which she remains till the evening party requires her to dress again. During the great heat of summer, it is true, they bathe themselves in the Tagus, but the gossiping parties they form in the boats seem to have a great share of the attraction for this custom. Here ten or twelve ladies meet together on a summer's morning in entire *negligé*, and cause themselves to be rowed to the opposite side of the Tagus, a distance of about a mile and a half, where there is a fine sand, and any chosen depth of water. Their bathing dresses are put on beneath the awning of the boat; they then consign themselves to the care of the boatman, who, taking them by their hands, leads them to a small flight of steps slung

over the boat's side, and balances them backwards into the water; raising them by the counterpoise of his own weight as often as they please to be dipped.

I once saw an awkward accident happen from this mode of bathing. A very fat lady had just got over the boat's side, and fastened her hands in the boatman's, when, from her immense weight, she dragged the boatman from his position, and fell backward into the water. She sank to the bottom like a lump of lead. Fortunately I was bathing at no great distance from the spot, a custom which excites little surprise in Portugal, and swam immediately to the fat lady's assistance. What with the exertions of the boatman with his boat-hook, and my own efforts, we at last succeeded in rescuing her from a watery grave; and I received the unfeigned thanks of the whole party for my gallantry.

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## RELICS AND RELIC FANCYING.

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I HAVE a passion for antiquities, but I am a goose of an antiquary; a goose do I say—the title is too reverend, I am a very gosling. Setting aside religious faith, I am a Catholic in regard to relics, the plague of every unfortunate friend who may wander "into foreign parts," and no longer ago than last night, was threatened with a ton of stones from the Coliseum, just to stay my appetite for antiquities. Furthermore, I can believe on the slightest possible evidence. I have, I fear, rather a taste for being deceived; and had I been alive at the time, should have agreed with the Athenian who thought that his countrymen ought to forgive the messenger, who, by a false report, procured them three days' happiness. My "sere and yellow leaves" brought from places of note, and my "auld nick-nackets" that belonged to people of notoriety, are authenticated; but I am not sure whether a regular bred relic-monger would not smile contempt on their authenticity. If, however, there be a virtue that I admire more than another, it is openness to conviction. There have been occasions when, but for certain moral recollections, I should

have been open to conviction in another sense. N.B. I have heard florists make the same admission—confess that their pursuit tended to induce a love of *abstractions*. When amongst the relicries of old castles, the spirit of appropriation is very apt to steal over one, prompting the wish, the gentle wish, that curiosities could become common, and yet continue curious. At Warwick Castle, when left alone in the great hall, I was preserved from delinquency by sheer bodily weakness; there were many trifles I could have fancied—Oliver Cromwell's helmet; a pleasing variety of swords, long, short, broad, Saxon, Roman, Norman; chests and chairs—

"Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain."

But wo, or rather well for me; the bare attempt at the most trifling felony would have been the death of me. At Kenilworth there was nothing to tempt one, except the ivy, which could be had without asking for, and that sole remnant of Leicester's state, the carved chimney-piece, shewn by the farmer and his wife,

not to be had for all the asking in the world. Stones I do not much fancy; there is no personal identity about them; a brick from Babylon, indeed, would be an exception, especially if there adhered to it a few of the rushes used in mixing the cement. My taste lies more towards "greenery;" an historical herbal, an album of celebrated leaves, I cannot but think might be permitted, even to album despisers, connected as one may easily make it with notices of things and people. Trees are often more faithful chroniclers of people and of places, than "storied urn or animated bust;" they live, they abide, they bear defacing so much better since every spring renews their stock of memorials; and what is better than all, their perpetual vitality carries the imagination more easily back to past time, seems to connect us more immediately with that of which it reminds us. Those seven mysterious olives in the garden of Gethsemane; that single, shattered, and unknown tree amid the ruins of Babylon; and that other, which in the full pride of maturity, is growing on the very spot where the last Constantine so nobly fell, and of whom it is the memorial in default of statue, inscription, coin, or medal—Tasso's lemon-tree, and, if it had but been spared, Shakspeare's mulberry—they are precious to the imagination—nay, they are imaginations themselves. For autographs—mere avatars of the alphabet—common-place combinations of a's and b's, and p's and w's—I like them not, however celebrated. They please one, by bringing one into a fancied close contact with an interesting person (did not his very hand trace the characters?), and they tease one, because they possess none of his spirit. It is as if one should send an invitation to a friend, and have it accepted by his skeleton. It is like one of the famine feasts in a besieged city, fried leather and bone soup. Of all relics, however, portraits, when authentic and scarce, are the most enchanting: they place you in the very presence—they are themselves the presence of the past. Except to the initiated, sculpture is less capable of calling forth enthusiasm; it has to do with history rather than biography; with nations and ages, more than individuals and precise periods; with modes

of thought rather than specific actions. Gods in the likeness of men are nonentities in respect of sympathy, neither one thing nor another; their artists for the most part unknown, and the faith which called them forth gone out of mind; there is nothing left for popular feeling to cling to—we cannot drape them in associations. In one word, no one but a sculptor can make relics of them. Perhaps their size is one great obstacle; they are inconveniently large for petting; they would occupy too much room either in a heart or a library. Who but one of the children of Anak durst venture on the young Memnon? Poor Belzoni seemed to have a *tendre* for that "bland idéal" of a head and shoulders nine feet high; but then, Belzoni was Memnon in his own person—had enacted Hercules. It has often struck me with surprise, that of one order of relics so few have come down to us—personal ornaments, and articles of personal attire. On the score of gentility some objection might perhaps be taken to the latter, as turning a relic-room into an old clothes'-shop, and the relic-monger into a sentimental old clothes'-man, but this objection would not apply to the former. It might be termed a Hebraism to inquire after wearing apparel, however celebrated; but the taste for jewellery must be pronounced unexceptionable. Where then are the pomander chains, the pouncet boxes, the inlaid tablets, the girdles, the bracelets, the carcanets, the bodkins guilty or guiltless of blood, the shoe-buckles and the knee-buckles, the signet rings, the collars, the caskets, and all the rest of the ornaments that one reads of in the history of feasts and feuds, tragedies and comedies, marriages and executions? I never read old chronicles with all their details of dress and decoration, without again and again asking—Where can all these things be gone to? Where *can* they be gone to? Alas, if they could not, like their owners, die, like them they could be buried. Then, if the doctrine of transmigration be untrue in respect to souls, it is true of gold and silver and precious stones. In different forms they live many lives: the smelting-pot is to them a fountain of eternal youth; the graver's tool the elixir of immortality. As it is said of kings, so may it be said of dia-

monds, that they "never die;" we have them over and over again in new forms, and with new names. We may miss them, but they are not therefore lost. The pedigree of a precious stone would, in itself, be a most valuable relic. Then we should perhaps find that the brilliants which some young beauty now wears as a necklace, composed her grandfather's knee-buckles, adorned his mother's stomacher, studded her great aunt's snuff-box, looped up her cavalier uncle's hat, and finally were picked out of some Rajah's dagger-hilt by an adventurer in the days of Elizabeth. The pedigree of a wedge of gold would possess greater interest, because in the process of being melted down time after time, it would have lost its identity more completely, and have formed more amusing associations. Thus the coronet of a Mexican prince, perhaps, assisted King Ferdinand to embroider one of the Virgin's petticoats; particles of the crest of a crusader may have mingled in a tookpick for a modern dandy. Nay, who knows, but Sir Walter Raleigh's silver tilting-suit may now be at some pawnbroker's in the shape of tea-spoons and butter-boats? Apparel is by nature dévoid of this internal principle of endurance. A man's clothes require the same motto as his body—"dust to dust; to this all must." It is vain to inquire after "some night-gown of black satten, with a fringe lace layed upon the edge of the yard, furred with lybards, and faced with luzerne," bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on one of her attendants, with the candid acknowledgment appended, of "past our wearing." Equally in vain is it to wander after the remainder of the wardrobe of that royal lover of thrift and fine clothes, who thought no scorn to commence a catalogue of her cast-off gowns with a declaration of her titles—"Elizabeth by the grace of God, Queene of Englande, France, and Irelande, defender of the faith, &c." However, the very document is a relic—a quaint consort for the non-existence of her Majesty's "petticoate of crimson vellat, with a styched garde, lyned with cotton and fustian;" and of her "French gowne of purple vellat, lyned with purple taffate, delyvered to Katheryne Ashteley, by her to be employ-

ed in welting of cushions." There was management! Henceforth let no one wonder that Elizabeth went to her grave without quarrelling with her parliamentary money matters. The only wonder is, that she did not appropriate another of her old gowns to covering the speaker's chair. It is certain, however, that whenever found, relics of the kind under review afford very sensible pleasure. The clothes in which Gustavus Vasa worked as a miner (still preserved in the house that sheltered him), Wycliffe's mantle (in existence also), a pair of the Prussian Frederick's old boots, one of the Russian Peter's old hats, or even Voltaire's "silk night-cap embroidered with gold and silver," and worn with such true French taste over "a grizzle wig with three ties;"—one would be very glad to possess one, or all of these things. I met lately with a relic, and a notice of a relic, that have roused the spirit of covetousness, in a greater degree than ever it was before roused. One, a carved looking-glass used by Mary, Queen of Scots, when at Fotheringhay Castle (poor soul, one wonders how she had heart to look in a glass there!); and the other, a glowing piece of information gleaned from a curious American book, bearing date 1747—"Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-box, with some of his pipes, was lately extant, and laid up among the rarities in the museum of that curious antiquarian the late Mr. Ralph Thoresby, of Leeds, in Yorkshire." Who, I wonder, knoweth the pedigree of "that curious antiquarian?"

Amongst national relics, monuments and ruined castles claim the pre-eminence. They are albums in brass and stone, truth in the garb of fiction, poetry looking out at the windows of history, silent sermons on the mutability of greatness, special pleaders on behalf of chivalry, connecting links between the present and the past, sedatives to ambition, stimulants to enterprise, materials for novel writers, studies for architects, mementos for statesmen, and objects of contemplation for lovers and the moon! I call them national relics, because personal appropriation is palpably out of the question. Their structure is the inalienable property of the soil, and their ideal glory belongs to the human mind universal. I never felt any de-

sire to put Melrose Abbey in my pocket ; I felt it would be an insult to my species, a robbery that I could never repay. The same feelings actuated me in the vault containing Fulke Greville's monument ; I would not, if I could, have disturbed bone or stone. I took into my heart the single, but most striking epitaph—" Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, councillor to King James, and friend of Sir Philip Sidney ;" cast one longing look on the black and mouldering banners that shadowed this chamber of silence, dreamed one dream, and went my way. Letters should have been mentioned amongst the relics of a portable and personal nature. When I spoke slightly of autographs, I meant the mere signature of a celebrated person. Assuredly a note or letter, that in addition to the writer's name and the day of the month, is the transcript of some mood of feeling, or mode of thought, and in some way or other illustrates the writer's mind or circumstances, would be exceedingly valuable. The letter of a great man just acknowledged to be such (one of Napoleon's to Josephine after his Italian victories), or the letter of a great man before he dreams of greatness (one of George Washington's, on the subject of his tobacco plantation), or the letter of a great personage, throwing aside greatness in love, or sheer recklessness, a billet of Henri Quatre, or one of Mary Stuart's; from that fatal but " small gilt coffer not fully a fute lang ;" who would not value one of these, though it might not bear framing and glazing, as a specimen of Lewisian penmanship ? And now leaving national, historical, and celebrated relics, a word on those of the affections, on those that simply relate to individual history, and have no earthly value, except to the private feeling of the party concerned. The most unromantic person living, he who laughs most contemptuously at the taste for celebrated relics, has yet some cherished one or two of those that are more purely imaginative. A lock of hair hidden in some pocket-book of a long-past date, or a paper of verses which from the small delicate handwriting, and the ink, pale as a ghost, is evidently preserved for more than literary reasons ; some chain—worn, but concealed from sight, or some ring, not by any means

valuable, yet never removed from the finger, or something, no matter what, or where kept, but something referring to a past history of love or friendship, pain or pleasure ; to an indifferent person, a mere lock of hair, or paper of verses, a mere chain or ring—but to the owner, possessing the power of a charm, and the worth of a talisman. Bothwell (in *Old Mortality*) is blood-spotted, selfish and profligate, but the letters of the gentle Alice, written thirty years before, and his own verses to her memory, are found in his pocket after his death. It is one of the finest touches in the book, and makes us sorry to part even with a villain. The value of relics connected with the affections, ought to be purely arbitrary, implicitly dependent on the heart and memory of the possessor. It is better to have them of a nature intrinsically worthless, strangers to gold and silver, that in addition to feeling sure you never *would* part with them, you may feel sure you never *could*. A lock of hair, that no jeweller has ever coupled with seed-pearls and brilliants, would cut a sorry figure with " to be sold" upon it. A portrait, guiltless of a gold frame, would not soon be purchased for its own sake ; whilst a bunch of withered violets could not even be made a present of. Therefore, flowers are the best, because their value is most unequivocally derivative, and not inherent. The ballad parodist may ask—

" How should I your primrose know  
From any other flower ?"

and you be constrained to acknowledge that there is no difference to him. But to you it is a " bright particular" flower, singled out from the thousands that are, and have been, and will be, loved at the time, and preserved afterwards, solely for the sake of the hand that plucked it ; a hand, it may be, that will pluck flowers for us no more. There is something exquisitely sad in the faint and sweet, yet earthy perfume of withered flowers, that have been laid by as chroniclers of emotions or events. The most mournful word in any language is *PLEASURE*, because the word that of necessity follows it is *PAST*. Flowers, therefore, sweet flowers, fading flowers, withered flowers, are the fittest relics of its birth and its departure.

M. J. J.



## LOVE'S LOTTERY.

"I TELL you, Don Antonio, my daughter you shall not marry! After having squandered at the gaming-table, the finest estates in all Spain, you still persist in asking me to bestow her on a beggar; why, if you were married to-day, you would stake all you were worth on some favourite card to-morrow; and on the following day I suppose I should see you turn *contrabandista*, or perhaps something worse. No, no! consent to abandon for ever the gaming-table, settle the remainder of your fortune on Donna Lyricia, and on these conditions she is yours: that's my *ultimatum*!"

"Very fine advice," said Don Antonio to himself, as the door was closed in his face for the twentieth time; "but you, old boy, know not the pleasure of play; if you did, instead of going now to doze away the night in useless slumbers, you would turn out and try your luck as I just now mean to do. However, the old fellow said one truth, that cursed queen of clubs, that I have pursued so long, will be my ruin! Let me see, how much have I already lost in persisting to play upon that one card?—There's all my sugar plantation in the Havannah; there's—but a truce to reflection! there's yet enough left to retrieve my fortune, and then I'll marry Lyricia, whom I love to distraction, and never tempt that jilt, Dame Fortune, more! Oh, Lyricia, Lyricia! words are too weak for the affection I bear you!" Thus conversing, Don Antonio bent his steps towards the gaming-house, determined to risk all he was worth on the queen of clubs, which he imagined, from having so often disappointed his hopes, could not disappoint him more. The queen of clubs, however, like many other queens, was not easily propitiated, and when she did at last appear, she was, as is too often the case, preceded by a knave, which knave was the cause of Don Antonio's losing his last dollar; upon which he darted with fury from the room, upsetting tables, chairs, and every thing that came in his way. "No, I'll not survive this disgrace!" said he. "My love! my money for ever gone! I'm ruined by that infernal queen!—The

queen has undone me quite—false, perfidious."

Fortunately being night, the *serenas*, as usual, were fast asleep, or what Don Antonio did in his frenzy utter, might have cost his liberty, perhaps his life, for Godoy was at this time very jealous, and Carlotta just as sensitive as a virtuous woman; therefore not likely to be pleased with being called by opprobrious names.

Don Antonio raved, and actually tore his hair, those fine black clustering ringlets.—By-the-by, he was the handsomest, ay, and the most accomplished, cavalier in all Madrid, though certainly not the most prudent; he had gained honours in the field, as well as favours in the *salon*; in fact, there was not a lady in all Madrid but would have been proud of him for a *cortejo*, if not for a husband. But now he was bent on disappointing all their hopes; he determined to quench his woes and life together in the river.

He pursued his way towards the bridge of Toledo ("oh, mischief! thou art quick to enter into the thoughts of desperate men"), resolved to plunge himself into the Manzanares. He had actually gained the parapet of the bridge in furtherance of his design, when the moon, which had hitherto enshrouded herself in a mantle of dark clouds, shot forth her brilliant beams on the calm placid stream beneath, lighting up a spectacle which recalled Don Antonio's bewildered imagination to a real sense of the leap he was about to make.

It is astonishing what a trifle turns one away from the very unpleasant task of committing suicide, and makes us discover all at once, something agreeable in a world which had but just previously been declared to be desolate and comfortless. So it was in this instance with Don Antonio: a mere dart of the moonbeams caused him to waver; but there was likewise another reason—the shallowness of the water beneath was thereby shewn, bringing to his mind the recorded jest, "that the arches of the Toledo bridge should be sold to purchase water for the river." No gentleman should attempt to drown himself in a shallow river, espe-

cially at ebb-tide ; besides, Don Antonio was a lover of nature, and for him the moon, the stars, or aught that was beautiful, was not made in vain.—“ Oh ! thou eternal queen of night ! ” exclaimed he, “ thou shinest forth at this moment to tell us there’s a seduction in nature after all, which bids us live even when hope has fled the breast !—Thou shewest in the tranquil stream, which gently wends its onward course, an image of that peace which the ruffled bosom yet pants to enjoy, and makest us feel that strife and contention are our creation, and not thine.”

This burst of the moon-beams—the shallowness of the river, and perhaps, after all, the vanity to think that he might possibly yet live to delight, and be delighted—that some sweet voice, and some sweet smile might yet thank him for, and reconcile him to the life he had preserved, made Don Antonio stop short in his previous determination.

“ But what is to be done ? ” continued he, “ shall I throw myself at the feet of some rich dowager, and barter my last hope of happiness for a splendour I can never enjoy ?—No ! rather than that, I’ll fall by lottery, the prize of any passing adventurer ; yes, by lottery ! ”

No sooner had the idea of a lottery entered the head of Don Antonio, than he actually matured the plan of disposing of himself by that very means. In a few days all Madrid rang with the news of a scheme that the handsome and gallant Don Antonio thus intended to marry himself. But we had better read the advertisement itself :—

“ *To the fair sex ! Lottery or a Husband ! Don Antonio de Ribera will dispose of himself in marriage, by lottery, in a thousand shares, at one doubloon per share. The money, as well as the husband, to be the property of the winner. All complexions (provided they are European) and all ages from fifteen to fifty, are eligible for shares.* ”

Now, husbands are as scarce in Madrid as in some other great cities ; but a husband and a fortune too, and that for a single doubloon, were irresistible attractions for many ladies of a certain age, of which it was not difficult to find in Madrid a thousand or upwards. Indeed, the tickets were most eagerly sought, and the lists were closed in a very few days.

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Many a *doncella* shed a tear at being obliged to put her money in her purse, instead of purchasing a ticket.

But there was one who shed bitterer tears than these, and who heard of Don Antonio’s scheme with that grief which those who despair and still doat, have alone felt. That was Lyricia, whose dark eyes wept as fast as the Magdalen’s, and who was as beautiful too ! For my part I’ve no dislike to women’s tears ; then their souls are softened, and we mould them at our pleasure. Give me beauty in tears ! I leave smiles to the wiser part of mankind.

But the drops Lyricia shed were useless ; he who had sworn heaven and earth contained nothing to rival her in his affections, now proclaimed its falsehood by setting himself up the sport of every female gamester who could perhaps find a husband by no other means than those by which Antonio sought to mend his fortune. By turns she blamed her credulous confiding heart, or flattered herself that he loved her still, and saw in this rash act but an excess of despair. She swore to forget—and still remembered ; she gave up all hope—and in the mean time sent for an old Duenna to consult on her case.

The day for deciding the fate of Don Antonio arrived. The lottery was drawn, and nine hundred and ninety-nine ladies were put to bed dreadfully ill of the *head-ache*. The fortunate number was fifty ! To find out the holder was the next affair of Don Antonio ; but with what dismay did he learn that a toothless old hag had borne off the prize. “ But, Sir, don’t be in a rage,” said the *administrador* of the lottery, “ I think you may annul the bargain, for the lucky jade must be as old as my grandmother at least.”

Don Antonio began again to think of the river, and repented having deferred the hour of making his exit from this world. He, however, made up his mind to view the whole of his misfortune in the face before he took this last resolve, and bent his steps towards the house of the lady whom he had engaged to make happy.

She was seated before a cheval glass, in a handsomely-furnished apartment. Don Antonio caught the first glimpse of her features in the mirror. She was a

thing of paint and feathers. The deep wrinkles of her age-worn cheek were visibly reflected in the glass, even beneath the black lace mantilla with which she had veiled her face. "Oh! Heaven, that I should have come to this!" exclaimed Don Antonio, with a deep sigh, which caused the lady to turn her head towards the door, and salute her future husband — "Welcome! *cavallero mio*," said she, "I have been expecting you these two hours. The money has already arrived, and the priest is waiting to unite us."

"Madam," said Antonio, "permit me first to explain. I fear there has been some mistake in this affair. You have certainly overlooked the conditions of this contract, which were not meant to include octogenarians."

The lady's features now assumed an appearance of scorn, which in fact any lady's might well do, at being taken for an age beyond the true one. "Sir," said she, in her broken voice, which at all events augured the want of sufficient lungs to scold much, "I have twenty witnesses to swear that I am not yet fifty, and I will not be cheated out of my lawful husband by any of your caprices."

"If but fifty you must have led a very dissipated life," muttered Antonio to himself; "but, Madam," said he, raising his voice, "never will I consent to be your bridegroom; know that I love another to distraction, and no power on earth shall force me to wed you. Take the gold, which I presume is all you want to make you happy, but if you attempt to enforce your bond, that moment I will end my life, and at all events defeat your preposterous intentions."

The few teeth remaining in the old lady's head began to chatter as she listened to the ravings of Don Antonio, but she obdurately insisted on the fulfilment of her bargain, the terms of which were very clear. "The holder of this ticket is entitled to claim Don Antonio de Ribera for a husband, and one thousand ounces

of gold as a marriage portion to be settled on herself."

"Hag!" cried Don Antonio, "let me see the vile name inscribed on that ticket, which thou art so eager to exchange for mine; I will not be tricked thus."

"My name," said the old lady, "is Lyricia Gonzalez."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Don Antonio, "what an unhappy coincidence; that name reminds me of the past—a tide of recollections rushes into my mind. Oh! thou infernal queen! to thee do I owe all these misfortunes."

"What, I really had a rival then?" exclaimed a voice, and the lovely Lyricia came from her concealment behind an Indian screen. "Then is the fortunate chance which gave you to me of no use. Thus! thus! I tear the fatal paper; now, like the world I live in, a waste and useless blank to me."

"My Lyricia! Star of my life! whose destiny shall ever fix or unfix mine; but hold a moment! but explain one circumstance, and all shall be cleared up to your satisfaction; who is the real owner of that ticket?"

"Myself; despoiled of hope, but that faint chance left, my grand-aunt, whose name, you know, is the same as my own, purchased a share in the lottery, which turns out to be the prize. Felicitating myself that this fortunate result would have completed our happiness, I came hither, and learn that a queen is my rival."

"That rival, love, is inanimate, and jealousy of her shall never disturb your peace; it was the *queen of clubs*, whose favour I have sworn never to court more. Thou art the only queen that shall henceforth reign in my heart—none other shall ever enter there."

Don Antonio now found means to pacify the old lady, and convinced her that she was the finest looking woman of her age in the whole universe. Thus the last cloud was dispelled, which threatened the satisfaction of the happy trio.

S. B.

## THE KIPHAUSER: AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

*From the German of Louisa Brachman.*

Not distant from the wooded heights in Thuringia, that are crowned by the romantic Kiphäuser, on which stood the favourite castle of the great emperor Frederic Barbarossa, lived a young knight named Conrad. He was poor, but highly esteemed for his bravery. An orphan from his childhood, and bred to arms, his heart, bereft of every tender tie, was devoted to chivalric honour. He lived for that alone; and his companions in arms often reproached him playfully—that he had no taste for aught but a good sword, a good horse, and glory; that to him, the clang of arms was more grateful than the delights of love.

Conrad was inclined to think so himself. In the course of time, however, his breast was consumed by an ardent passion, which he durst not acknowledge, as the mistress of his heart was the richest heiress in the country. She lived under the protection of her mother, who was deemed extremely haughty; her father was dead, and had left her heiress to his immense property. Conrad was too timid to offer his love without a suitable fortune as an accompaniment; he was also much too proud to expose himself to the risk of being rejected. But the tender Hildegard saw in him, not the poor, but the amiable and noble knight; and the Lady Adelheid, her mother, was also attached to him for his virtues, and received him with pleasure at her castle, which he visited more frequently than any of the maiden's other suitors.

One day he approached with a melancholy countenance, and said—"Noble lady, and you, most lovely and amiable Hildegard, I come to bid you farewell; my cruel fate will not allow me to remain longer in this paradise of all my earthly wishes. The Landgrave has called his troops together, therefore to-morrow early I must quit this cherished spot."

The cheeks of the beautiful Hildegard were alternately pale and red; but her mother said—

"Sir Knight, I will now disclose to you what I have long secretly resolved: you are loyal and brave; my daughter re-

quires a protector, not riches, of which she has already an abundant possession. You love her, and she feels not indifference towards you; I have therefore determined to make you my son-in-law. Let the warriors assemble, but you remain here, and take the charge of your wife's property."

The Lady Adelheid possessed a lofty and generous mind; and she enjoyed a proud pleasure in preferring the poor youth for his intrinsic merit, to the many rich and powerful suitors who presented themselves. But she was of an imperious temper, and could not brook contradiction.

Conrad stood in speechless amazement. He felt a severe struggle in his bosom between love and honour. The joy which sparkled in his eyes at the first part of the Lady Adelheid's speech soon disappeared, like the early glow of the morning, and was converted into deep sorrow.

"Oh, noble lady," said he, throwing himself at her feet, "what can equal such rare generosity? You have granted me the wish to which I dared not aspire, yet without which, I feel that existence would have been a burden to me. But you, at the same time, require of me what I cannot grant. Honour and my country call upon me to take up arms! I have hitherto lived in the service of my country; shall I now, when it is in danger, refuse the assistance of my arm? Oh, let me depart!" continued he, casting on Hildegard a mingled look of affection and grief; "and should Heaven allow me to return, then let the sacred reward of love be mine!"

Had there been time for reflection, Lady Adelheid would have agreed in the sentiments of the youth; but, at the moment, she attended only to the impulse of her pride, which was sensibly wounded by the bold refusal of the knight. She therefore turned from him, with a haughty air, and exclaimed—"Well, then, my honour-loving knight, since you suppose me less acquainted with its laws than yourself, we will leave it to fate when and where you may meet my daughter again."

She took Hildegard by the hand, to lead her into another apartment; but the knight held her back in despair, and seized her hand, which he pressed with ardour to his breast, as he said, "Oh, God! must these be the last words I hear at my departure?" Hildegard gently withdrew her hand, and left the room with her incensed mother; but she cast on him a look full of sorrow and affection, as though she would say—"Go, my beloved, I will soon reconcile my mother, who is now so unjustly irritated."

This look was the only consolation he received; for, on going to the castle the following day to entreat pardon, and a milder farewell, he was denied admittance.

He went to the war, but with a deeply-wounded heart. Before his departure, however, he spoke with a friend who was to remain behind, a distant relation of the Lady Adelheid, who had lately arrived from a foreign country, and was living under her roof. "Knight Kuno," said he, "be careful that my love is preserved for me till I return."

On his promise, Conrad departed. But, on the last night, as he was riding by the old ruins on the Kiphäuser mountains, he fancied that he distinctly saw on the battlements a beautiful blue flower surrounded by a brilliant light, which sparkled like a star in the darkness of the firmament. He felt a secret pleasure at the sight; to his mind the splendour of the blue flower bore a similitude to the last look from the lovely eye of Hildegard, which had relieved his heart from a weight of sorrow. He carried with him, into the tumult of battle, the sweet remembrance of both.

War raged for a time; Conrad fought bravely, and at the conclusion of peace was loaded with honours. But when he returned to the spot of his affections, his friend informed him that he had found it impossible to reconcile the incensed mother—that she had taken an oath that Conrad should never see her daughter again till she was united to another—and that the ladies had at length disappeared from the country no one knew whither.

Conrad would instantly have set out to seek his beloved Hildegard in every corner of the earth; but the cruel oath of

her mother threw him into despair. He wandered to the abandoned spot where his Hildegard had dwelt, and found some consolation in seeing at least the place again where she had once lived and breathed; but his grief was renewed by the reflection that she was no longer there.

Returning home in the gloom of night, and passing under the Kiphäuser, he again saw the wonderful flower, surrounded by the brilliant light. Again, though unable to account for it, a secret pleasure stole over his heart.

On the following morning he related the circumstance to his friend. "It is very astonishing," said Kuno; "I have frequently been riding under the Kiphäuser at night, without ever observing any thing of the kind. It is said that great treasures are buried in the castle; that immense heaps of gold have been seen there."

Kuno was not richer than Conrad; and the very thought of the treasures buried there filled him with delight. Conrad stood absorbed in thought.

"Kuno!" said he, after a pause, "when I reflect upon it, it would appear to me that some happiness awaits me at the Kiphäuser. I remember so many extraordinary events which happened to me there in my childhood; for, from my earliest years, the venerable old castle of the emperor was my favourite resort. I played there, and stole into it whenever I could get away from those who had the care of me. You know that I was brought up by the Knight Benno, having lost my parents in my infancy; his castle lies on the other side of the mountain, close under the Kiphäuser. I often traversed the beech forest, which extended as far as Kothenburg, and entered with delight the ancient gates and arches to ramble about the vast courts and halls. I felt inexpressible pleasure when I was there. All the frightful tales which had been told me of treasures watched by flames of sulphur, and about the ghost of the great emperor Frederic Barbarossa, which frequently paid a visit to its favourite abode, but always in a terrific form, to the bold adventurer who dared to enter the castle: all this did not deter me; on the contrary, it inspired me with a pleasing trepidation. I used to see the

treasures, when it happened that I lingered there till nightfall, when the mysteries of the invisible world and its inhabitants commence ; but I saw no terrific flames ; I saw, indeed, the spirit of the hero, Frederic, but I was attracted towards him by an irresistible impulse ; I always left the gold untouched ; but I was never tired of looking at him, and observing his venerable majestic figure, and noble serious features. Sometimes he stood on the battlements clad in armour ; at others he was sitting at an oaken table in one of the halls. Once I saw him play at chess by himself. I always kept at a distance, and looked at him in silent wonder and respect. As he accidentally let fall one of the chess-men, I sprang forward, took it up, and gave it the emperor. It seemed to please the noble spirit that I shewed no fear, but was happy to serve him. He smiled on me, and said, in a low voice, ' Keep it and take it home with you ; you will in time become a brave warrior ! ' Overwhelmed with delight, I took it with me, and when I reached home I found it was of pure gold.

" The profession of arms kept me afterwards at a distance from this my favourite spot. When I returned, my love for the beautiful Hildegard occupied me. But this wonderful flower reminds me of all the pleasure I enjoyed there in my childhood."

Conrad was so lost in the enthusiasm of his ideas at the pleasing recollections which were passing in his mind, that he observed not the gloomy silence into which Kuno had sunk during the conversation. They separated. The whole day the Kiphäuser stood before the heated imagination of Conrad ; and as night approached he hastened thither, when, behold ! for the third time he perceived the blue flower surrounded by the sparkling light. He mounted the wall, and walked calmly up to it.—The nearer he approached, the more brilliant it appeared, and the flower seemed of such a beautiful soft heavenly blue, that he felt himself inspired by a confidence that all would yet be well, and that the affections of his beloved Hildegard were not entirely lost to him.

As, wrapt in pleasing meditation, he was looking down on the illuminated earth, he beheld a golden key lying near the flower. He took it up. " Alas ! this

is the key to the treasures !" said he, sorrowfully ; " my wishes are certainly not directed towards them." However, out of respect to the wonderful power which seemed to reign on the spot, he took the key.

" Kuno," said he, when he returned to his friend, " here is the key to the treasure of the Kiphäuser ; I will not reject this sign which is given me : come with me, you shall share the good fortune which the supernatural powers destine for me."—" Or the *subterranean* !" said Kuno, in a peculiar and expressive tone. " Come," said Conrad, without paying attention to the words of his companion ; " come, you shall watch, while I descend into the vault."

Kuno agreed. In the evening they both set out ; the air was heavy, the deep red of the setting sun cast a fiery glow through the forest. They reached the narrow wooded valley called the Struth, which lies between the Kiphäuser and the Brandberg. Steep rocks surrounded them on all sides ; the old oaks and beech trees shook heavy and terrific ; an invisible fiendish power seemed to reign in this lonely valley.

Conrad wandered silently onwards, his eyes bent down to the earth. " Halt !" said Kuno, suddenly, and stood still. " Here, Conrad, we must fight for life or death."

Conrad thought he must have been dreaming when he heard this summons. He turned round and saw Kuno stand with rage sparkling in his eyes, and his countenance distorted by passion : he almost fancied he saw a demon stand before him, so terrific was Kuno's appearance. " How ? " cried Conrad, " are you mad ? this to me, your friend ? "

Kuno looked at him with a bitter disdainful smile. " I am to keep watch," said he, whilst the favoured one is to take possession of the treasure ! Who are you, then, wretched favourite of Fortune, that she should shower her gifts upon you, which she denies to the more worthy ? That the spirit of the castle should have chosen you as heir to its treasure, I could have forgiven ; I could have been pleased at it : but that Hildegard should love you ; that you should be allowed to look at those sparkling eyes, and call them yours ;

those eyes, which have lighted up in my breast an unquenchable flame; that, Conrad, breaks the band which united us, and converts a friend into a deadly enemy.—Up! fight for the key! the treasures of the Kiphäuser shall clear me a road to her heart.”

“Well, then, fight!” cried the astonished Conrad. His heart was deeply wounded by those words, from one whom he so truly loved; at the same time he was filled with just anger; and, without farther delay, he advanced to meet his enraged rival. Their swords clashed furiously; the birds of the forest were startled at the noise, and flew far from the scene of murderous strife. As each combatant was equally skilful in the use of arms, it was long before one could gain any advantage over the other. At last both their swords broke at the hilt; they then wrestled with each other, and fierce hatred took the place of friendship. The struggle was long before either gave way, their feet seemed rooted to the earth, and their arms were twined powerfully in each other’s. But the false Kuno took advantage of an opportunity to seize the key, which Conrad had tied to a ribbon and concealed in his breast, and dashed his rival, whom he had thus taken by surprise, backwards, into the deep ruins of a subterranean building, which he had observed the day before, and had therefore chosen this spot as the theatre of his vengeance.

His mind was too much heated and incensed to be brought to reason or repentance by the cruel death of his unfortunate friend; for there was no chance of escape for those who had once fallen over the frightful precipice. He hastened from the spot like a madman, holding fast the dearly-bought key, and repaired to the castle on the Kiphäuser, where he arrived at night. He found the entrance, which was nearly choked up with bushes, made use of the golden key, and entered the vault of the treasure. But—what happened to him there, no one has ever known: the country people saw him the next morning running with disordered hair, and pale and haggard countenance; since which time he was never seen in the land of Thuringia.

In the interim, Conrad was less unfor-

tunate than might have been expected; the wild bushes in the interior of the abyss had broken his fall, and he had sunk to the moist ground, only slightly hurt. He lay there some time astounded by the fall. At last it occurred to him how dreadfully he should perish, buried, as it were, alive. He sprang up shuddering, and wandered wildly in the dark around the walls of the vault. Unexpectedly he found an opening. It certainly did not lead to day-light, for the rocky passage he entered still continued under ground. However, he pushed forward with restored hope. Nor did the cheering presentiment deceive him; for the vault was connected with the old castle. Still exploring the sinuous passage, he found himself ascending, and at length he stood in one of the halls of the venerable Kiphäuser.

He felt that he was in the favourite spot of his earlier years; but it appeared to him that he was in the innermost part of the castle, which he had never yet penetrated. Here every thing seemed well preserved in all its ancient splendour. The beautiful rooms and vaulted halls were well lighted. It was about midnight. Conrad bounded over staircases and corridors till he reached an apartment more brilliantly illuminated than the rest, where he saw, with delight, the venerable majestic figure of the noble Frederic Barbarossa. The spirit smiled upon him; and, raising himself from his seat, advanced, saying—“Welcome, my brave champion! Welcome to him, who prefers honour and fidelity to fortune! You have chosen well; honour is the first and legal bride of the warrior; then follows love. You descend, as I do, from the noble race of the Swabians, and you have verified yourself. Your ancestors served me truly. The castle of your forefathers lies in ruins on the shores of the Danube. Take from the treasures of this castle, rebuild it, and then conduct your beloved Hildegard home.”

“Hildegard!” sighed Conrad, “Alas! she is lost to me.”

“Do you confide in the words of the traitor Kuno?” replied the spirit. “Hildegard still loves you; it was for that that the blue flower bloomed for you; the high-minded Adelheid could not re-

main long incensed against one who preferred honour to all things. Till your return, she has retired with her daughter to a convent, exactly on the spot where the castle of your ancestors lies in ruins.—Now follow me.”

The knight followed the noble spirit in silence. He did as he was commanded. In a few months the splendid castle was

rebuilt on the beautiful shores of the Danube, and the brave Conrad could now offer himself to the rich bride, who had remained faithful to the poor youth. He found both the mother and daughter where the ghost had told him. The lovers having been united, made a pilgrimage to the Kiphäuser, out of gratitude to the noble spirit of the Hohenstanfens.

## MY FIRST CONFESSION.

*By the Author of "Portraits of the Dead," &c.*

Yes! said I one morning, as I whisked off my *bonnet de nuit*, and jumped out of bed; great men have written confessions ere now, and given them to the world to be read over, and to be wept over, and why should not I? Am I not a great man? Am I not Peter Peregrine Perewinkle, Esq., five feet eight inches without shoes, the *beau idéal* height of frail humanity? Do not my intellectual faculties rise superior to my animal ones? and if my Number One is rather large, will not my Number Two look with affectionate kindness on its excesses? Have I not a head like other men, and, barring brains, which now-a-days are not requisite, why should not I confess with the best of them, dream with the best of them, romance with the best, and fib with the best of them? By Jupiter's brows, but I will. If my head is empty, my heart is full: and my tongue has at the least thirteen parts out of fourteen to prattle. Every thing that is necessary for writing I possess. If I'm not nervous I'm noisy. If I'm not fluent, I'm fluid, and write I will, so help me the "gentleman in black"—or the lawyer that outwitted the said "gentleman," by throwing him into Chancery! But what shall I confess?—ay, there lies the rub!

The world affects at this period to be particularly honest and humble-minded: every man prefaces a piece of special impertinence with, "according to my humble opinion;" and boasts, whilst he is attempting to pick your pockets, "that though he's poor, he's honest." So I will do the same—I will confess that I am like the rest of mankind, the son of a woman—that I'll simper, growl, fight, and

pick pockets with any one, because, according to my "humble opinion," "though I'm poor, I'm honest." Here goes, then—but, firstly, let me state, I will disclose no immoral delinquencies; no, my confessions will be of a rambling scrambling nature, youthful follies, fancies, and propensities; therefore to those who may expect any anecdotes of scandal, I say—"go about your business;" they who expect journeys to the moon, may go there themselves; and all other sorts of stargazers, moon-rakers, and heaven-disturbers, may muffle their heads in the clouds, and tickle their imaginations with the tail of the comet that lately made its appearance.

This my first confession is a foolish one (I doubt whether all are not so). Love, the universal passion, was the cause; and a moping, melancholy, inconsiderate attachment to six beautiful faces almost drove me to distraction. Shall I describe them?—No! My pen must be dipt in the sun-beams ere it could be sufficiently warm or glowing. Their names were Mary! Maria! Martha! Isadore! Isabella! and Inez! Mary was a brunette, Maria a coquette, and Martha a pirouette, for she almost danced my life out! Isadore was languishing, Isabella stately and sentimental, and Inez somewhat dull in the upper story, as I could never make her understand any of the hints I gave her, and they were as hot as salamanders at times. Six loves! all at one time, were enough for any reasonable man; but the fact was, I thought six strings to the bow better than one; what the ladies thought of their beau the sequel will inform you. I was sadly puzzled at times how to act;



I luted to one, sang to another, vowed to a third, swore to a fourth, fell on my knees to a fifth, and almost sighed my soul away to the sixth. I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, nor wake: I was between dreaming and reality; or, like Garrick between tragedy and comedy: constant fear and trembling were my portion, for I expected every moment a thunder storm, lest some one of the six should find me out waiving vows to any one of the others. Unfortunately this never took place; unfortunately, I say, and you will think so too ere the conclusion. Well, I did not get on very fast in the affections of any of them. I swore to Mary! the golden hue of her countenance was perfection; to Maria! that I detested flirting, and loved constancy; to Martha! that beautiful ankles ought to be made use of, and that dancing was my delight, although I hated it most cordially; with Isadore! I was billing and cooing; with Isabelle! most devoted and full of reverence; and with Inez! everything, and all to no purpose. No; these "ways and means" had no visible effect. I was a favourite, but nothing more. Heaven knows I would have married any, or, like the Irishman, all of them; but had I obtained one, I should have "ceased my funning," and been a very constant swain. It is necessary that I should inform you that I am very bashful! "*mauvaise honte*" is the spell that prevents my promotion in life; and in this case it did particularly prevent it. I looked a thousand unutterable things; but as ladies like them uttered, as well as looked, my destiny was doubtful—what could I do? How should I act? Every hour was growing more serious, for the whole six had formed a most singular attachment to each other, and I was fearful the secret would soon be elicited. I became desperate, and was determined to pop the question to one of them at least. But in the meantime a lucky day arrived, the day so celebrated in the annals of love, and for the maledictions of the post-office assistants; Valentine's day arrived! "O, Valentine! thou God of courting," said I, "I never could write a line of poetry in my life, but by Cupid I will, I'll write to all six!" I tried—the first line I wrote had a foot minus—the next had one too many!

By dint of perseverance I managed the matter more decently; and at last wrote six valentines, six whole valentines! reader, and here they are to any tune you may be pleased to sing them:—

#### TO MARY.

Mary! are not thine eyes divine?  
They shine like suns upon me;  
I needs must worship at their shrine,  
For ah! they have undone me.  
Mary! thy gentle cheek that glows,  
And brow that burns upon me,  
Have told me that my heart o'erflows  
With love that has undone me!

Mary! thy glossy ringlets stray  
Across thy bosom's whiteness,  
Which, radiant as the starry ray,  
Glows with celestial brightness.  
And Mary! I must e'en confess,  
My lip longs to be prest to thine,  
Be blest by thee, as it would bleas  
Thee ever, my sweet Valentine!

P. P. P.

#### TO MARIA.

May every day, and every hour  
Fade fast and fleet away,  
May every fragrant summer flower  
Fade, fade as fast as they!  
May all things fade, if they but bring  
A day so blest as this to me,  
When, buoyant on Love's sunny wing,  
I waft my ardent thoughts to thee!  
And tell thee, in these lines of mine,  
Thou art my gentle Valentine!

Thou know'st I've loved, oh! long, and true  
As sunlight is to summer skies,  
To worship but thy rosy hue,  
To bask me in thy starry eyes!  
Thou know'st I've longed like any bee  
To taste those ruby lips of thine;  
Then, blest and bright one! haste to me,  
My own, true virgin Valentine!

P. P. P.

#### TO MARTHA.

Let the bee sip every flower that blooms,  
And steal its sweetness all away,  
Let every star the night illumines  
Refuse to shed its crystal ray,  
I should not care so thou wast given  
To give thy precious sweets to me;  
Thou'dst be my star, my flower, my heaven,  
As, Martha! I would be to thee!  
Then turn thee, turn thee to my arms,  
Nor let me for thy favour pine,  
But, folding close thy hallowed charms,  
Exclaim, "my own true Valentine!"

Think on the waltz in which we twined  
 In unison the limb and soul,  
 Think on the looks which were designed  
 To captivate with bliss the whole.  
 Think on the circling maze we ran,  
 The elastic bound, the pirouette !  
 The "*j'ne sçais quoi*" behind the fan,  
 The—what I never can forget—  
 Love beckons ! hither haste away !  
 Young Hymen waves his torch divine,  
 Can'st thou the summons disobey ?  
 Ah, no ! my own loved Valentine !

P. P. P.

So far, thought we, very well ! Mind,  
 I say *we*, from a sense of modesty—merely  
 to avoid the charge of egotism.—We flattered  
 ourselves that three of them, all  
 ending in "Valentine," were done in no  
 ordinary style, capital hits, in good taste,  
 and quite uncommon. But, ye gods !  
 three more are still behind, and all to  
 end—no, not all in "Valentine" neither,  
 and all on the same subject ; it would ex-  
 haust the nine muses ! What shall we  
 do ? Do our best, to be sure, and leave  
 the rest to fortune ; stick to bees and  
 flowers, and lips and eyes, and cheeks and  
 kisses, and brows and bosoms ; talk of  
 Cupid's gunpowder, Hymen's patent per-  
 cussion and copper caps : no determina-  
 tion could be better, so we went to work  
 again as follows :—

## TO ISADORE.

O Isadore ! O Isadore !  
 'Tis thou that must impart  
 E'en sunshine on a desert shore,  
 To warm the desert heart.  
 Yea, shed around, beneath, above,  
 Thy form thy voice, thy look of love,  
 And blunt the barbed dart,  
 With which thou'st wounded me full sore ;  
 O heal the wound, sweet Isadore !

The flowers may shed their fragrance round,  
 But oh ! in vain for me,  
 Fragrance and bloom alone abound,  
 Sweet Isadore, with thee !  
 I care not whether madness come  
 To sear my strength, destroy my bloom,  
 Frantic and fearfully,  
 If thou should'st ever, in thy wrath,  
 Strew dust and ashes in my path.

I love to muse on thee by night,  
 When stars are up on high ;  
 It is my solace and delight  
 To think thou'rt ever nigh—

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For all the bright, the beautiful,  
 Makes memory e'er of thee so full,  
 'Tis blissful, though I sigh ;  
 Oh ! I will talk, dream, find relief  
 "E'en in my bitterness of grief."

P. P. P.

Thus much for our languishing heroine,  
 thought we—'twill just do ; all love, mad-  
 ness, and melancholy—dust and ashes,  
 grief and relief ! Bravo ! here goes for  
 the fifth time of—no, no, 'twill be too  
 much of a good thing, and I shall leave  
 my reader to guess at the nature of the  
 remaining two. When we came to the  
 sixth and last, we exclaimed, "thank  
 Heaven ! this is a finisher," and they  
 finished us surely enough.

Pray, reader, didst thou ever experience  
 the delights of a lover's expectations ? Such  
 palpitations and tremblings, anticipations  
 and heart-burnings ! Such visionary dreams  
 of happiness, such quaffings of the deli-  
 cious nectar of bliss in our own imagina-  
 tion ; such passionate exclamations of  
 "Oh !" that ponderous monosyllable, with  
 our hearts at the end of it ; such a want of  
 appetite and want of sleep ; such low spirits  
 and high hopes ; such melancholy mopings  
 with the owls ; such optical surveys of the  
 moon and the stars, of the butcher's  
 cleaver and Orion's belt ; of the planet  
 Mars (ourselves of course), and of Venus  
 (our beloved) ; such languid looks, and  
 love-lorn longings ; such, such, such—

It was exactly two days and six hours  
 after despatching our said epistles, when  
 we received a most enchanting note from  
 Maria. We kissed the seal ere we broke  
 it, and read, almost overpowered with  
 rapture, an invitation for a Vesperian  
*tête-à-tête*, with a tender compliment for  
 our poetical address. To dress was the  
 work of a moment, and to get well drest  
 the work of another. We made use of our  
 "union" hair-brush with the hand of a  
 Hyppolite ; we put the white stock on  
 our neck with trembling nerves, tied the  
 ribbons of our shoes in true lovers' knots,  
 and with a palpitating heart were ushered  
 into the "boudoir" of our beloved and  
 adored Maria, where she received us, sur-  
 rounded by the solitude of her own beauty,  
 dispensing her smiles upon us, till we  
 blushed as crimson as the cleft pome-  
 granate. "Peregrine," said she, "you  
 are a flattering fellow but I don't believe

2 D

you; you men were born to—" here her speech was cut short by the entrance of Martha; she bowed profoundly, rosed charmingly, and looked tenderly. About a minute after entered Mary; she nodded to me playfully—we began to grow a little nervous; and when three more, like minute guns, came into the room, we turned very white about the gills, felt a little uncomfortable; remarked that "the room was rather warm;" could not help thinking of Falstaff and his horns in Windsor Forest, but were relieved a little by Inez, who looked unutterable things—thought her vastly stupid, nevertheless, and wished any five of them in Abraham's bosom. An awful silence ensued, sly smiles played like summer lightnings about, but we expected them forked every moment. At last Maria asked Martha "whether the day so celebrated in the annals of love had passed away harmless as far as she was concerned?" she simpered and smiled, and smirked, and giggled, and laughed and tittered, and trifled, and paused, and, and, and at last brought forth a little poetical "*billet doux*," which she said she had received from an impertinent swain; and volunteered to read it to them, which she did in the most wily manner imaginable, till she came to our name, when she exclaimed, "Is this from you, Mr. Peter Peregrine Periwinkle—I perceive your signature subscribed to it?" We looked with the most consummate effrontery, begged to be spared expressing the sensibility of our feelings. A general exclamation of "humph!" was the reply, and out popped another "*billet*" from the reticule of Mary; 'twas read, and the unfortunate name of *Peter Peregrine Periwinkle* at the bottom of it. Not a word was spoken—we stood and stared, like a statue immovable; we saw the stratum in a moment; we had made game of

them, and now they made game of us, and well kept we were ere the other four epistles were read, for they were read, and when concluded, a general laugh ensued. "You monster!" exclaimed one; "You fiddlestick!" cried another; "You barbarous deceiver!" voiced a third; "You man!" (we knew that) shouted a fourth; "You, you, you!" screamed a fifth; and "Begone!" exclaimed a sixth; and no sooner said than done—we were "gone in a moment." One stride to the door—another through the hall, and a third into the street, and home we shot in true Bertram fashion. We threw ourselves on a sofa, and exclaimed, "done brown by Jove!" We soon recovered this, but not so quickly the eternal roastings of our friends. The fair ladies, we must say, treated us with the greatest mercy; but 'twas no longer "Peregrine Periwinkle," the favoured "Peregrine"—it was "Mr. P. P. Periwinkle," with the most cautionary emphasis. How long this would have continued we know not, as we soon after left the scene of our disgrace. This was our first folly, and 'tis our first confession; and may you, dear reader, reap the benefit of it; for depend upon it six at a time are too much for the most ambitious. There is wisdom in a multitude of councillors, but not so in the tender affections. The sun may have many rays, and dispense his ardent glances on all. He was made for many, not for one! But man must just be the reverse. He must concentrate the rays of his heart into a focus, which is the solitary and undivided affection of a woman's. Let him do this, and he will be respected and happy. Let him do the contrary, and he will become the wild Arab of society; his eye upon every one, and every one's eye in contempt upon him.

H. C. D.

## LA PIAZZETTA DI SAN MARCO.

It is in vain that the fastidiousness of *virtù* and the rigour of criticism have discovered innumerable faults in the Ducal Palace of Venice. To the painter and the poet, to the imagination that gloats upon the romantic eras of the middle ages, that wanders from the fields of Palestine and the Roncesvalles, to the feats of the Dandoli and the Falieri, this is the edifice, *par excellence*; and the arena of the Coliseum is not a subject of more religious admiration to the classic artist, than the *Cortile del Palazzo Ducale* to those whose associations are made up to the bold, vigorous, and romantic times, which inspired the lays of Tasso and Ariosto, and produced the warrior-merchants of Venice.—LADY MORGAN'S ITALY.

Nor a cloud had broken the deep serene that night. The face of nature was calm, and quiet, and peaceful; man alone was the disturber—man alone had been reveling in thoughtless mirth, or plunging in the depths of crime. Throughout that long night—from the rising of the first pale star of eve till the faintest ray of the last was extinguished by the blush of morning, Galilei Galileo, from the *Campanile*\* in the *Piazzetta di San Marco*, had watched the planets in their courses through the deep blue vault of heaven. Conviction—the solemn conviction of truth—had flashed upon his mind, that the firm earth upon which we tread was not, as the ancients had believed, a dark fixture in space, round which the sun, the moon, and all the starry host revolved, as lights created solely for the use of its vain and lordly inhabitants; but that it had a motion—a double motion—a power of its own; that, within a prescribed period, it performed one revolution round its own axis, constituting day and night; and,

that in another prescribed period, it performed another revolution round the sun, from which, in common with the rest of the planets, it derived its light and heat, its “seasons and their change.” How vast, how sublime, how absorbing was this idea, when it first took full possession of his soul!

The evening, by which that night had been preceded, was lovely as the loveliest evening of Italy. All was soft, and tender, and beautiful. One of the many festivals for which Venice is famed had filled the *Piazzetta* with dance and song, and mask and spectacle: if the sigh, the gentle glance of love, the whispered notes of ardent passion—of mirth and gaiety, and obstreperous laughter, that rent the very air—could be regarded as the criterion of happiness, the motley assemblage, by which the *Piazzetta* and all its avenues were crowded, must have been pronounced the happiest of earth's happy ones. But the unhallowed sounds disturbed not Galileo: by him they were unheeded and unheard.

At length they died away; the revellers returned to their midnight homes; the last tones of the *gondolieri*, chaunting the strains of Ariosto to the measured stroke of the oar, faded into silence on the ear; and other scenes, and other sounds succeeded. That night, the *Consiglio di Dieci* were busy in their “den of death;” that night—that fatal night—three of the proudest nobles of Venice were dragged from their damp and pestiferous *Pozzi*, beneath the state prison in which they had been long immured—hurried over *Il Ponte dei Sospiri*—and consigned to the sword of the executioner on the giant's stairs\* of *La Palazza Ducale*. Nor was

\* The *campanile*, belfry, or tower of St. Mark's church—from which, however, it is quite detached—is about three hundred feet in height, comprehending the figure of an angel which serves as a vane. Galileo is said to have used this tower as an observatory. From its gallery, which surrounds the pyramidal summit of the structure, the prospect is enchanting: on one side appears the city; with, as tourists tell us, all its *canals*, domes, and public edifices beneath, and the sea in the middle distance. To describe Venice without its *canals* might be thought a palpable omission; but the fact is, that, from this, the loftiest tower in the city, *not one canal is visible*. From the three other sides of the *campanile* are seen the mountains of Dalmatia, Istria, and the Tyrol, with the plains of Padua and Lombardy. The staircase of this remarkable tower is of width sufficient for a person to ascend on horseback.

\* The giant's stairs, constituting the principal entrance to the Ducal Palace, are so de-

this the only sacrifice of blood upon that memorable night. Six individuals, of humble birth, implicated in the crimes, real or imagined, of their superiors, were first strangled and then decapitated in succession between those antique and magnificent pillars which face the splendid palace of the Doge. Ah! could these pillars, the knowledge of whose origin has perished in the lapse of time, describe the scenes of death which they have witnessed—could they stand forth, a record of the lives and actions of the many victims by whose gore their surrounding earth has been soiled, what tales of guilt, of murdered innocence, of human misery, would they not unfold.\*

nominated from two colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, placed at the top. Those statues are of white marble, the work of Sansovino, and were intended to represent the naval and military power of the state. Beneath the porticoes, to which these stairs ascend, are seen the gaping mouths of lions, formerly the receptacles of anonymous letters, informations of treasonable practices, accusations of magistrates for abuses in office, &c. Amongst other state criminals executed on the landing-place of these stairs, where the doges took their first oaths of office, was the Doge Marino Faliero—immortalized by one of Lord Byron's tragedies—in the year 1355. A fine painting from this subject, by Delacroix, was exhibited at the British Institution, in the season of 1828.

\* These splendid columns of oriental granite were amongst the trophies brought by Dominico Michieli on his victorious return from Palestine, in 1125; and—though statements vary on the subject—the prevailing opinion is, that they were plundered from some island in the Archipelago. Half a century, however, elapsed before they were reared in their present situation. On the summit of one of these columns was placed a winged lion, in bronze—the emblem of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice. This was the very lion taken down by Buonaparte, as conqueror of the republic, and by him sent to Paris (with the celebrated bronze horses of Lysippus), but which has since been replaced on its triumphal pedestal. This lion has given birth to much curious discussion. It is supposed to have derived its origin from one of the visions of the prophet Daniel, to whom appeared four great beasts, the first of which "was like a lion and had eagle's wings." He is represented in a sitting posture; to shew, we are told, "that the Venetians are wise and pacific; for sages and counsellors mostly use that attitude:

Loudly, deeply, solemnly, did the death-bell strike beneath the towering observatory of Galileo; but, to him, its mournful and appalling knell was as the silence of the grave: his spirit was with the stars, and the things of earth existed not for him. Morning came, and exhausted nature sank: he slept—slept profoundly—and his dreams were of other worlds.

When he awoke, the day had far advanced. The square, he observed, was full of people congregating in groups. What could have been the earthly deeds of that night, which he had passed in silent intercourse with Heaven? He descended. The windows and balconies of the Palace—of the Library\* opposite—of the *Loggia*† at the foot of the cam-

moreover, to evince that they conquer rather by address than by violence, as it was said of the Romans—*Romanus sedendo vincit*. He is winged, to shew that they are prompt in execution." According to the heralds, "St. Mark's lion is *azure*, *seigneur*, his wings *or*, and he holds a book, *argent*, open under his paws." That is, in time of peace: during war, a naked sword is placed in his paws. The legend written in the book is, *Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista meus*; the salutation said to have been addressed by an angel to the saint, when, in the course of his travels, he touched at the Hundred Isles, at that time uninhabited, and was informed, in a prophetic vision, that his bones should one day repose upon their shores. On the other column is the statue of St. Theodore, the more ancient patron of Venice; whose protection, according to De la Houssaye, was, from pacific motives, exchanged for that of St. Mark; the former having been a soldier, and resembling St. George, the tutelary saint of Genoa. St. Theodore is represented in the act of treading upon a crocodile, and bearing a lance in his left hand, and a buckler in his right. By some, this has been regarded as a blunder on the part of the artist; but a similar blunder—which in fact is no blunder at all—is apparent in the sculpture which adorns the pediment of the East India House, in Leadenhall Street. The intention of the Venetian statuary was to indicate the pacific disposition of the republic, which, meditating no attack, thought only of defence. For some of the curious information in this note, the writer is indebted to "*Sketches from Venetian History*," in Murray's Family Library.

\* The library is an elegant structure, built after the designs of Sansovino.

† The *Loggia* is a handsome building, presenting a marble front with large and small

panile—and of every building within view of the *Piazzetta*—were crowded with anxious and sorrowful faces: every countenance was shrouded in gloom, and from every quarter the groans of men and the wail of women arose. Five heads had successively been recognised, claimed, and removed from the *Pietra del Bando*, or Stone of Proclamation.\* One head—its visage blackened, its features distorted by the last pang, its dark lank hair bedabbled in the blood of the sufferer, and of his fellows—yet remained upon the stone.

From the side of the *Piazzetta*, opening to the sea, a crowd was seen advancing: a female—evidently a young and beautiful *contadinella*—pale, haggard, staggering, as it seemed, yet inspired by the energy of desperation—forced her way—passed between the pillars—(the very path taken by the Doge Marino Faliero, when, more than two centuries before, he made his ill-omened approach to the palace)—rushed towards the *Pietra del Bando*—uttered one wild shriek, and fell to the earth. She was instantly raised by Galileo; and in a few moments, an ancient venerable man, his grey hair streaming in the wind, was kneeling by the side of his daughter.

In the old man, Galileo recognised Battista Paolo, a worthy tenant of his father's, in the neighbourhood of Pisa. The first step now was to remove the wretched Carlina to one of the adjoining *casinos*, where, every requisite assistance being procured, the sufferer was, after much persevering effort, restored to animation. She awoke as from some fearful vision of the night. A violent tremor shook her enfeebled frame—her eyes wandered wildly around—it was evident that reason had been dislodged from its throne by the dreadful shock which she had sustained.

columns, and niches, containing bronze statues of the Pagan deities. It was customary, during the sittings of the Grand Council, for one of the Procuratori of St. Mark, to attend with the armed force of the arsenal, to prevent, or suppress, any attempt at commotion amongst the people.

\* At a short distance from the *Loggia*, stands the *Pietra del Bando*—the base of a column of porphyry—on which proscriptions are published, and on which the heads of criminals are exposed for the purpose of being identified.

“Nicolo! Nicolo! oh save me, save me from that horrid sight!” were the only words that escaped her, as, shudderingly, she buried her face in her hands. Galileo, with the affection of a parent, or of a brother, watched beside her; for, though he knew not Carlina, he esteemed her good old father, and his heart was deeply touched by the misery of the scene before him. Repose and quiet were the first essentials to her recovery. That no care might be wanting, Galileo sent for Rachele, an elderly woman, who had the presiding charge of his domestic concerns. With her, Carlina was left for a time, and Galileo took Battista with him to his own home. There he learned the particulars of his sad and melancholy story.

Battista's children—he had had a numerous family—were all dead—all, excepting Carlina. He had lost his wife two years before; and, since that period, Carlina had conducted his household affairs with exemplary assiduity—had managed the poultry, the dairy, and all the home concerns of the farm—had proved the entire and only solace of his declining years. The maiden had been beloved by Nicolo Polani, the industrious son of a neighbouring cottager; their faith had been mutually pledged; they were in the course of a week to be united for ever, and Nicolo was to assist in the management of the farm.

Unfortunately, the charms of Carlina had inspired a lawless passion in the breast of Donato, a profligate young Florentine noble, whose residence was near. He had long persecuted her, but in vain, with his suit. One evening—it was a soft and bright moonlight—Carlina was indulging in a solitary walk on the banks of the Arno, her native stream. Suddenly, Donato stood before her. The time, the seclusion of the spot, the silence that reigned around, all favoured Donato's unhallowed purpose. Carlina endeavoured to shun him—he caught her rudely in his embrace—she struggled—screamed—and, in an instant, as though her scream had been heard by Heaven, Nicolo—Nicolo, her protecting angel, was at her side. He was returning from the labours of the field, and there he hoped—for the meeting had been agreed upon—to meet his beloved one, his betrothed. He *did* meet

her, in a fortunate yet fatal moment. Donato, galled by the unlooked for interruption, hastily drew his sword and wounded him in the arm; but Nicolo, with the huge branch of a tree, which he had caught up in his path, felled the rufian to the ground, left him dead upon the spot, and bore off his Carlina in safety to her father's home. This was all, as it were, the event of a moment. That night, and the succeeding day, Nicolo remained concealed. The report of the neighbourhood was, that Donato had been set upon by banditti and slain. To stay at Pisa must have cost Nicolo his life, for the country was up in arms, and the *sbirri* were already in hot pursuit. Disguised, and under cover of the night, he fled—towards Venice, as he purposed. Weeks passed away, and no tidings of him were heard. At length a whisper reached Battista, that Nicolo had attached himself to the service of Giustiniani, the heir of the illustrious house of that name. The next rumour was, that Giustiniani, charged with treasonable practises against the state, had, with several of his domestics and chief members of his household, been arrested and thrown into prison.

A thousand fears and apprehensions racked the bosom of Carlina. It was impossible for her to remain longer in suspense. She resolved to set out in quest of her lover, to learn the worst—if possible, to restore her hopes, or to find them crushed for ever. Accompanied by her father, she left Pisa, traversed the country from Florence to Bologna, from Bologna through Ferrara, sometimes by land, and sometimes by water, till they reached Padua. There they hired a *burchiello*, and proceeded straight to Venice. On the instant of their arrival—even before they had landed—they learned that a state execution had just taken place—that Giustiniani was one of the victims.

"Giustiniani!" exclaimed Galileo, with a cry of horror, "my own, my best, my dearest friend and patron!"

Now, for the first time, Galileo became acquainted with the fatal events of the preceding night. It was too true, for him, that Giustiniani, one of the best, the bravest, the most generous of Venetian nobles, had fallen; it was too true, for Carlina, had not the sight of that ghastly

head before struck conviction to her heart, that Nicolo Polani, his faithful servant, had also expiated his crime—if of any crime he had been guilty—with his life.

Poor Carlina had known the worst—her last fond faithful hopes were crushed. Her senses returned; but she felt that she had nothing farther to do with life. Under the care, however, of her kind and attentive nurse, Rachele, she was cautiously removed, in a litter, to the house of Galileo.

Battista returned to Pisa, for the purpose of looking after his farm, and of apprising his neighbour, Polani, of the fate of his son; intending to come back to Venice immediately, to take his daughter home so soon as her health might allow.

On the day of his second arrival in the capital, Carlina had risen to receive him. Rachele had placed her in a cool and quiet apartment, fanned by the ocean breeze, and commanding a fair and delightful prospect. Her health had somewhat improved; but the native lustre of her eye—that "mysterious light"—was quenched; her lips were bloodless, and a deathlike paleness shaded her once-expressive brow. Battista and his daughter had met, and embraced. Rejoicing in the reported convalescence of Carlina, Galileo had joined them; and, while he was in friendly converse with Battista, before whom refreshments had been placed, at the close of his journey, Rachele, the old housekeeper, entered to announce the return of Gazano, a courier, from Rome. He had a sealed packet, he said, which he had been charged to deliver into the hands of no one but Galileo. Rachele, was, in consequence, desired to conduct him into the apartment. Gazano entered, exhausted by fatigue, and with the dust of travel still upon his clothes.

Carlina involuntarily raised her eye towards the door, at the moment—a piercing shriek escaped her; it was like the shriek, but fainter, from a declension of physical strength, that she gave when her sight was blasted, and her heart withered, by the gory head of Nicolo on the *Pietra del Bando*! Battista's vision glanced from Carlina to Gazano—from Gazano to Carlina—he trembled—the blood forsook his cheek—Gazano, Galileo, Battista, Rachele, all fled to the spot where Carlina

had fallen. Gazano raised her quickly—wildly—in his arms; strained her to his bosom—kissed her pale lips and forehead with passionate fondness—then raved in agonising madness of the death of his Carlina—his own beloved Carlina!

The sealed packet had fallen upon the floor, and there it lay, untouched, unthought of by all. The only self-possessed individual present was Rachele; and, through her timely and considerate aid, animation and consciousness were again restored to Carlina.

Ah! what unearthly mystery was this? Had the grave given up its dead? Was it indeed her own Nicolo—her preserver—her betrothed husband—who stood clothed in the flesh before her!

The mystery was soon explained. Nicolo, the better to elude discovery, had, on his first arrival at Venice, assumed the name of Gazano Biondo. He had been employed by Galileo on a journey to Rome; and he had now brought thence a packet of much importance from his Holiness the Pope, relating to Galileo's discoveries in astronomical science.

"But the head—the head of Nicolo Polani, on the *Pietra del Bando*?" That apparition, too, was accounted for without the aid of supernatural intervention.

Jacopo Polani, the elder brother of Battista, had married and settled in a distant province. For years, there had been no intercourse between these two branches of the Polani family—they had been hardly conscious of each other's existence; yet, by a common coincidence, each of the brothers had named his first-born after his own father, Nicolo; and, by a coincidence less common, the youths, it appeared, had borne a most striking family resemblance to each other. No wonder, then, that, for once, all quick and penetrating as are the eyes of love, those of Carlina should have been deceived, after death had done its worst on the features of Nicolo, the son of Jacopo Polani, whose devoted attachment to Giustiniani had brought him to an untimely end.

What remains to be added, but that, through the intercession of Galileo, a free pardon was obtained for the surviving Nicolo—that the lovers were united—that they were happy and blessed in each other—and that they lived to see their children's children flourish around them? It is said that, even at this day, one of their descendants occupies the same little farm on the banks of the Arno, that was then occupied by Battista Paolo.

## THE VENETIAN MARRIAGE.

*From the Italian of Sartari: by one of the Authors of "The Odd Volume."*

THE beautiful daughter of the Doge of Venice, the accomplished Lingia, was betrothed to the noble Giacinto Morosini. "Be happy," said the Doge, "and remember that the secret of being so in this sweet bond, is, never to feel that it is a bond." Giacinto threw his arms tenderly around his bride, and with beating hearts, but with silent lips, they sank at the feet of the Doge, who, laying his hands upon their heads, poured forth a fatherly benediction. It was new-year's eve, when Giacinto, intoxicated with happiness, left the magnificent palace of the Doge; yet, as he looked back on it, many varied feelings pressed on his heart, and a secret voice seemed to whisper that he had much to endure and to suffer, ere he could call

Lingia his—before the long-wished-for Candlemas-day,\* which was to crown his happiness, should arrive.

He wandered towards the sea, and found there a tumultuous crowd on which the red glare of torches cast a wild and strange light, while many boats thronged around two ships, which had just cast anchor. The cry of "Hail, Oleastro!" rent the air, as a young man stepped on shore, and who, having taken a prize from the pirates, which he now brought with him, was greeted by his fellow-citizens with loud shouts. The youth wore a dark

\* It was a practice in those times, for the Venetian nobles to celebrate their nuptials on the high festival of Candlemas-day.



habit, and his pale countenance shewed no sign of joy at the acclamations with which his return was welcomed. He was accompanied by a man whose looks betrayed a mixture of vice and boldness, and who, with marked courtesy, bowed to the crowd, and thanked them on the part of his silent companion. His glance fell on Giacinto, and he whispered something to the youth, who instantly fixed a penetrating look on him, and continued his gaze till they were separated by the throng.

They took their way to the palace of the Doge, at whose feet Oleastro, and his companion Gualdunio, laid their trophies. With mild dignity, the Doge received him, pressed a kiss on his cheek, and promised in his country's name to reward him. "Victory," replied Oleastro, "is the conqueror's highest reward; but if you think that I am worthy of another, I will seek it of you, if you will to-morrow grant me a gracious hearing."

On the following morning, Giacinto, agitated by an unaccountable disquietude, hastened to the palace of the Doge. Lingia came to meet him. "How is this?" exclaimed Morosini, in surprise, as he marked her tearful eyes, and felt her tremble in his embrace. "I have anxiously expected you," at length she replied; "beware of Marcello Oleastro: go, go; he is now with my father, and may immediately enter here." Scarcely had Giacinto left the antechamber, before Oleastro, his cheek glowing with indignation, rushed from the apartment of the Doge, and seizing Lingia's hand before she had time to escape, "Lingia!" he exclaimed with vehemence, but his tone quickly sank, "Lingia, art thou indeed betrothed?"—"My father will have told you so; release me."—"Judge thou between us, Lingia: my heart, my happiness, my honour, my all—judge thou; yes, he has denied thee to me—a second time he has denied me. He has planted a dagger in my heart: for thee I have braved the wild seas; for thee, have I shed my blood; for I believed that the laurels of victory would gain thee for me."—"Go, go!" exclaimed she, in great agitation, "leave me."—"No, Lingia; my life, for one moment; a thousand lives for a single moment: answer me, Lingia; who is this

Giacinto Morosini? I have never even heard his name; where are his wounds? Fame knows him not: see here; here has victory engraven my right to thee in ineffaceable lines;" and he pushed his cap from his brow, shewing a deep wound in his forehead, and vehemently clasped in his arms the half-fainting Lingia. A cry of terror escaped from her lips, and the Doge hastily entered the apartment. Oleastro pressed a burning kiss on her pale forehead, and retired with these words, "Reflect once more; for by this kiss I swear, my right to thee I never will resign."

Lingia had scarcely reached her sixteenth year, when Marcello first sought her love. His noble birth, his wealth, his princely form, his dauntless bravery, won admiration and respect, although his proud bearing and imperious manner estranged many from him. Many fair Venetian dames lavished their smiles on the youth; but Lingia alone had power to kindle in his bosom an irresistible passion. The Doge observed it, but howsoever highly he honoured his bravery and noble qualities, still he was convinced that from his restlessness of disposition, his vehement and passionate nature, he could never make any woman happy. As soon as Lingia discovered that her father was not inclined to favour his suit, she avoided all opportunities of meeting with Oleastro; and as she carefully concealed her feelings in her own bosom, no one knew if he had made any impression on her heart. Shortly after, Marcello demanded her hand, which the Doge refused him, but with mildness and courtesy. In a transport of frenzy, Marcello swore that he must and would possess Lingia; and the Doge rejoiced when the impetuous youth, stimulated by his passion for glory, fitted out a galley and put to sea in search of the corsairs of Illyrica. But Marcello viewed this enterprise solely as the means by which he could found a new claim to Lingia's hand, and her image hovered around him, when, as a conqueror, he proudly trod the deck of his prize.

In a fearful state of mind he returned from the palace of the Doge. He was met by Gualdunio, an unprincipled and impoverished noble, who had linked himself to the wealthy Oleastro, in order, by his assistance, to overturn the Govern-

ment, and who now received from him, under the influence of violent passion, full permission to act as he thought fit, on condition that his project did not interfere with his plans for obtaining possession of Lingia.

One evening Giacinto proceeded to the palace of the Doge: before him was a guitar-player, who, to the accompaniment of his instrument, sang an insulting ballad, which he evidently applied to him. Morosini in vain endeavoured to avoid him; the guitar-player always threw himself in his way. At length, irritated beyond endurance, Morosini tore the instrument from his hand, dashed it on the ground, and recognised in the troublesome musician, Gualdunio. At this moment Marcello, with his sword drawn, rushed forward exclaiming, "With me shalt thou contend for the possession of Lingia." The surprised Morosini had scarcely time to unsheath his weapon before he felt his arm disabled. A crowd rapidly collected round the combatants, and the Doge himself appeared, and in order to extinguish this feud in its birth, he sentenced Oleastro and Gualdunio to banishment from the states of the Republic. Oleastro rushed down to his ship, restored to freedom the son of the King of Narento, whom he had taken prisoner, on the condition that his father should instantly send forces to assist him in his enterprise against Venice. "We shall quickly warm ourselves at her flames," exclaimed Blada, and on the following morning the ships put to sea.

Some time after this, Morosini went to the island of Olivolo, where the bishop had his residence, and where the nuptials of the Venetian nobles were always solemnized. How did he rejoice to see the preparations for the approaching festival! It was late when he returned, the streets were silent and deserted, the sea roared tempestuously, when suddenly he heard a noise, and he faintly distinguished through the gloom, two persons struggling with each other, one of whom, after a short resistance, fell backwards into the waves with a thrilling cry, and his antagonist quickly fled.

With sword in hand Morosini pursued the fugitive, who was so fortunate as to escape without leaving any trace of him, except a piece of parchment, to which part of a seal was appended. He immediately

repaired to the Doge, and relating what had just occurred, placed the parchment before him, on which was distinctly written, "Reflect once more, Lingia: cast not my name among those which history condemns; or woe, woe to Venice!—Marcello Oleastro."

The bridal day arrived: all hastened to the gondolas, whose many-coloured pennons waved gaily in the breeze; but a thick fog hung over the sea and obscured the sun. The little fleet glided swiftly along; cries of joy rent the air; but Lingia, full of anxious forebodings, pressed close to her bridegroom. Lingia stood before the altar; the deep tones of the organ filled the sacred pile; the bishop, with his train of priests, appeared, and already was the bride's ring in Morosini's hand, when there suddenly arose from without a sound as of a coming storm. Nearer and nearer it approached; the clang of weapons was heard, and with the cry of "victory," a number of Corsairs rushed into the church. Morosini laid his insensible bride in the bishop's arms, and now a furious combat began. Supported by several brave Venetians, Morosini fought his way through the thickest of the fight, and after a vain attempt to re-enter the church, he and his companions hurried on board a gondola, and endeavoured to gain the interior of the city. In the meanwhile, Marcello had penetrated to the altar, seized the insensible Lingia in his arms, and bore her towards his ship. "Thou shalt not again escape me," he exclaimed, as she opened her eyes; "requite then, my burning passion, which has caused me to sacrifice all to gain thee." Lingia answered not: she thought only of death. "Away!" exclaimed Oleastro to the pirates, "away! let us hasten to return whence we came."

Many of the noble bridegrooms had fallen in the church, and the barbarians spread themselves over every quarter of the city; but the Venetian youth thronged the streets, and prepared for defence.—Of this band none excelled Morosini in promptitude and activity, and with one consent the Doge was named their leader. They took their way to the island of Olivolo, where numbers of the pirates fell a sacrifice to the outraged feelings of the Venetians. Gualdunio, habited as Doge,

and accompanied by several of the conspirators, stationed himself at the principal canal, and throwing money amongst the people, announced a new form of government; but he fell by the hand of Morosini, and the Corsairs began to fly. Oleastro seeing this, endeavoured to escape to his ship, and attempted to bear Lingia with him; but she quickly seized a sword, exclaiming, "Behold, here have I a sword, and here foam the waves; should the sword and the waves refuse me death, still I have courage to stifle in my bosom the breath of life."—"Lingia," he exclaimed, "thy destruction causes mine: dost thou give me death for all my sufferings?"—"Who has made you suffer?" said she; "I, your country, fate? madman, you were your own enemy; you were high in honour, respected in your fatherland. It was not you that my father hated, but your wild ungovernable passions; you wooed me in the proud tone of demand; you stretched your hand out to clasp a bride, and upon your forehead stood written, misery for her who should become yours. You would only possess that which you gained by force! Unhappy one, behold the consequences, and say who has precipitated you into misery."—"Heavenly powers!" exclaimed he, "that I myself should have thrust from me my greatest bliss: there is no punishment too great for me; and then Lingia, then—" At this moment, Blada, armed with a bloody sabre, rushed forward, crying out, "Traitor, where are the treasures thou promisedest? where are the brides? where are the slaves? dost thou think to keep this prize which has been won with our blood? No; she is mine; and with this steel, yet reeking with the blood of the Doge, I will slay thee." Lingia saw her father's insignia in the hands of the Corsair, and sank on the earth.—"Monster!" exclaimed she to Marcello, "thou hast caused my father's death: despair, then, for know that I loved thee; loved thee as I have never loved Morosini; may this knowledge be poison in thy soul, to martyr thee with

everlasting torments." Stunned, he fell to the ground, and with a laugh of scorn prepared to seize the victim; but Lingia's arm was quicker than his, and she cut asunder the thread of her life. Blada attempted to tear the jewels from her lifeless form, but Marcello sprang up, raised his sword, and struck one powerful blow, and the head of Blada rolled on the sand, and with wild cries the rest of the Corsairs fled. "Up! up!" said Oleastro, to some fettered Venetians, as he loosed their bonds; "pursue the Corsairs!"

They quickly leapt into the nearest vessel, while Marcello, covering Lingia's body with a cloak, closed his vizor, cast his shield bearing his coat of arms into the sea, and rushed after the pirates. He quickly joined the Venetians in the pursuit, and Morosini was surprised to see the Italian knight. "To the rescue!" exclaimed he, as a Corsair with an oar splintered the helmet of the knight, who fell on the deck of the vessel. Morosini hastened hither, and opened the helmet of the wounded youth. "Curse me not," said Oleastro, with dying voice, to the speechless Morosini; "I am wounded to death: hasten to fetch thy Lingia's body from the strand; farewell."—"Oh! grief," exclaimed Morosini, "I too, am slain, yet have no wound."

Three days after, Giacinto watched at the side of the bier on which his beloved lay; and it was only when the nobles brought to him the insignia of the Doge's high office, that he could be induced to leave the church.

Some weeks after, the Venetians assembled to witness the ceremony of his espousing the ocean. He stepped forward on the ship, took the consecrated ring from his finger, held it up, and said, "Venetians! henceforth I belong to you alone; no wife, no child, shall share my duties; my time I consecrate to you—my eternity to her; Venice be mine, and the ocean the bride of Venice."

He threw the ring from him, and it was engulfed by the swelling waves of the Adriatic.

## Original Poetry.

## WINDERMERE.

*By Henry Brandreth, Jun., Esq.*

BEAUTY is on thee, lovely lake, the beauty  
of a day,

Windless and waveless, autumn's tints lit  
up as if by May.

Around thee mighty mountains stand, above  
thee lightly fleet

Along resplendent clouds; thy banks with  
thousand flowers are sweet.

Upon thy calm and placid breast green sister  
islets sleep,

Within thy valleys fairies dwell, and round  
thee vigil keep;

While oft, at eve, as slowly glides some  
stranger bark along,

Is heard the shout of revelry, or poet's  
minstrel song.

Beauty is on thee, lovely lake, the beauty of  
a night,

When all around flash forth the stars a  
galaxy of light;

And fairy spirits walk abroad, and mountain,  
glen, and sky,

Upon thy moonlit waters pale in mirror'd  
beauty lie.

Oh! wert thou ever thus, fair lake, too  
envied were the lot

Of him who, from the world retired, within  
his peaceful cot,

Treads calmly onward to that sea upon  
whose stormless shore

No winter billows break, no wild and awful  
torrents roar.

Yet art thou emblem meet, when comes the  
elemental strife

Of winter over flood and fell, of Man's  
eventful life;

To-day, calm, fair, and motionless — to-  
morrow, and the storm

Sweeps o'er thee, in its pride of power, and  
mars each fairy form.

Then fare thee well, thou beautiful, and, if  
the stranger's song

Live but its little day thy hills and moun-  
tain glens among,

Not idly will his summer bark have sailed  
thy waters blue,

'Mid mirth and minstrel melody — sweet  
Windermere, adieu!

*Windermere Ferry, Sept. 18.*

## BALLAD.

A YOUNG forsaken mother  
Stood on a foreign strand,  
With her babe—and but each other  
They knew through all the land.

\*One told her she was dying,  
And a little while she wept,  
But she soon, soon ceased her crying,  
And in peace and silence slept.

And then the infant faded,  
Like a fair bud on a tree,  
And died—as when o'er-shaded  
Is the summer—dies the bee.

They laid her babe beside her,  
As once in life it lay,  
And the cold green turf must hide her,  
Till the world hath passed away!

M. J. J.

## THE LADY'S FAREWELL TO HER PAGE.

THE time is fast approaching, love,  
When beauty 'round thy brows will twine  
A wreath, thy fame shall challenge, love,  
Thou'lt value that far more than mine.

And though I may have taught thee, love,  
That woman's praise is dear to thee,  
Beauty, and youth, will tell thee, love,  
To smile on *them*, and not on *me*.

Each graceful form that meets thee, love,  
Will take a leaf from friendship's bow'r,  
Till nothing's left for me, love,  
But memory's sigh, in sorrow's hour.

The parent-bird is doom'd, love,  
To see her new-fledg'd offspring fly,  
Far—far away from her, love,  
As, soaring on, it gains the sky.

And though in years to come, love,  
Thy thoughts may turn to truth, and me,  
They'll be like broken dreams, love,  
Or sounds of far-off minstrelsy.

Yet should a moment come, love,  
Which Friendship still may claim her  
own,  
Recall me to thy mind, love,  
But let it be—when *quite alone*!

KATE, Dec., 1830.

## LINES.

*By H. C. Deakin, Esq.*

O MEMORY! Memory! down thy tide  
How fondly my affections glide,  
As starbeams lingeringly retrace  
At morn their transit back through space.

I think upon the early hours  
I whiled within my father's bowers;  
Those hours that passed so rapidly—  
My father, too!—Oh, where is he?

Again I think on that sweet time,  
Of blooming boyhood in its prime,  
When with my sister joyfully  
I strayed. My sister!—where is she?

Alas! with mournful sigh sincere  
I look upon my father's bier;  
With agitated thoughts I turn,  
And gaze upon my sister's urn!

On came the hours—on, onwards ran—  
The boy had changed into the man,  
And wandered, as twin zephyrs glide,  
With a fair creature by his side.

Ianthe! how thy name recalls  
The music of the waterfalls,  
The hum of bees, the sound of streams,  
Beneath the sunset's evening beams.

Ianthe! do the seasons fly  
Only to hallow Memory's sigh?  
Alas! suns, seasons, years depart,  
Waking but echoes in my heart.

And I—I am the only one,  
Now, Father! Sister! *thou* art gone!  
Left like one chord upon the lute,  
To all, save Memory, hopeless, mute!

But Memory ever to me brings  
The forms of unforgotten things;  
And one hope mingles with the past,  
That I shall join ye all at last.

## LINES.

"OH, DO I NOT LOVE THEE?"

OH, do I not love thee? then why art thou  
still,

By night or by day, ever present to me?  
The queen of my slumbers, the guide of  
my will,

This life hath no charm which it draws  
not from thee.

'Tis sweet to forget all my sorrows awhile,  
To lose in thy presence each sadness and  
pain;

Thy melody soothes me, and blest with thy  
smile,

I melt into joy and am happy again.

And oh! when at length we are destined to  
part,

Say, why do I pause on the sad word  
"adieu?"

'Tis then that I feel Love the lord of my  
heart,

And it bleeds with the wretch that  
withdraws me from you.

J. S. C.

## SONGS OF THE MUSES.

No. IV.

## ERATO'S SONG.

*Inscribed to "La jolie demoiselle."*

I CAN bid, with one sound of my harp's soft  
tone,

The thoughts and feelings of former years  
Rise from the depth of each secret place.

With their rainbow tissue of hopes and  
fears:

The lady then thinks on bygone times,

On her moon-girt walks, and the fervent  
tone

Breathed by the spirit of him she loved,  
Who now is mourning his fate alone.

And manhood thinks on the cruel one

Who knew the thoughts of his inmost  
heart,

Who led him on with a silken string,

Then with cold brow could bid him part:

I can cause the hollow cheek and eye

Flush with the thoughts of former hours,

Of the pleasant labour, and evening's prime,

With the balmy scent from the silent  
flowers.

The matron, her children round her playing,

With unfurrowed brow and placid eye,

Thinks on the rapture of buried years,

When she sang, as a bird, all merrily;

And if one tear should cross her cheek,

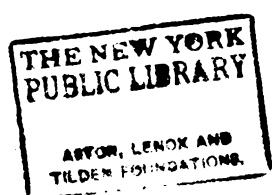
Or if one sigh should heave her breast;

The tear is but formed of happiness,

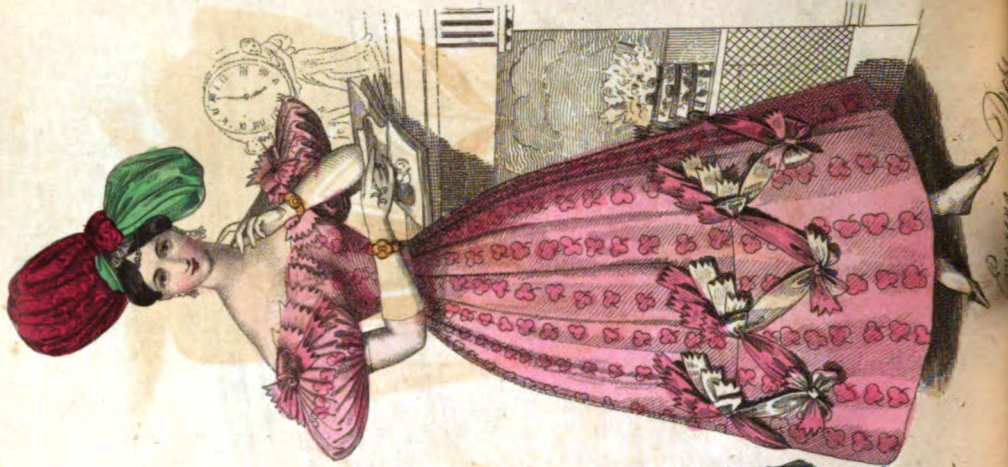
The sigh but the sigh of pleasant rest.

*Holloway.*

J. F.







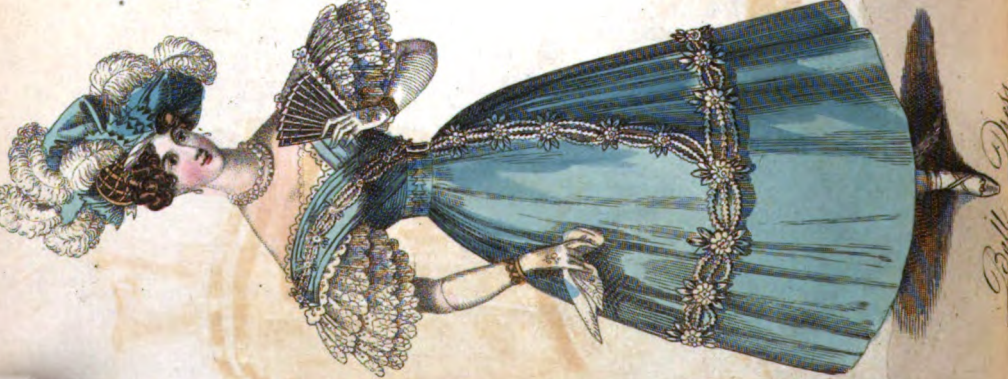
*Princess Marie*



*Princess Marie of*



*Princess Marie of*

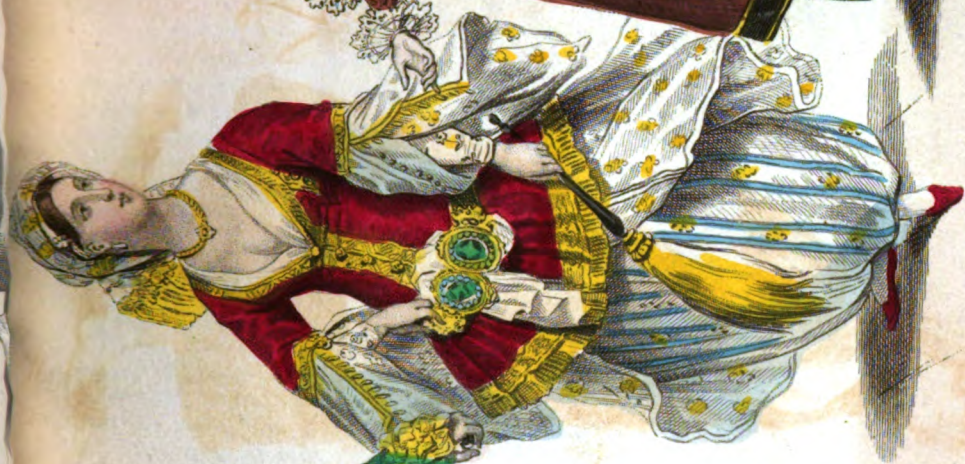


*Princess Marie*





*German*



*Turkish*

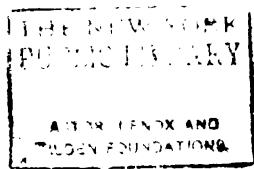


*Spanish*



*Indian*





## Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1831.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

#### BALL DRESS.

A GOWN of *bleu Adelaide gaze orientale*; the *corsage* low, arranged round the upper part in folds, and crossed in front. Very short *béret* sleeve, covered with a *mancheron*, composed of three rows of blond lace. The dress is trimmed round the border, up the front of the skirt, and across the *corsage*, with a wreath composed of three rows of white gauze ribbon, cut to resemble foliage, and united at regular distances by an ornament of ribbon resembling a flower, with its foliage. The head-dress is a blue crape *toque*, mounted on a gold net, and trimmed with a profusion of white ostrich feathers falling in different directions. Necklace, and pearls.

#### EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of rose-coloured *mousseline de Soie*; the *corsage* sitting close to the shape, and trimmed round the bust with a row of *palmettes*, composed of rose-coloured ribbon, with a *nœud* formed of cut ends on each shoulder. *Béret* sleeves very full, and with the plaits reversed. The skirt is trimmed with white and rose-coloured gauze ribbon, draped *à la Léontine*; these ornaments are finished by a small knot of the two ribbons at the bottom of each, and by another of the *aigrette* form at the top. The head-dress is a *béret* composed of crimson and green gauze. Ear-rings, bandeau, and bracelets of dead gold; the latter have pearl clasps.

#### HOME DRESS OF A VIENNA LADY.

A DRESS composed of pink *gros de Naples*, *corsage uni*, finished round the top with three *rouleaux*. *Béret* sleeve extremely full. Black blond lace *pele-rine* of a large size, finished round the throat with a *ruche* of the same material: it is trimmed round the border with a row of lace something deeper. The apron is

composed of green *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with black lace. Head-dress, a cap of black blond lace, trimmed with very broad black gauze ribbon. Mittens of black silk and gold net.

#### HOME DRESS OF A MADRID LADY.

THIS dress is composed of deep violet-coloured satin, and trimmed with two rows of rich fringe to correspond: the first is placed above the knee, the second comes as low as the edge of the border. The *corsage* is cut low, with a pointed gore, attached in the centre of the bosom by a gold brooch. Short full sleeve, trimmed at the bottom with a row of fringe. The hair is gathered under a black silk net, fastened on one side by a gold pin. A *mantilla*, composed of black blond lace, is partially thrown over the head, and falls in graceful folds round the shoulders; the ends descend nearly to the trimming of the dress in front.

#### National Costumes.

WE present our readers this month with some of the national costumes adopted as masquerade dresses during the carnival, and at the masqued balls now giving in Paris.

#### ITALIAN PEASANT'S DRESS.

A SHORT petticoat of claret-coloured silk, bordered with citron stripes. Cambric boddice, frilled round the throat, and with long wide sleeves drawn at the wrist, and frilled. A tight low boddice of blue silk embroidered in citron-colour, is worn over the cambric one; the silk sleeves sit close to the arm; they are open at the elbow, and come rather below it; they are trimmed on the shoulders with knots of pale rose-coloured ribbon. Citron-coloured apron, richly embroidered in crimson and green. The head-dress is a small round cap, over which is thrown a square

## LINES

*By H. C. Deak*

O MEMORY! Memory!  
 How fondly my affection  
 As starbeams lingeringly  
 At morn their transit be

I think upon the early h  
 I whiled within my fath  
 Those hours that passed  
 My father, too!—Oh, w

Again I think on that s  
 Of blooming boyhood in  
 When with my sister jo  
 I strayed. My sister!

Alas! with mournful si  
 I look upon my father's  
 With agitated thought  
 And gaze upon my sist

On came the hours—on  
 The boy had changed  
 And wandered, as twir  
 With a fair creature b

Ianthe! how thy nam  
 The music of the wat  
 The hum of bees, the  
 Beneath the sunset's

Ianthe! do the seaso  
 Only to hallow Mem  
 Alas! suns, seasons,  
 Waking but echoes i

And I—I am the on  
 Now, Father! Siste  
 Left like one chord  
 To all, save Memor

But Memory ever  
 The forms of unfor  
 And one hope ming  
 That I shall join y

“OH, DO I

Oh, do I not lov  
 still,

By night or by  
 The queen of r  
 my wil

This life hath  
 not fro



## FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1831.

### BALL DRESS.

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the *corsage* low, arranged round the  
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### EVENING DRESS.

DRESS of rose-coloured mousseline de  
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trimmed round the bust with a row  
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p. The head-dress is a *beret* composed  
f crimson and green gauze. *Les*  
andau, and branches of *dear* gold; the  
atter have pearl clumps.

## HOME DRESS OF A KENYAN

composed of green *grai de Naples*, and trimmed with black lace. Head-dress, a cap of black blond lace, trimmed with very broad black gauze ribbon. Mittens of black silk and gold net.

## HOME DRESS OF A MARYLAND LADY.

THIS dress is composed of deep red-coloured satin, and trimmed with six rows of rich fringe to correspond. The first is placed above the hair, the second comes as low as the edge of the bust. The *corsage* is cut low, with a square gore, attached in the centre of the back by a gold brooch. Short full sleeves, trimmed at the bottom with a row of fringe. The hair is gathered under a black net, fastened on one side by a comb. A mantle, composed of black tulle, is partially thrown over the shoulders, and falls in graceful folds around the waist. The ends descend nearly to the hem of the dress in front.

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...some are  
...ttest and  
...bouquets.

piece of white lace, traversed in the centre of the hair by a very long gold pin. Blue stockings with red clocks. Black shoes, trimmed with yellow fringe.

#### SPANISH DANCING DRESS.

A DARK green satin dress, trimmed round the border with a flounce of white *tulle* embroidered in gold, and surmounted by gold embroidery on the satin. The upper part of the skirt, very full behind, but sitting quite close to the shape in front, is embroidered in gold below the waist: a deep fall of *tulle* is set on full just beneath the embroidery, and nearly covers the rest of the skirt.

The *corsage* sits close to the shape: the upper part is of white satin, square, but high round the bust; the lower part of green satin; both are trimmed with gold. The upper part of the sleeve is of white satin, puffed upon the shoulder, the lower part of green sitting close to the arm; it is ornamented with gold. Knots of blue gauze, intermixed with gold flowers, ornament the hair.

#### TURKISH HOME DRESS.

WHITE and blue striped silk trowsers, made very long and wide. The under dress is of white gauze, spotted with yellow: it is open in front, not quite so long as the trowsers, but very ample. Mameluke sleeve, over one that sits close to the arm. The upper dress is of crimson velvet: it is a short round tunic, fitting the shape exactly, but very open on the bosom, and with tight short sleeves. The bottom, front, and sleeves, are bordered with a net flat yellow silk trimming. The turban is of white gauze, fringed and ornamented to correspond with the dress.

#### GERMAN COSTUME OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

A DRESS of light green silk, over which is an open robe of reddish brown satin, with a black velvet border, edged with gold: the upper part of the *corsage* is of white satin, finished with a full lace ruff, standing up round the throat; the lower part, the same as the dress, is ornamented with black velvet, embroidered in gold; the sleeves large at the upper part, slashed with white satin, and adorned at the

elbows with point lace ruffles: the lower part of the sleeve is tight, and also terminates with a ruffle at the hand. A blue silk scarf, fringed with gold, is tied loosely round the waist. A small violet velvet cap, trimmed with a single white ostrich feather, is placed on one side of the head.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

#### FASHIONS AND DRESS.

WERE we this month to report only what is actually worn at its commencement, our task, as far as out-door dress is concerned, would be soon done; for April,

"With showers and sunshine in her hollow eyes,"

obliges our fair fashionables to observe that sort of medium between summer and winter costume which affords very little room for description; but we determined to redeem our last month's pledge, and in virtue of our office we have visited more than one of those distinguished houses of business, where, if novelty exist, it is sure to be found; and we have consequently some spring fashions to present to our fair readers, which, if the weather continue favourable, will appear about the middle of the month.

First, however, let us see the actual state of carriage dress. Velvet mantles and pelisses are no longer visible; but those of satin and *gros de Naples* still keep their ground. Shawls are, for the moment, in more demand than either. Boa tippets continue to be worn, but not with shawls: they are used with high dresses, or dresses of the pelisse kind; the latter continue in favour, and are worn with velvet pelerines trimmed in general with very broad black blond lace.

Velvet hats and bonnets have totally disappeared, but those of satin are still in fashion. It is, however, expected that, by the middle of the month, they will give place to those of silk, rice, straw, &c.

One of the novelties that we have to announce is a carriage dress composed of emerald green *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* made up to the throat, but without a collar; the shape of the bust is formed by three folds which meet under the *ceinture*,

go up each side of the front, and round the back of the bust. The sleeves are a little, but very little, smaller at the top than usual; but from the elbow to the wrist the fulness is arranged in folds put three and three together, with plain spaces between. A cuff, composed of three folds, as upon the bust, but narrower, terminates the sleeve. The skirt is bordered by a bias band, the upper edge of which is cut in pyramids, the pyramids edged by an extremely light, but rich fancy silk trimming, a shade darker than the gown. This dress is to be worn with a large pelerine of the same material. It forms a *fichu* in front, and the ends hang low; it is pointed behind, and cut in a deep point on each shoulder. A silk trimming, similar to that on the border, edges the pelerine.

A second novelty is a mantle intended for the Opera, or dress parties. It is composed of *satin turc*; the colour *bleu Adélaïde*, a rich silk ground with broad satin stripes, on which are figured very light wreaths of foliage in white. It is very full, and lined with swan's-down, a light *rouleau* of which borders the cape and collar: both of these are large, the former having the fulness thrown quite into the centre of the back, where it is disposed in full folds, that cause it to hang very gracefully.

Among the forthcoming novelties in carriage hats, one that appears to us remarkably elegant, is composed of white watered *gros de Naples*, and lined with lilac. The crown is low. It is placed a little on one side, but not so much so as in the winter; the brim is very wide across the forehead, short at the ears, and sitting close to the cheeks: the inside of the brim is trimmed with a very broad blond lace arranged in festoons, which are formed by rosettes of cut ribbon. Two *bouquets* of violets adorn the crown; one placed on one side, the other at the bottom. They are connected by a very light wreath composed of cut ends of violet ribbon, which passes from the one to the other.

Some very elegant morning bonnets are composed of white *gros des Indes*, lined with rose-coloured satin, and trimmed only with two or three bows made of ends of cut ribbons; if there are three, two are placed in opposite directions on the crown,

and one behind at the bottom of the crown; if there are two, one is placed on one side of the crown about the middle, the other behind. These bonnets always have the edge of the brim finished by a curtain veil of white blond lace.

*Gros de Naples* is still the material most in favour in morning dress, and is likely to continue so during the ensuing month. Morning dresses are made in general with high bodies, and many still have the *revers* of velvet, but satin is more employed. *Gros de Naples caméleon*, a new and very pretty changeable silk, is much worn in half dress. There is no decided form at this moment for *négligé*; some dresses being made in the pelisse gown stile, and others half high with a plain *corsage* cut square round the top, having a *revers* open on each shoulder, and forming a sharp point. Several dresses have a band cut in festoons placed upon the sleeve just above the elbow. A wire is placed in the lining of each festoon round the edge, which keeps it in a firm position; thus the festoons sustain the fulness of the upper part of the sleeve, and prevent it from falling over the elbow; the lower part of the sleeve sits close to the arm.

Evening dresses no longer have the *corsage* cut quite square round the bust. Some have it slightly rounded at the shoulders, others drawn down a little in the centre of the bust. In the latter case the *chemisette* prevents the bosom from being indelicately exposed. *Corsages* are made either in crossed drapery, or *en cœur*; the first are usually bordered with a narrow blond lace, which stands up; the latter have the *cœur* formed by broad blond lace, or by folds which are edged with narrow blond. The sleeve is either a *béret* with the plaits turned in contrary directions, or else it must be of a transparent material, whether the dress be so or not, and of enormous width from the shoulder to the wrist, where it is confined by a narrow band.

Coloured satin, and *gros de Naples caméleon*, are in favour for social parties. Dress gowns are either of white satin, *gaze Donna Maria*, or crape; the most elegant of the latter are those painted in colour and application of gold; some are striped *à colonnes*; others, the prettiest and most tasteful, are in detached *bouquets*.

Embroidery, in coloured silks, or for grand parties in gold or silver, forms the majority of trimming. We have seen, however, lately, some full dress trimmings composed of gold or silver ribbon, arranged either in wreaths or in very light rosettes, resembling poppies or tulips. We have noticed also some trimmings for social parties, composed of very rich gauze ribbon disposed in a double row of irregular festoons, the festoons mingled with knots of ribbon, and a sprig of foliage or of rose-buds issuing from each knot. This is a style of trimming at once light, elegant, and simple.

Blond lace caps are much worn in evening dress. Some have the trimming, which is always very deep, sustained by satin *rouleaux* which are scarcely thicker than a narrow cord. A profusion of light sprigs of flowers mingles with the trimming of the front, and some *nœuds* of ribbon cut in points are placed behind. Those caps that are not trimmed with flowers are adorned with wreaths of ribbon placed rather on one side.

The most novel, and without dispute the most becoming *bérets*, are composed of blond lace. The *béret* is formed by a single row of blond plaited round the head, and puffed out towards the top, where it is sustained by a circle of narrow satin bands. The *fond* of the *béret* is traversed by two rows of blond; the hair, arranged in bows, passing through them. If these head-dresses are for full dress, they are mounted on a gold band, and ornamented with some light ends of gold gauze ribbon which fall on one side. Those for evening dress are adorned with some light sprigs of flowers placed above and below the brim.

We observe with sincere pleasure that Her Most Gracious Majesty's benevolent efforts to raise our depressed manufactures, have been most warmly and effectually seconded by our female nobility and gentry. As the newspapers have already given a detailed account of the dresses at the late drawing-rooms, we shall only observe, that the materials employed were exclusively of British manufacture, and it has been universally acknowledged that the extreme beauty and richness of their texture, very far surpassed the productions of foreign looms. The general effect

of the dresses was superb, and tasteful in the highest degree; though we must observe that the extraordinary width of some of the trains rendered them ungraceful. It was also an innovation, for even when hoops were worn, the trains were always of moderate width. The majority of head-dresses on each occasion were feathers and diamonds, but there were also several toques and turbans trimmed with feathers, and almost all richly ornamented with diamonds or coloured gems. The display of jewellery was indeed absolutely dazzling. We should not perhaps have been so much gratified by the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of our court drawing-rooms, but for the strong contrast afforded by the curious mixture of affected simplicity, we had almost said shabbiness, and magnificence which those of a neighbouring nation at this moment present.

*Bleu Adélaïde*, emerald green, lilac, violet, canary colour, and rose colour, are all fashionable, but white is upon the whole most *distingué* for full dress.

## Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN  
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

### COSTUME OF PARIS.

MARCH is already in the wane. It has brought us brilliant sunshine and early flowers. We have thrown off for the moment our furs and our mantles; it is in *redingotes* of *gros de Naples*, or high dresses of plain *chaly*, with a velvet pelerine, or a small square shawl bordered in *rosaces*, that our fair fashionables are seen from two till five, in the gardens of the Tuileries, or in open carriages in the *Bois de Boulogne*, where it is at this moment very much the fashion to ride on horseback. There is nothing new in the form of habits, which are either of black or blue cloth. They are worn with small black beaver hats and black gauze veils, such as were generally adopted this time last year; for it would be *mauvais ton* to appear in a new-fashioned habit till after the promenade of

Longchamps, to which we look forward every year for our out-door fashions.

This rule does not, however, apply so strictly to hats and bonnets, as it does to dresses; and some of our *élégantes* have availed themselves of the fine weather we have lately had, to introduce new and pretty spring bonnets and hats.

The former have the brim smaller and wider than those worn in the winter; the crown either round or of a dome shape, but always low. They are composed of *gros de Naples*, plain, watered, or glazed, and are trimmed with ribbons only. A knot is placed on the front of the crown about the centre, and another, but smaller, behind. Sometimes the knot in front is made *en chou* of cut ribbons.

The brims of hats are a little, but very little, shallower: they are round, wide, short, and rather close at the ears. The crowns have not altered in shape. Watered *gros de Naples*, and *gros d'Orient*, are the materials most in favour for hats: the brims are always lined with a different colour; those of lilac are lined with straw-colour, those of green with lilac, and white with lilac, rose-colour, or canary-colour. Some have the brim finished by a curtain veil of blond lace, others are ornamented on the inside with blond lace arranged in the cap style. A few hats are decorated with flowers, but the majority are trimmed with feathers. There are generally five or six employed; three are fixed near the summit of the crown on the right; the two or three others are placed at the bottom of it on the left, and fall over on the brim. Straw-colour, lilac, green, and white, are the colours of the new hats and bonnets.

Satin is still fashionable in half-dress, but less so than *chaly* or French cachemire. The latter has been a prime favourite during the last month. *Gros de Naples* is also much worn. Some dresses have the *corsage* plain; others, on the contrary, have it covered with folds. Waists remain the same length, and the skirts are attached as usual in large flat plaits. Gowns are very little trimmed in half-dress. Some, however, of the *redingote* form have the front trimmed with broad bands cut in long sharp *dents*, which are interlaced; the collar and the pelerine are also *dentelés*.

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Late as it is in the season, we still see many black blond lace caps in half-dress. They are trimmed with azure blue, or pale rose-coloured ribbons; the trimming of the cap made as light as possible; the knots of ribbon small, and consisting of three or four ends only.

*Demi redingotes* composed of satin or *gros d'Orient*, are very fashionable in evening dress. They are cut low on the bust, and have the *corsage* trimmed with a fold in the shawl style, which turns over, and forms a pelerinc. The sleeves are double *bouffans* at the top, and à *l'Amadis* from the elbow to the wrist. The skirt, open in front, shews an under dress composed of crape or embroidered muslin. The *chemisettes* worn with these dresses are of two kinds: the first is cut low and square, richly worked round the top, and only partially seen in the centre of the bosom. The other is made *à revers*: it rises rather high round the bust, and the blond lace which trims it falls over the pelerine of the dress. Muslin is already much worn in evening dress, particularly clear muslin. These dresses always have the *corsage* low, and in crossed drapery. The sleeves are generally à *l'Imbecille*. Some are finished round the border with a single *chef d'or* placed just above the hem; others are embroidered in lace patterns. The latter are not yet very generally adopted.

Lent has not induced us to give up dancing; on the contrary, balls are more numerous than ever, a number of public ones continue to be given for the benefit of the poor. The most brilliant of these was that given at the *Hôtel de Ville*, by the seventh legion of the National Guard. One of the dresses most remarkable for novelty and richness was composed of blond, strewed with small *rosaces*. *Corsage drapé à la Sevigné*, and trimmed round the back and shoulders *en mantille*, with superb blond lace. The sleeves were those of the under dress; white satin plaited in the fan style, and nearly covered by a double row of blond. A large *rouleau* of white satin, forming a *baton d'épine*, went round the border as high as the knees; a wreath of hyacinths of deep rose-colour, with silver foliage, issued from the *rouleau* on the left side, and ascended in almost a straight line to the *ceinture*,

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which was ornamented with an embroidery of silver rings interlaced. The *bouquet* at the side was of hyacinths to correspond with the wreath.

The head-dresses at this ball were principally remarkable for their extreme richness: the *toques* and *bérets* were resplendent with diamonds and coloured gems. *Coiffures en cheveux*, which were by far the most numerous, were variously adorned; some with feathers and precious stones, others with *couronnes à la Taglione*, composed of flowers of the natural colours, and silver foliage; and others with a *bouquet*, now by the caprice of fashion called a *chapeau*, of flowers, and foliage coloured after nature. *Bandeaus* and combs enriched with jewels, formed part of the ornaments of almost every *coiffure*.

*Toques* and hats are both in favour for social parties. Many of the former have the crown in crape, and the front formed of tufts of cut ribbon, placed in the style

of *aigrettes*. Others, with a *tulle* crown, have the front adorned with a broad blond supported by two satin rings, placed behind it. A bird of paradise is put very far back on the left side.

Hats in evening dress are of satin or crape, but the latter are most fashionable. Some have the brim turned up on one side, and two feathers placed so as to fall over the crown; others have the brim lined with satin. These last are trimmed with light sprigs of flowers, some of which are laid flat upon the brim, and others placed on one side of the crown. The *bouquets* arranged in this manner never have more than three, and sometimes only two sprigs. Violet, lavender, dark blue, and various shades of green, are in nearly equal favour for promenade dresses. I have already mentioned the colours of hats. Those of evening dress continue the same as last month, with the addition of lilac.

## Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN  
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND  
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

OUR first attention shall be paid to "*Summer and Winter Hours*, by Henry Glassford Bell."—Critics are frequently thought to be stern and cold-blooded mortals, whose temperament is seldom above *zero*—men of *cast iron*, who read a book, or look on a picture, merely to detect faults. We deny the imputation *in toto*, as far as regards ourselves: or, if we be stern, when false glitter, when empty and insolent pretension offend our taste, neither our hearts nor our ears are deaf to the voice of the charmer, when he sings the true strain—that strain which is sweet and familiar to all bosoms that have thrilled at the touch of joy, or writhed beneath the pang of sorrow. Nay, we are not ashamed to confess, that there is poetry which, although it come before the world unheralded by any high-sounding name, has yet the power of drawing tears from our eyes—of causing us to live over again the days that are gone—the bright and buried past!—Falsely it is asserted, that the history of private feeling—of that world, the human heart—detracts from the

general interest of poetry;—that the bard who speaks to us of the hopes, the joys, the struggles, and the griefs, that have brightened, or darkened, his lot, is a whining egotist, and consequently wearisome and monotonous. The direct contrary is the fact; for, merely descriptive poetry—such as presents to us only the picture of *inanimate* nature—although it may dazzle the imagination, can never, in a *tithe* degree interest so much as *that* which shews to man the naked heart, in all its complicated anatomy, of his fellow man—as *THAT* which holds up to him a mirror in which he beholds *HIMSELF*.—The passionate and eloquent breathings of affection—the aspirings of a generous ambition—the bitter out-pourings of a wounded spirit—the winged thoughts, that, piercing "*this dim veil*," tell, as with a prophet's tongue, of the things that *SHALL* be, when mortality has put on immortality—*THESE* are the elements of *true* poetry—*SUCH* is the bullion which is prized by those who have hearts to feel, and taste to estimate real power and beauty.

We have been led into the foregoing remarks by the perusal of the volume now before us, which we sit down, with real pleasure, quite *con amore*, to review.—Mr. Bell is no servile imitator of the style of others—he trusts to the stores of his own mind, and they seldom play him false; for there is scarcely a page in this little volume that does not present lines of either power or pathos; and (a rare quality) every variety of style—the tender—the playful—the grave—the impassioned—he assumes with equal ease and felicity. Our *especial* favourites are:—“Flowers make me think of thee”—“Even as a Star”—“An Earthquake”—“A Letter to my Cousin”—and, “My Fairy Ellen.” The two first named are exquisitely tender. In the piece commencing—

“Flowers make me think of thee—

Thou hast a deep and gentle love for flowers,  
Those golden children of the summer sun—”

the poet renders tributary to the same dear and exciting thought, “Streams,” “Hills,” and “Stars;” and thus beautifully concludes:—

“When think I not of thee?

Nor flowers, nor hills, nor streams, nor stars  
alone,

Recall thee to a heart, in which thou liv’st  
As perfume in the flower, light in the stream,  
Beauty in hills, and God himself in stars!  
I take thee with me wheresoc’er I go,  
And in my spirit’s wildest flights thy form,  
As in a morning dream, shines by my side!  
At home, abroad, alone, or in a crowd,

When think I not of thee?”

“Even as a Star,” we are enabled, from its brevity, to quote entire:—

“‘Even as a star?’—

No, dearest! be not to me as a star;

’Tis one of millions, and the hurrying cloud  
Oft wraps the glimmering splendour in its  
shroud;

Morn pales its lustre, and it shines afar,—

Dearest! be not a star.

“‘Even as a flower?’

No, loveliest! be not to me as a flower;

The uncertain sun calls forth its odorous breath;  
The sweeter perfume gives the speedier death—

The sport and victim of a summer hour,—

Loveliest! be not a flower.

“‘Even as a dove?’—

No, purest! be not to me as a dove;

The spoiler oft intrudes upon its rest,  
Robbing the downy joys of its warm nest,  
And flinging silence o’er its native grove,—

Purest! be not a dove.

“‘Even as a rock?’—

No, my most faithful! be not as a rock;  
It hates the waves that girdle it, and stands  
Stern as an outlawed captain of brigands,  
Heedless alike of fortune’s smile or shock,—  
Changeless! be not a rock.

“Even as *thyself*,—

My soul’s best idol! be but as *thyself*,—  
Brighter than star, and fairer than the flower;  
Purer than dove, and in thy spirit’s dower  
Steadier than rock,—yes, dearest! be *thyself*—  
*Thyself—only thyself.*”

The “Earthquake” is *almost* Byronic: we cannot resist the impulse to transcribe its opening and closing portions:—

“’Tis day, and yet there comes no light,

Or only such as makes more terrible

The desolation that before was hid

In the black shroud of darkness. The red sun,

Blood-stained and dim, looks on the fallen city

Like an affrighted murderer on the corse

Mangled beneath his foot. The work is done!

Silence is in the streets!

Fanes, domes, and spires, lie crumbled on the  
ground;

Hovels are tost on palaces; and gold

Shines upon heaps of dust and scattered stones.

The voice of man is o’er; his might is crushed

Like a bruised reed, the labours of his hand

Are strewed as leaves before a tempest. See!

As the gaunt earthquake, with its giant stride,

Again goes staggering by, how, roaring, fall

His everlasting pyramids, and mock,

In reeking loneliness, the pride that call’d

Their feebleness eternal.

• • • • •

Yet, hark! far off there comes the hollow sound

Of rushing waves. Nearer and louder!—Lo!

The waters have arisen, and, instinct

With a strange life, needing no winds to guide,

Are sweeping on in their wild majesty!

Arm’d with the voice of thunder when it leaps

Among the mountain chasms. See! they come!

But louder, wilder, and more terrible,

The bursting shriek of that lost multitude

Along the barren sands!—Up—up to heaven!

Shaking the Almighty’s throne, that dread  
sound goes,

That last unearthly *Miserere*!—Hush!

The billows are upon them. They have pass’d

For ever and for ever from the earth:

The lordly element has won its prey,

And, howling proudly, holds its reckless course.”

“A Letter to my Cousin,” and “My Fairy Ellen,” are replete with playful grace and touching simplicity.

"O! would that I were the moon myself,  
 Or a balmy zephyr, fresh fragrance breathing;  
 Or a white-crown'd lily, my slight green stem  
 Slyly around that dear neck wreathing!  
 Worlds would I give to bask in those eyes,—  
 Stars, if I had them, for one of those tresses,—  
 My heart, and my soul, and my body to boot,  
 For merely the smallest of all her kisses!  
 And if she would love me, O heaven and earth!  
 I would not be Jove, the cloud-compelling,  
 Though he offer'd me Juno and Venus both,  
 In exchange for one smile of my fairy Ellen!"

"The Uncle—a Mystery," is also very striking; and some of Mr. Bell's songs—particularly, "My Life is one long Thought of thee"—almost *too good* for a song—are delightful.—Just as we had closed this interesting volume, we were—shall we say amused?—no! but excited to contempt, by accidentally glancing at some remarks on it in a certain hebdomadal sheet of most lofty pretence, but remarkable, in most instances, for *quantity*, rather than for *quality*—for inviting readers to purchase by the square yard! We break no butterflies upon the wheel—we condescend not to quote the opinions of a critic (!!!) who not long since pronounced Hemans—"THE Hemans"—to have no feeling, no real tenderness; but we cannot help wishing that the public would occasionally take the trouble of judging for itself, unmindful of "the insects that buzz around the tree of literature."

As a valued correspondent of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, the name of Henry J. Bradfield, author of "*Tales of the Cyclades, and other Poems*," is familiar to its readers. With Mr. Bradfield's former production—"The Athenaid, &c."—we are unacquainted; but we understand that the object of the writer was, "to describe therein the existing errors of the Greeks, more in the indulgence of playful humour than in anger"—that it was a poem in the Beppo stanza—and that it experienced a very favourable reception from the public.—"Most of the following poems," Mr. B. observes, "were suggested and written during my services, or rather my wanderings, in Greece." With many, this will imbue them with much extrinsic interest; but, with us, not happening to be of a very inflammable temperament, Greece—modern Greece—has less power of excitement than with many: in fact, while contemplating her picture, we cannot dispel the idea of the wild enthusiasts—the knaves and the fools—the loans, and the jugglings, and the swindlings—that have been so extensively mixed

up in her affairs. However, it is only justice to remark, that Mr. Bradfield's notions on the subject, though poetical, are far from visionary or intemperate. Mr. Bradfield evinces considerable ease and fluency of versification—quickness of perception—lightness of touch; but with somewhat less attention to rhythm and general polish than might be wished. Perhaps there is more of the germ—the bud—the blossom—of poetry, than of its actual fruit, in these little pieces; but they contain much sweetness, and are full of promise. The writer's capabilities are of no mean order. We regret that we can find room for only one short specimen—"The Lovers of Delos:"—

"How calm are the waters on yonder blue lake,  
 Not a zephyr is stirring their stillness to break;  
 Oh! 'twas thus when our gallant and young  
 Palicans  
 Left its shores to embark for the desolate wars.

"How oft hath my bosom been panged with  
 the thought,  
 Of the perils they'd meet, in the battles they  
 fought;  
 When our Moslem invaders 'mid slaughter  
 appear,  
 And the Delhis rush forth in their reckless  
 career.

"'Mid the host that hath left us their courage  
 to prove,  
 There's a youth whom I loved, as a woman can  
 love;  
 Holy Saint of the Cross! list! list to my prayer,  
 Vouchsafe in the battle my lover to spare!"

"The battle is fought—on the desolate plain,  
 There hath fallen a youth 'mid the wounded and  
 slain;  
 The infidel's crescent he holds in his grasp,  
 But his spirit departs in that tremulous grasp.

"She saw not the fallen in death that lay near,  
 She wept not in sorrow, she shed not a tear;  
 Her young heart was chilled, as she gazed on the  
 dead;  
 She spoke not—she breathed not! her spirit  
 had fled."

By a prefix to "*The Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs, for 1831*," we learn that "it is intended to publish, in the Cabinet Library [Dr. Lardner's] at the commencement of each year, an historical view of the year which has just closed;" and that "the editor intended to have limited the subject to a single volume; but the unusual variety

and importance of the public events of the year 1830, which it became necessary to record, rendered it impossible to comprise, within the proposed limit, such a history of the year as would be creditable to the Library, or instructive to the reader. The 'Retrospect' will, therefore, in the present instance, be extended to two volumes.—In this first volume, a view of the state of politics at the close of 1829 is followed by an account of the proceedings of the British Parliament, until the decease of the late king, with some notice of that monarch and his successor. The political state of France before the revolution of July, and the various causes which led to that event, form the subject of the next chapter. The remainder of the volume is devoted to the discussion of the great political changes produced in France and Belgium."

This is an exceedingly fair view of the portion of the work now in our hands. "In the second volume," we are told, "the consideration of the Belgic revolution will be resumed, and the other consequences of the French revolution, manifested in Switzerland and Poland, will be discussed. The work will conclude with a view of domestic politics at the close of the year." Now we shrewdly suspect that, if one volume have been found insufficient to embrace the history of the year 1830, three volumes will not suffice for that of the year 1831. France is still in a ferment—all Europe indeed is in a ferment; the affairs of Belgium appear not to be nearer a settlement now than they were four months ago; the insurrection in Poland is yet rife, though it cannot last long; Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, are all ripe for rebellion; and, what may be the result of the reform question now agitating in Britain, it is impossible to foresee—scarcely to conjecture. At the best, it will amount to a revolution—a bloodless and salutary revolution—a revolution effected by the powers of mind, rather than by the exertion of physical force. If, on the other hand, the generous and benevolent scheme of government should be thwarted by the narrow feelings of self-interest—of the wealthy and the great, struggling to retain unjust power and undue influence—the end *may* prove calamitous in the extreme. Thank God, however, the people of England are of a race different from those of France; *they* are fully capable of estimating and of enjoying the blessings of liberty; *they* have no hostile feeling towards their rulers, no restless desire of change, no sanguinary thirst for human sacrifice; let them but have the common

necessaries and comforts of life—the common freedom and privileges of man—and they are satisfied, content, happy, patriotic, and loyal, even to the death.

But, to return to the work under notice. It may well and truly be said, that we live in wonderful times; for events, numerous, great, and stupendous as those which, formerly, would spread over, and excite interest throughout, a century, are now frequently the birth of a few months, or even weeks. How arduous then, the task of the contemporary historian—how extensive his knowledge—how keen his perception—how powerfully philosophic his mind!

We are at once pleased and displeased with this "Annual Retrospect;" pleased with the freshness and spirit of its style, its clear and judicious views of foreign affairs; displeased with its flippancy, its dogmatism, its hunting after antitheses—its want of liberality and justice towards public men, and in reference to domestic politics. The charge against the late King, that he deserted Sheridan "in the last stage of wretchedness and neglect, when his wit was no longer required to enliven, nor his talents to guide him," is cruelly false, and the writer must have known it to be false. Malignity, such as this, could not be surpassed by that judicious and amiable, that sound and *honest* biographer, song-writing Mr. Moore. However, we are not about to enter into a detailed examination of our author's political creed: it may be more to the purpose, just at the present moment, to offer a concise sketch of the state of the elective franchise in France, just before the revolution of last July:—

"The French electoral system was based entirely upon property, and was uniform over the whole kingdom. It admitted of no distinction of town and country voters; it had no corporation privileges, no universal suffrage, and no sham freeholders. The electoral qualification was the payment of 300 francs (or £12.) a-year in direct taxes, representing an income arising from real property of at least eight or ten times that sum. The number of electors was thus extremely limited, compared with the general amount of the population, not exceeding ninety thousand, in a nation of more than thirty millions of inhabitants. Originally, every man possessed of this *minimum* qualification, had the same right of voting as persons of the largest fortunes; but, afterwards, in order to give large property a greater weight in nominating the national representation than small property, one hundred and seventy-six members were added to the chamber, to be nominated by a fourth part of the electoral body paying the highest census.

The electoral colleges thus formed were called colleges of department, or greater colleges; and the species of electoral aristocracy of which they were composed, had not only a vote in the wealthier college, but retained likewise their vote in the colleges of *arrondissement* which previously existed. Thus two-fifths of the deputies were exclusively returned by persons of large incomes, who likewise had a vote in returning the rest; and the remaining three-fifths, or two hundred and fifty-four members out of four hundred and thirty, were sent to the chamber by persons in the middle ranks of society. In order to free this body from the influence which government or power might exert over its suffrages, the ballot was rigidly enforced. Such a limited body of electors, deriving their qualifications from property, may not always express the popular feelings, or measure the political intelligence of a country; but they were not likely to favour a wild democracy, by which their influence would be destroyed, or promote revolutionary violence, by which their estates might be sacrificed: and nothing indicates more strikingly the total breach between the governing authority and the national interests, than the fact, that with all the patronage and all the places belonging to the crown, and with all the terrors of anarchy connected with resisting it, the ministers incurred such a defeat, both at the great and small colleges."

Altogether, the account of the late revolution in France is very fairly executed.—Another paragraph, and we have done:—

"The royalists are naturally indignant at the conduct of the Duke of Orleans for not exerting his influence to preserve the throne for Henry V.; and accuse him of treachery and ingratitude, as well as usurpation, for not proclaiming his young relative. But, in expressing their feelings on this subject, they take their own wishes and sentiments for those of the victorious party. The young Duke of Bordeaux, if he inherited the sovereign rights of his family, inherited likewise the hatred and contempt with which they were surrounded. The same organs of public opinion which had acted so powerfully against the occult government of Charles X., had cast down the most odious imputations on the education of his grandson; every time that his name was mentioned, it was connected with tutors and governors of Jesuitical or counter-revolutionary principles. Even though this objection could have been removed, the heroes of the barricades, and their political leaders in the chamber, could never have agreed to *continue* the restoration, or to sanction the principle of divine right on which the title of the young prince was founded. The Duke of Orleans might have thrown away his own chance of reigning, therefore, in favour of a republic or of anarchy, by proclaiming Henry V.;

but he could never have secured the throne for a grandson of Charles X. The revolution, in fact, was complete before the Duke of Orleans was placed at its head; and his Royal Highness had probably as little power as any man in France to counteract its principles, though his name, influence, and services, were the main conditions of its tranquil termination. Had Charles X., however, abdicated at St. Cloud, instead of doing it at Rambouillet on the second of August, and had he sent the young Duke of Bordeaux in person to Paris, with the act of abdication, and the appointment of the Duke of Orleans as regent, in his hands, the step, whether successful or not, might have been very embarrassing for the new Lieutenant-General."

Murray's "Family Library" possesses no slight acquisition in the first volume of "*Sketches from Venetian History*," the materials employed in which have been derived chiefly from Sismondi and the Comte Daru, and the authorities to which those writers have referred. Without any thing in this country that can be termed a History of Venice, it has long been matter of surprise to us, that Daru's work should not have been translated. In the absence, therefore, of a more regular performance, the mere English reader will be very thankful for the two neat, compact, clever, and handsomely-embellished volumes, which Mr. Murray provides. Much tact is displayed in this compilation, in which, while all petty dry details are only glanced at, every essential and grand event is brought forward in bold relief. Pursuing this mode, in a history so teeming as that of Venice, with incidents of the most striking character, the work is rendered as exciting and as brilliant as a romance. The present volume commences with the settlement of the Veneti in Italy, and brings the history down to the siege of Padua, in the early part of the fifteenth century. As the constitution of governments—of representative and legislative bodies—is, just now, perhaps more than at any former time, an object of universal interest, we shall offer no apology for the sketch that is here given of the singular manner in which the Venetian Senate was elected in the thirteenth century—a scheme by which it was endeavoured to "exclude the possibility of influence by any predominating faction, through a complication of processes which no sagacity of intrigue could hope either to foresee or to direct."

"The forty-one electors to whom the choice had hitherto been confided, were abolished. In their place, thirty members were set apart, by ballot, from the Grand Council. These were

reduced, by ballot, also, to nine, by whom forty provisional electors were named; the first four councillors each naming five, the five last, four; and the whole being afterwards approved by at least five voices out of the nine. Ballot reduced these forty to twelve, the first of whom named three new electors, each of the others two; and the whole twenty-five resulting from their joint choice being confirmed by nine voices. From these a committee of nine was again obtained by ballot; of which each member appointed five electors, confirmed by seven voices. These forty-five were diminished, by ballot, once more to eleven, of whom each of the first eight named four persons, the last three, three: and the forty-one thus formed, having been ratified by nine voices, constituted the definitive electors; provided, after the scrutiny of each name by the Grand Council, it united an absolute majority of their suffrages. If it failed to do so, the last committee of eleven was bound to select a substitute. It will be perceived that the electors, therefore, were produced by no less than five ballots and five scrutinies. Immediately after their approval by the Council, the electors were conducted into an apartment, from which, until the announcement of their decision, all egress was peremptorily forbidden. No communication with those without was permitted, and the very windows were most jealously closed. To lighten the tedium of their confinement, they were magnificently entertained at the public expense; and every wish expressed by them, which did not involve in it a possibility of breaking through their isolation, was promptly gratified. But so ludicrously precise were the cautions adopted to prevent the appearance of any individual preference, that what even any one member of the elective body asked for, during the conclave, was given not to him singly, but, with him, to each of his brethren also. Thus, on application by a pious elector for a rosary, forty-one rosaries were carried into the saloon; and a similar request, after the invention of printing, for a copy of *Æsop's Fables*, entailed the necessity of a search through all the booksellers' shops in the capital, for so many impressions of that book as would suffice to convince the whole body of electors that no partiality was designed in favour of one."

We had nearly omitted to mention, that, besides nine woodcuts of costume, &c., this volume has maps of Constantinople and the Lagune, and five excellent engravings by E. Finden, from drawings by Prout:—the Piazzetta, with the Ducal Palace, and the Bucen-taur;—the Piazzetta, with the Red Columns;—the Giant's Stairs;—the North-west Angle of the Ducal Palace, with the Ancient Library in the Procuratie Nuove;—and the Campanile of St. Mark's.

Perhaps, in point of general and varied interest, the third and concluding volume of "*The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*," the 16th of Lardner's "*Cabinet Cyclopædia*," may rank as the most striking portion of the work.\* Commencing with an exposition of the state of geographical science in the middle ages, and its subsequent improvements, it presents copious abstracts—the very essence, as it were—of the voyages of Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Bougainville, Cook, La Perouse, Bligh, Flinders, King, Vancouver, Ross, Parry, &c.; with the travels of Lewis and Clarke, Franklin, Humboldt, Ledyard, Bruce, Park, Denham, Clapperton, Laing, Caillié, and a host of others, down to the year 1828. In fact, this little volume constitutes, of itself, the cleverest, the most compact, the most condensed scheme of modern geographical discovery that we have ever seen; and, what materially enhances the value of the work, for reference, it has an elaborate and excellent index—an appendage too frequently omitted in modern productions. All that we can possibly find room for, in the way of extract, is two successive paragraphs: the first, involving the fate of the lamented Major Laing; the second, a notice of Caillié's visit to Tombuctoo:—

"While Clapperton proceeded on his second journey, Major Laing, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Ashantee war, undertook to penetrate to Tombuctoo. From Tripoli he crossed the desert to the south-west by way of Ghadamis. The kafila with which he travelled was attacked by a ferocious band of Tuaricks. Our poor countryman received four-and-twenty wounds, and was left for dead; but by the care of his companions he recovered in a manner almost miraculous, and proceeded on his journey. On the 18th of August, 1826, he achieved the grand object of his mission in reaching Tombuctoo, where he remained above a month. Letters received from him while residing there, state, that the town is about four miles in circuit, that it is populous and flourishing, and that he had collected valuable materials for the geography of central Africa. On leaving Tombuctoo, Laing agreed with a Moorish merchant, named Bambooshi, to conduct him as far as Sego: the wretch assented to the proposal; and on the third day of the journey, in passing through the desert, he murdered the unhappy traveller, whom he had engaged to protect. But he knew the value of Major Laing's papers. It is said that they were conveyed to Tripoli, and

\* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. xi. page 82, and vol. xii., page 222.

that they have been prevented from reaching the British Government by the selfish machinations of a person connected with the French consulate in that city.

"Tombuctoo has been since visited by a young Frenchman named Caillié, a person of limited education, but who had early become inflamed with a desire to visit unknown countries. He joined the unfortunate expedition of Major Gray, which penetrated as far as Bondou, in 1818; and having spent much of his time in the settlements on the Gambia and Senegal, he acquired such acquaintance with the language and manners of the Moors, as encouraged him to undertake a journey alone to the interior of Africa. He accordingly set out from Kakundy on the 19th of April, 1827, with a small caravan of Mandingoes. He was dressed as an Arab, assumed the grave deportment of a Mussulman, and passed on without suspicion. On the 20th of April, 1828, he entered Tombuctoo: but he says, 'the spectacle before me did not answer my expectation: at first sight it presents but a heap of houses neither so large nor so well peopled as I expected. Its commerce is less considerable than is stated by public report, a great concourse of strangers coming from every part of Soudan. I met in the streets only the camels coming from Kabra. The city is inhabited by negroes of the Kissour nation: they form the principal population. The city is without any walls, open on all sides, and may contain 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, including the Moors.' He remained in Tombuctoo about a fortnight, and then returned across the Great Desert to Morocco. He reached Tangier on the 18th of August, 1828, after a most distressing journey of about fourteen weeks. The authenticity of his narrative has been questioned, but on very insufficient grounds. There appears no reason to deny him the honour that courage and enterprise may claim, when unassisted by learning and education. The descriptions of Caillié are always vague and incorrect: he may boast to have been among the first to visit Tombuctoo; but at the same time geography derives but little benefit from his exertions."

In Murray's really useful and well-conducted Family Library, Allan Cunningham's series of "*The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*," is now rapidly drawing towards a close. The fourth volume, devoted exclusively to architects, is before us; and a fifth or sixth will, we presume, complete the work. The lives here given, are those of William of Wykeham, Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir John Vanbrugh, James Gibbs, William Kent, the Earl of Burlington, and Sir William Chambers. These, though necessarily

various in their degrees of interest, are written in a free and spirited style, and with a truth and candour of criticism, not inferior to those by which Mr. Cunningham's former volumes are distinguished. To each of the lives is prefixed a portrait; Inigo Jones, by Vandyke; Sir C. Wren, by Sir Peter Lely; Sir J. Vanbrugh, and Lord Burlington, by Sir G. Kneller; Gibbs, by Hogarth; and Sir W. Chambers, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The improved execution of these embellishments is highly creditable to the work and to its respectable publisher.

Written with much elegance, and in a mild, amiable, and philosophic spirit, "*The Anatomy of Society*, by James Augustus St. John," has afforded us great pleasure in perusal. "Society is, as it were, a vast continent," observes the writer, "over which we must travel long and far, before we can paint its aspect, or exactly determine its configuration. Of this extensive and varied region, which has already occupied so many superior observers, and furnished materials for so infinite a variety of sublime or beautiful pictures, I have hitherto examined but a portion; but such opportunities for observation as have been afforded me by Providence, I have endeavoured to turn to advantage; perusing mankind with a kindly spirit, no less desirous of strengthening and extending my sympathies, than of purifying and enlarging the number of my ideas."—These two volumes comprise thirty-one essays, on a great variety of subjects, most, if not all of which, are of general interest to the intellectual reader. We should be desirous of liberal extract, were it not that, as Mr. St. John candidly informs us, "many separate portions of the work have already appeared in periodical publications." In this view, we content ourselves with bestowing on it the most cordial commendation.

We have derived some information, and much pleasure from a perusal of "*Recollections of Seven Years' Residence at the Mauritius, or Isle of France*," a small, modest, unpretending volume, "by a lady," to whose orphan daughters it is addressed. Their father, it appears, who held some official station, died at the Isle of France in the year 1826; and, as we are led to infer, the survivors were left in a state not favoured by the smiles of fortune. "Why," observes the writer, "should I blush at thus openly stating the object of my publication? When persons in affluence become authors on speculation, why should the unfortunate

be ashamed of laying out their literary small wares for sale?" Indeed there is nothing to be ashamed of in this volume, which possesses more intrinsic claims to notice than many that are twice its bulk. Some of its descriptions of scenery are, to say the least of them, beautiful; and the anecdotes and sketches of society are very pleasing. One brief passage we shall transcribe. Speaking of Pamplémousses, a part of the country to which a romantic interest has been given by the tale of Paul and Virginia, it is stated that—

"Strangers are generally eager to hasten to the spot where they are told they will behold the tombs of those unfortunate creoles, whose mutual affection and unhappy fate are described so pathetically by St. Pierre. . . . On reaching the spot to which they are directed, they enter a pretty garden, laid out with great care, and are conducted along a walk, bordered with bushes, bearing a profusion of roses, and having a stream of the clearest water flowing on each side: at the end of this walk the visitor sees a red, glaring monument, which he is told is the tomb of Virginia; at the termination of a similar avenue, on the opposite side of the garden, appears another monument, exactly resembling the first, which is designated the tomb of Paul: a grove of bamboos surrounds each. The traveller feels disappointed on beholding these tasteless red masses, instead of elegant monuments of Parian marble, which would seem alone worthy of such a purpose and such a situation; but that is not the only disappointment destined to be experienced by him; after having allowed his imagination to depict the shades of Paul and Virginia hovering about the spot where their remains repose—after having pleased himself with the idea that he had seen those celebrated tombs, and given a sigh to the memory of those faithful lovers, separated in life, but in death united—after all this waste of sympathy, he learns at last, that he has been under a delusion the whole time—that no Virginia was there interred—and that it is a matter of doubt whether there ever existed such a person as Paul! What a pleasing illusion is then dispelled; how many romantic dreams, inspired by the perusal of St. Pierre's tale, are doomed to vanish when the truth is ascertained!—The fact is, that these tombs have been built to gratify the eager desire which the English have always evinced to behold such interesting mementos; formerly only *one* was erected, but the proprietor of the place, finding that all the English visitors, on being conducted to this, as the tomb of Virginia, always asked to see that of Paul also, determined on building a similar one, to which he gave that appellation."

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Few, if any productions of the age, have thrown so much light upon the manners of the East—especially those of the lower classes of the people—as "Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo;" it will therefore be with an anticipation of interest that the reader will sit down to a perusal of "*The Vizier's Son, or the Adventures of a Mogul*," by the same author. This romance, the chief characters and events of which are of the seventeenth century, is also strikingly illustrative of the characters and modes of life of various eastern tribes, which, unlike those of Europeans, are subjected to little change by the lapse of ages. The writer's mind is richly stored with practical, as well as with historic information; and his notes are at least as interesting as his text. "Although," he observes in his Preface, "the following pages profess to be the history of a Mahomedan's life, his duty bringing him so often in contact with persons of all castes and descriptions, has induced the author to intersperse his memoirs with several tales illustrative of the manners and habits of the various castes which inhabit the Eastern world. It is not meet here to remark upon the characters of either the Hindú or the Mahomedan. It is for the reader to determine which of the two appear to delight most in cruelty and bloodshed, or in which predominate every evil passion. It will be remembered that at the time when the events recorded in the following pages occurred, the Hindús, those blind idolators, were ruled by their conquerors, the sanguinary Moghuls; and with such examples set them by their governors, it is not to be wondered at if the conquered continued in their ignorance or gloried in their wickedness. Even to this day, although blessed with enlightened rulers, a total want of principle, and an utter ignorance of the meaning of morality, mark the Hindú character;" and yet, "there are no class of people in the world who admire virtue, forbearance, and valour more than the Hindús;" "the Indian soldier follows his officer in the path of valour, marches after him in the midst of danger, and will perish with him in the hour of battle." The inference is, that this difference originates in a want of *proper* education, of *proper* mental culture. Let the English, their masters and rulers, look to this.

With respect to the different tales interspersed in these volumes, we should have been better pleased had they been ranged specifically by themselves. Their length, which is too great for that of episodes, dis-



connects and injures the interest of the main story; which, by the by, we must take leave to remark, is very inartificially, very clumsily constructed. The tale of "The Guebre's Daughter," is one of the most attractive sketches in the work.

Printed at a provincial press, "The Vizier's Son," presents a lamentable specimen of the typographic art.

"*Arthur of Brittany, an Historical Tale*," in three volumes, by the author of "The Templars," reached us at so late a period of the month, that we can, just now, barely find time and room for its announcement. The subject is a noble one for romance; and, as far as we may be led to form an opinion from the spirited and beautiful opening of the work, it has fallen into the hands of one capable of treating it with the happiest effect. Next month we shall be able to speak more decisively.

Burnett has contributed a very able design, as a frontispiece to the second volume of "*The Abbot*,"—the twenty-first of the new edition of the Waverley Novels; and excepting, perhaps, that it is a little too dark, in parts—though we are not quite sure of this, for the deep shades are opposed by very brilliant lights—it is well engraved by W. Finden. The subject is Mary's forced renunciation of the crown of Scotland, in favour of her son, at Lochleven Castle. The air and figure of the Queen are elegant and lady-like, but somewhat deficient, as it strikes us, in regal dignity. The vignette—title is a beautiful moonlight scene, engraved by Miller from a drawing by Hill. It represents the landing of Queen Mary, after her escape from Lochleven Castle.

Sir Walter Scott, in the "Introduction" to his new edition of "*Kenilworth*" quotes a long and curious passage from Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire* as the authority which he had for the story of his romance; but he tells us that his first acquaintance with the history was through the medium of one of Mickle's ballads, or elegies, commencing—

"The dews of summer night did fall;  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby."

Sir Walter quotes the entire poem, some passages of which are very beautiful.—The frontispiece to this volume is by Leslie—far from one of the happiest efforts of his pencil—engraved by Goodyear. It represents the

passage in which Leicester first visits Amy in full costume, decorated with the insignia of his respective orders; and in which Amy, in her sweet and simple fondness, exclaims, when the Earl, leading her to the chair of state, says, she shall share it with him—"Not so; I will sit on this footstool at thy feet, that I may spell over thy splendour, and learn, for the first time, how princes are attired." The moment is, when Amy, struck with the splendid badge of the Order of the Golden Fleece, inquires—"But this other fair collar, so richly wrought, with some jewel like a sheep hung by the middle attached to it, what does that emblem signify?" In Amy, we perceive not that touching loveliness by which her countenance should be characterised; nor do we recognise, in Leicester, the "man of majestic mien" portrayed by the novelist. Certainly the air and figure of Leicester are deficient in manliness and dignity. The effect would probably have been heightened by the appearance of Janet in the background.—The vignette in the title-page is also by Leslie, engraved by Watt. The conception here is better, especially with reference to Janet; but the lady wants beauty.

In the second volume of "*Kenilworth*," Sir Walter Scott has given, by way of treat to the antiquarian reader, a ground plan of the castle. The frontispiece is beautifully engraved, by Warren, from a masterly painting by Cooper. "Janet re-entered the postern-door, and locked it behind her, while Wayland, taking the horse's bridle in his hand, and walking close by its head, they began in silence their dubious and moonlight journey." We suspect, however, that the objects are too distinctly seen for moonlight. The vignette, by Fraser, is well engraved by Engleheart. "I swear it," said Alasco, "that the elixir thou hast there in the flask will not prejudice life."

"*The Gentleman in Black*" is a very light, slight, and tolerably amusing story; but it labours under the disadvantage of being twice the length it ought to be: the second portion hangs to the first like a useless tail, or *tale*, just as orthography may please to determine. "The Gentleman in Black"—"Oh, breathe not his name!" enters into a distinct compact with each of two wild, extravagant youths, to supply them with all the money they wish for at command, on the simple condition of their sinning one second the first year, two the second, four the third, and so on in geometrical proportion. Of course they are, in the round of time,

brought to their senses, and then the object is to outwit the "gentleman in black." A lawyer—who could be so fit?—undertakes the first case; and he ultimately succeeds in reducing the "gentleman" to his own terms, by threatening to throw his suit into Chancery! So far, good; and here the affair ought to have ended, for the second case is only a repetition of the first, in which, however, we cannot help thinking the "gentleman" is ill used, by having to contend not only with a lawyer, but with a jesuit at his back!—The volume is illustrated by four designs from the pencil of George Cruikshank; but they are far from being amongst the best of that great master's efforts.

Though, from its scientific character, unfitted for the purpose of review in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, we are of opinion that we may render material service to a portion of the community by pointing their attention to a very able "*Treatise on Deformities; exhibiting a Concise View of the Nature and Treatment of the Principal Distortions and Contractions of the Limbs, Joints, and Spine; illustrated with Plates and Woodcuts; by Lionel J. Beale, Surgeon.*" The writer very sensibly remarks, that, "if we would prevent the increase of deformities among our children, we must pay more attention to their physical education than has been the fashion in this country; nor need we apprehend that more attention to physical, will interfere with mental improvement; on the contrary, if the body is sound, the mind will more readily receive good impressions, than under opposite circumstances. The instances which occur of powerful and intelligent minds, connected with feeble debilitated corporeal frames, are but exceptions to the general rule. For a corroboration of this opinion, we need only refer to the patriots and philosophers of Athens and Rome, who were at least equal in intellectual capacity, to the less vigorous denizens of any modern state."

Two months since we announced the appearance of the first volume of "*The Sunday Library, or the Protestant's Manual, for the Sabbath-day, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin;*" and already we have before us the second volume of the work, in no respect inferior to its precursor. Prefixed is a portrait of Bishop Porteus; whose talents are here associated with those of Alison, Morehead, Smith, Rennell, Townson, Gilpin, Jones, Pott, and Heber.—The object and execution of this collection must insure its success.

"*The Pious Minstrel, a Collection of Sacred Poetry,*" is a beautiful, compact miniature

volume, handsomely bound and gilt, with a vignette title-page, and an excellent portrait of Robert Pollok, the author of *The Course of Time*. The selection, by a lady, chiefly from the fugitive productions of modern writers, has been made with great taste and judgment. We know not where we could meet with a prettier little book for a present.

The third volume of the Dramatic Series of the Family Library completes "*The Plays of Philip Massinger; adapted for Family Reading, and the Use of Young Persons, by the Omission of Objectionable Passages.*" As we noticed the plan of this series, at the commencement of its publication, some months since, all that we find it necessary here to add is, that the present volume contains the following pieces:—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*—*The Fatal Dowry* (from which Rowe's tragedy of the Fair Penitent is taken)—*The Emperor of the East*—*A Very Woman*—and, *The Bashful Lover*.

## THEATRICALS.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

A MORE intimate acquaintance with Madame Vespermann has confirmed the opinion conveyed in our last notice. She is a good musician, and may prove a valuable acquisition to the concert-room. In our judgment, however, she is utterly incapable of filling a responsible situation on these boards.

One of the novelties which we have to record, is the *débüt* of Mrs. Wood (late Miss Paton) in the *Cenerentola*; and the appearance will convince the world that she "is not without ambition." This lady has proved herself the prima donna of the season, having more than realised the expectations which her singular success in the English version of the *Cenerentola* had created. Her pronunciation of the Italian does not accord with our critical notions of propriety, nor is her general acquaintance with the language such as we could desire. Notwithstanding these defects, however, we venture to predict that our *cantatrice* will strengthen the impression which she has made; and that, with one or two splendid exceptions, she will take precedence of all her contemporaries. She is not only capable of executing the most difficult passages in Rossini, but she is also competent to do justice to the beauty and grandeur of Mozart.

The assistance of Mrs. Wood, and the introduction of some of our divine German compositions, would lead us to anticipate an operatic season, brilliant as any that has preceded.

Cimarosa's splendid production—*Il Matrimonio Segreto*—has given David an opportunity of appearing in a new character. He made as much as he could of *Paolino*, a part by no means prominent, and, one too, which is evidently ill suited to his powers.

All the productions of this exquisite composer are distinguished for invention and originality of idea, as also for the richness of the accompaniments, and judicious stage effect. When the *Matrimonio Segreto* first appeared, it excited a degree of enthusiasm scarcely to be conceived; and, during its first seven representations, the composer presided at the piano in the Neapolitan theatre. At Vienna, too, the Emperor, who had witnessed the first performance of this opera, invited the singers and musicians to a banquet, and sent them back the same evening to the theatre, where the piece was played a second time.

Pacini's *Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*, was produced on the 17th of March, for the benefit of Signor David, for whom, and Lablache, we believe, the opera was written. Though the composition be feeble, it is eminently fitted to shew off the principal singers; and, as no higher object appears to have been aimed at, the composer has been tolerably successful. The reception of this effort may be considered favourable; but we much doubt whether the money which has been expended upon the appointments, &c., will ever be rendered back to the treasury. We have no space to devote to a detail of the plot, which, as is the case with most of the Italian operas, amounts to very little, but will content ourselves with a very brief outline. The chief magistrate of Pompeii, *Sallustius*, is married to *Ottavia* (Mrs. Wood) for whom *Appius* (David) entertains an improper attachment. Not being able to accomplish his wish, he accuses her of an illicit intercourse with *Clodius*. The beautiful *Ottavia* is about to be entombed alive, when Mount Vesuvius commences a frightful eruption, which swallows up Pompeii, and its ill-fated inhabitants.

M. Deshayes has presented us with a new historical ballet—*Kenilworth*—the materials for which have been furnished by Sir W. Scott. A more gorgeous entertainment has never challenged the admiration of the public, nor do we conceive it possible to imagine a more magnificent combination of pageantry, scenery, and costume. Great as was the effect produced by Masaniello, in *Kenilworth* this has been more than equalled. Strict attention has been paid to costume, and the village attire forms a grand and imposing contrast with the sumptuous costume

of the court. The scenery, painted by Grieve, is magnificent. We particularly notice the debarkation of Queen Elizabeth from her state barge, forming one of the most beautiful and picturesque exhibitions we ever witnessed. This ballet bids fair to be the grand attraction of the season.

Their Majesties were to have visited this theatre on Tuesday the 22d of March; but, in consequence of the death of the Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, one of the King's sons-in-law, in Italy, intelligence of which arrived only a day or two before, the royal visit was postponed.

#### DRURY LANE.

THE most interesting performances of the past month were the Oratorios—or rather the Selections of Sacred Music, which have added dignity to the theatrical dulness of Lent. We can hardly complain of the prohibition of dramatic entertainment on these Wednesday and Friday evenings, when so much and such high pleasure is provided for us, as we have derived from three or four of these performances. We can scarcely give a reason why they should have been more agreeable and more attractive than similar entertainments have of late years proved; but it is true that we have sat them out, without once feeling wearied—for we must confess that it is possible to experience a slight sensation of fatigue, in listening to the very highest order of music, for any particularly long time. The selections were in general properly and tastefully made, and sufficiently varied to engage the attention of those who are not fortunate enough to be exclusively attached to musical subtilities; the graceful was mingled with the grand, the familiar with the solemn. Mr. Braham has been a sustaining prop: he has lost none of his energy, and little of his ornament—in fact we perceive no alteration in him; he sings as though he should never be older than he is, and pours out his notes with the same clearness, rapidity, and power, that always characterized them. In some of Handel's mighty music he was now and then wonderfully fine; and again—to turn to something of an opposite character—in the Bay of Biscay, he has burst upon the town with an effect that could scarcely have been exceeded if it had never been heard before. Miss Paton (who, as Mrs. Wood, has at length given us the power of designating her with some assurance of correctness) has taken her full part in these performances, and has delighted all her admirers—we

mean, all the world—with many extraordinary specimens of finished and brilliant execution. But the list of attractions is by no means come to its termination; for the collection of vocalists is a rich one. It comprises Miss Pearson, Miss Bruce, Mrs. Waylett, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Sinclair, and others whom it would by no means be “tedious to mention,” if we had time. The whole of these performances have been completely successful—the house being crowded every night—a circumstance which we are very much rejoiced at, both as regards the musical public and the manager; for it denotes good taste on both parts, the one in providing, the other in patronising.

Among other musical notes of the month we may mention *Der Freischütz*, which has lost none of its interesting horrors. Miss Bruce, with whom we have been greatly pleased on several occasions, personated *Linda* in a style that will add considerably to her reputation; her fine taste and execution, which we hope to see properly appreciated, were satisfactorily evinced in the grand and difficult scena, “Softly sighs the breath of evening.”

Mr. Kean's performances terminated with *Brutus*. A severe attack of gout the day before rendered him wholly unequal to the exertion, and the effect was lifeless and dispiriting. A portion of the audience thought fit to insist on his appearance at the fall of the curtain—and most painful must the appearance have been so him. To his bodily sufferings, must be added the reflection, that he was exciting only melancholy and compassionate feelings, where admiration had so often greeted him. Retirement may yet restore him to ease and health—which we heartily wish him.

To atone for this deficiency, Mr. Macready has been playing with great vigour and spirit. His performance of *Werner*—a tragedy that has improved upon us since we first saw it—is an admirable and masterly piece of acting. His features, figure, and costume, form a fine picture—presenting by the way a striking similitude to the Banished Lord. One or two of his bursts are wonderful—others are almost ludicrous—that in particular where, upon hearing the story of his son's delinquency, he demands of Gabor, “Are you a father?” The “vaulting ambition” of Mr. Macready's general style overleapt nature here, and missing the beautiful, fell into the burlesque. Wallack and Cooper are both excellent in this play.

The *Stranger* and *Macbeth* have also afforded some novelty. Macready was again

surprisingly powerful in many parts of both plays; we must except the noble passages in the fifth act of *Macbeth*, which were given in a spirit of eccentricity, more remarkable than pleasant. Miss Phillips played *Mrs. Haller*, particularly the closing scene, with a most feminine and gentle feeling; she almost redeemed the play from absurdity, which we conceive would be the highest triumph of her art.

The only new production of the month is a farce from the French, compounded, we believe, of two pieces, called, we hardly know why, *Highways and Byways*. It is attributed to Mr. Webster, the comedian. We have not much to say for the story of it, but may describe it very briefly, by stating that it is full of Liston. This Cruikshank of the stage enacts a strolling person called *Narcissus Stubble*, who being mistaken for another person, is put in possession of a splendid house and grounds, together with the fair owner of them, much to his own satisfaction, and the annoyance of the rightful claimant of the lady and her lands. Mistakes are of course cleared up, and the usual matrimonial finale follows. There is a great deal of sprightliness, we might almost say wit, in the dialogue; but it lacks refinement in many parts, particularly in certain passages given with much innocence by Mrs. Orger, but too broad to be passed over. Liston was inimitable—a term which must be accepted in place of criticism or description; both of which he generally contrives to render impossible.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

Of this theatre we have little to record, for it gives us few opportunities of recording novelties. The two or three pieces which were produced in rapid succession a month or two ago, are alternately played, and the rest of the evening has been occupied either with *Much Ado about Nothing*, or *Cinderella*. Miss Kemble's *Beatrice* is considerably improved, if we may judge from a scene or two, since her first appearance in it. It is broader, richer, and less fastidious. Miss Kemble has appeared, for her own benefit, as *Lady Constance*, a part with which every recollection of the grandeur and majesty of Mrs. Siddons must be associated. We shall take an early opportunity of seeing the new performance—unless, indeed, we should be deterred by the reflection that Mr. Warde is to represent, or misrepresent, *King John*. Mr. Warde is a sensible man, and an able actor; he may be, moreover, for aught we know, the very best *King John* in the

theatre; but surely that is no reason why we should be satisfied with such a representative. Surely it would have been wiser to have delayed the production of the tragedy, than to perform it under circumstances of disadvantage, for which even Mr. Kemble's *Faulconbridge*, perfect as it is, scarcely offers an atonement.

Sheridan's piece of *St. Patrick's Day*, has offered at least a seasonable variety in the entertainments, and given Mr. Power's Irish humour another opportunity of exerting itself with effect.

### FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

HITHERTO this gallery, the favourite lounge of fashion, and resort of amateurs in the spring season, has been extremely well attended; and we are happy to perceive that, notwithstanding the agitated state of the public mind on the great question of parliamentary reform, many of the finest and most valuable pictures—amongst them, Pickersgil's Italian Peasant and Child, and Stanfield's Mount St. Michael—have been disposed of.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE had the pleasure of attending the private view of this exhibition on Saturday the 26th of March, previously to its opening for the public on the Monday following; but the month was too far advanced to allow of our entering upon any notice of the different productions. We may remark, however, that the aspect of the rooms was extremely favourable; and if our judgment fail not, on so cursory a glance, the display will be found superior to any that has yet been made by this society. Amongst many other clever pictures we observed a large and splendid cathedral subject, at the top of the great room, by Roberts; a fine view in Italy, by Linton. Sir William Beechey has several pieces. Mrs. Carpenter has an excellent portrait—indeed all her portraits are excellent; and a child—probably a portrait also. Miss Beaumont has a beautiful picture—one of the best she ever painted; the subject, Queen Esther's appeal to Ahasuerus on behalf of her countrymen. The principal figure is eminently effective. Lonsdale has been more than usually successful in a very striking whole-length of Lord Brougham, in his Chancellor's robes. Hart has a clever picture on some Hebrew subject. From Fraser, Inskipp, and Wilson (the marine painter) we observe several pieces; from

Davis, a large Hunting piece; from Martin, we believe, only one small water-colour sketch. A splendid portrait of a military character, commenced by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and finished by Simpson, will attract considerable notice. Bailey, and Joseph—especially the latter—are liberal contributors to the sculpture room.

#### PANORAMA OF MADRAS.

One of the best panoramic pictures we have ever seen, if not the best, is that of Madras, painted by William Daniell, R.A., and E. T. Parris, from drawings made by Mr. Earle, and now on view in Coromandel Place, New Road. As a painter of marine views, Mr. Daniell has many years been eminent; and his long residence in India has evidently given him great advantages in the production of such a picture as this, with reference to scenery, costume, architecture, &c. That Mr. Parris, the painter of the panoramic view of London, at the Colosseum, should have been abundantly successful in his portion of the labour, will not surprise any one who has beheld that stupendous achievement of art; but, that the same painter should be able to produce the most exquisitely finished cabinet pictures, full of grace and tenderness, poetry and pathos, and also works upon the largest scale, is a phenomenon but rarely witnessed. By many, it will be thought the more extraordinary when they are informed, that this young artist invariably sketches and paints with his left hand.

The view of Madras is remarkable for the distinctness of its objects, and for the truth of its perspective. In point of effect, the Protestant church of St. Mary's, pronounced to be the finest in Asia, is an instance of consummate skill: it seems to be so entirely detached from the canvas that it is with difficulty the spectator can persuade himself that it is merely a painting. The flag-staff to the left, with the proud old English Union floating and fluttering in the breeze, is almost equally deceptive. It has been remarked by persons acquainted with the scenery and climate of Madras, that the verdure of the trees and of the grass should have been somewhat brighter; but this, we apprehend, must have been dependant on the season, or on the state of the country, when the drawings were made. Thus, in a time of drought, as is the case even in European countries, the verdure would necessarily be of a duller hue than after rain. At such periods, also, the foliage of the trees could not fail of acquiring a

reddish or brownish tinge from the extremely dusty state of the Macadamised roads, composed as they are of granulated stone from the Red Hills. But it is not only as a clever specimen of scene-painting that this picture should be viewed; it is entitled to challenge attention as a work of art, a light in which few of our panoramic productions deserve to be regarded. In this respect, the water, and the sky, and the air-tints merit especial notice. The division of the water into light and dark, so true to nature and so beautiful in effect, is admirably managed. The shipping, too, in the roads, is finely painted.

There is a pretty toy sold in the rooms—a lithographed picturesque key to the painting; but it is less clear and useful for reference than a simple outline of the picture, with figures indicating the respective objects.

#### MACDONALD'S SCULPTURE.

MR. MACDONALD, an artist from the north, has some colossal and other groups, and numerous well-modelled busts, now exhibiting in Pall-Mall. Mr. Macdonald has evidently a strong and elevated feeling of the antique; and, with few exceptions, his anatomical skill is displayed to great advantage. The Fallen Warrior is full of spirit and expression: to the eye, however, the effect would be more grateful, were the extended line of the figure less straight. In the group of Thetis arming Achilles, the warrior chief is a truly noble figure; but the countenance of each is deficient in expression; and, in the lady, there are parts which demand a farther approach towards rotundity.—Ajax bearing the dead body of Patroclus, displays more vigour and originality of conception, more power of execution, than the former. The flaccid state of the dead body—the limbs drooping, powerless and pendulous—evinces a mastery of the art.

Altogether, we have derived more pleasure from contemplating the smaller figures, which, with less of idealism in their composition, are more true to nature. The boy slinging, executed in marble, is eminently spirited and correct; the girl dispatching a carrier pigeon, very graceful and pleasing; and the boy feeding a bird, extremely sweet and natural. The Supplicating Virgin is also graceful; but the attitude is too studied and artificial.

Amongst the busts may be particularly mentioned those of Mrs. Brougham, the venerable mother of the Chancellor—Charles Kemble, remarkably correct and forcible—Fanny Kemble—the late Mr. Huskisson—

Mr. James, the author of *Richelieu*, &c.—the late Sir David Baird—Dr. Munro, of Edinburgh—Professor Wilson—Mr. and Mrs. Balfour—Mrs. Nairne—the Misses Duncombe—Sir John Sinclair, &c.

Mr. Macdonald, however, has not yet attained that full and glowing conception of the beautiful in nature and in art, which at once enables the sculptor to preserve the likeness of the original, and impress an elevated character on the copy.

#### PHILLIPS'S LECTURES ON SINGING.

We were so much pleased, and even instructed, by a course of Lectures on Singing, delivered by Mr. Phillips, at the Russell Institution, a year or two since, that we are happy in the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with the subject, at the Concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Phillips's first lecture—the only one we have yet heard—embraced a lucid dissertation on the difference between the ancient and modern Italian methods of singing the scale; with a new and systematic arrangement for the adaptation of English pronunciation to the Italian school of singing; and also the management of the breath in singing, with rules for renewing it, in accordance with the sense, accent, and construction of the poetic phrase. The vocal illustrations of the *Solfeggi*, employed in aid of syllabic pronunciation, and also of intonation and delivery, were at once simple, clear, and effective, and eminently calculated to advance the pupil. We have little doubt that more may be effected by Mr. Phillips's system in six months, than by the common mode of teaching in two years. The lecturer's imitation of Charles Incledon—introduced for the purpose of shewing that that fine old English ballad-singer, who was a pupil of Rauzzini's, derived his graces of execution from the Italian school—was remarkably forcible and happy.

#### 'FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

*Lithography.*—This branch of the art is making great progress—is daily becoming more and more valuable. Amongst its latest productions is the "Portrait of a Young Lady, drawn from the life, and on stone, by W. C. Ross"—the artist to whose able pencil we are indebted for the portrait of Lady Cumming Gordon, with which *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* for the present month is embellished. The original is evidently beautiful; and the lithograph is charmingly soft, delicate, and tender.

## Melanges of the Month.

### *Varieties in High Life, &c.*

THEIR Majesties are expected in town on the 12th of April, to remain for the season, or till the close of the Session of Parliament.

Sir Philip Sidney, who married a daughter of the King, has vacated his seat for the Borough of Eye, on the sole ground, as it is alleged, of his determination to support the Ministers in their Reform measure.

A report is prevalent, of a projected union between the King of Naples and Matilda, the daughter of Lady Strachan. An alliance is also shortly expected to take place between the Duke of Rutland and the daughter of Lord Ravensworth.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant his permission to Lady Cecilia, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Arran, to assume the name of Underwood, out of respect to the memory of her mother, the sister of the late Colonel Underwood, from whom she derived considerable property.

By the decision of the Committee of Privileges of the House of Peers, in favour of the claims of Viscount Courteney to the Earldom of Devon, William Courteney, Esq., Clerk of Parliament in the Upper House, becomes heir presumptive to that Earldom, and to the Baronetcy; the Viscounty becomes extinct on the death of the present Peer without male issue. Mr. Courteney married the daughter of Sir Lucas Pepys, and the Countess of Rothes, by whom he has two sons and a daughter.

Viscount Tamworth's guardians have obtained an injunction in the Vice Chancellor's Court, to restrain the Earl of Ferrers, grandfather of the infant, from cutting the timber on the family estates.

A noble Marquess, who has surrendered patronage, estimated at the value of £300,000, by giving in his adhesion to the Ministerial plan of Reform, will, it is said, be rewarded with the first vacant Blue Riband, and a Dukedom, honours which were promised him by the late King.

The Duke of Norfolk is about to erect, at his own expense, a handsome Town-hall at Arundel.

Sir Robert Peel is about to erect a new and splendid mansion on his estate at Drayton, Staffordshire, which will give employment to many individuals in various trades.

According to report, Chidley Coote, Esq., of Coote Mount, County Limerick, will forthwith bring his claims to the Barony of Ardee before the House of Lords, as heir general to William, third Earl of Meath, who, during his father's life-time, was summoned by writ, in 1665, to the Irish House of Lords, by the title of Baron Brabason, Lord Ardee. He died without male issue, leaving an only daughter, from whom the present claimant is immediately descended. The Earldom of Meath went to his brother, the next male heir.

The Duke of Richmond has granted to the Corporation of Chichester the use of part of the Old Broyle Common, for the employment of paupers in agriculture.

It is proposed to erect a new theatre, to be called the Royal Sussex Theatre, in the vicinity of Belgrave Square, Pimlico. The projectors are, Messrs. Ward, Egerton, and Abbott.

The privilege of Mr. Arnold's theatre is to be limited to six months every year, from May to October.

A new archery society has been established at Newbury, to whose use the Honourable Keppel Craven has assigned part of that picturesque spot, Benham Park, the residence of her late Serene Highness the Margravine of Anspach.

Sir Murray Maxwell has been appointed Governor of Prince Edward's Island.

The New Prime Minister of France, M. Cassimir Perrier, is fifty-four years of age, of a handsome countenance, elevated stature, firm character, quick apprehension, and great eloquence. His fortune is one of the greatest in France. He has been at the head of the liberal party for the last fifteen years, was one of the main authors of the revolution of July, and in the Chamber of Deputies was twice elected president.

Ladies of fashion in Paris, in order to produce the effect of moonlight in their boudoirs, have large blue goblets, in which a night-wick is kept burning. These also serve as night-lamps in the sleeping-room.

The Duchess of St. Leu (ex-Queen of Holland,) having been expelled from Rome, has taken refuge at Florence.

The grand Duke of Baden has instituted an order for military merit, which will be confined to individuals on active service with his troops.

### *Holderness Fête.*

ON the evening of Wednesday, March the 9th—the day on which a royal levee had been held—their Majesties honoured the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry with their presence, at Holderness House, Park Lane, the Queen having graciously accepted the office of sponsor to their infant daughter, who was to be baptized by his Grace the Archbishop of York.

The preparations for this entertainment, which had been in progress for a fortnight, were completed in the morning; and, before dusk, a most brilliant illumination was displayed in front of the drawing-room suite of windows. It consisted of the shield of England, surmounted by a royal crown, with the word "ADELAIDE" beneath, and was enclosed by a wreath of laurel, every part being in the exact colours of the object represented; and on each side was a star, with the letters W. A. The halls and staircases were splendidly lighted, with rich lamps of peculiar construction. The floors were

covered with scarlet cloth. At the foot of the grand staircase were the sculptured effigies of the national emblem, St. George and the Dragon. Four bronze figures, presented by the Pope, were exhibited on the Roman staircase.

A guard of honour of a hundred men, commanded by Captains Hulse and Clinton, were stationed outside the mansion in readiness to receive the Royal visitors on their arrival. Before six o'clock (the hour named for the ceremony), the whole of the select company invited had arrived, and were assembled in the grand yellow drawing-room, where the ceremony was to take place. The Royal Family had also arrived, with the exception of the King and Queen.

Shortly after six her Majesty arrived, unaccompanied, however, by the King, whom public business prevented from attending so early in the evening. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg, and attended by a numerous suite, and escorted by a guard of honour. Her Majesty and suite occupied three carriages, which came by way of Hyde Park, and entered Park Lane at the Stanhope Gate.

On her Majesty's carriage drawing up at the door of Holderness House, the noble host, Lord Londonderry, advanced to the carriage and assisted her Majesty to alight. Her Majesty then took the arm of Lord Londonderry, and advanced across the vestibule to the foot of the grand staircase, where the Marchioness was waiting to receive her. The Queen immediately greeted and affectionately saluted her noble hostess, and then ascended the grand staircase, leaning on the arm of Lord Londonderry, and was by him conducted through the ante-room and the first drawing-room, to the grand drawing-room, where the company were assembled, and the ceremony of baptism was to be performed. Her Majesty and the noble host were preceded to the drawing-room by Lord Castlereagh, the eldest son of Lord Londonderry, bearing wax-lights; and they were immediately followed, first by the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg and the Marchioness, and then by the ladies and gentlemen of her Majesty's immediate suite. During this period the vestibule and all the mansion resounded with the national anthem, which was played by the band of the 3d Foot Guards, stationed at the foot of the grand staircase.

Immediately on the arrival of the Queen and her suite, the ceremony of christening was performed, by His Grace the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Rev. W. R. Wyatt, Lord Londonderry's chaplain. The infant, fifteen months old, was named ADELAIDE EMMELINA CAROLINE; the male sponsor to the ceremony being the Duke of Rutland; and the two female sponsors, the Queen and Lady Caroline Wood, sister to the Marchioness of Londonderry. After the ceremony was concluded, her Majesty presented to the infant a gift of a superbly chased silver-gilt cup and stand. The cup, chased

with a Bacchanalian subject, is of antique shape, with a spout and handle.

On the close of the ceremony, the band in the vestibule struck up the national anthem, and the Queen was conducted by the Marquess of Londonderry into the Statue Gallery, where a splendid banquet was prepared. The banquet table was placed in the centre of the saloon. On the left of the Marquess was the Margravine of Hesse Homberg; and opposite to him the Marchioness of Londonderry was seated. The other guests were placed in order of precedence.

The guests invited to the evening party began to arrive about 9 o'clock, and before the dinner guests had left the table, consequently the saloon was closed. Shortly afterwards, however, the company retired from that room to the yellow drawing-room, the tables were cleared and taken away, and the apartment prepared for dancing.

The King did not arrive in time to take his seat at the banquet, not having reached Holderness House till 10 o'clock. His Majesty was received at the door of the entrance by Lord and Lady Londonderry; and on ascending the great staircase took the arm of the Marchioness. By 10 o'clock the greater part of the evening company had arrived; and at that hour dancing commenced in the Statue Gallery.

Shortly after twelve their Majesties retired, the Queen being conducted by Lord Londonderry, and the Marchioness taking the arm of the King. They were almost immediately followed by all the members of the Royal Family.

After the departure of their Majesties a splendid supper was served in the dining-room on the ground floor, and the party did not break up till a late hour in the morning.—A more magnificent *fête* has seldom been given to royalty.

#### *Irish Peerages.*

The following Irish Peerages are expected to become extinct on the death of the present possessors, as they are without male issue:—

#### BLOOD ROYAL.

The Earldom of Munster (His Majesty); the Earldom of Connaught (Duke of Gloucester); Barony of Arklow (Duke of Sussex).

Marquise of Westmeath;—Earldom of Ludlow;—Viscounty of Preston;—Barony of Ardsalla;—Earldom of Tyrconnell;—Viscounty of Carlingford;—Barony of Carpenter;—Earldom of Roscommon;—Barony of Kilkenny West;—Earldom of Galloway;—Viscounty of Cahir;—Earldom of Kilkenny and Earldom of O'Neill;—Viscounties of Raymond, Fitzwilliam, and Frankford de Montmorency;—Baronies of Sherrard, Branden, Muncester, Clonbrook, St. Helen's, Bancliffe, Keith, Mountslandford, Nugent, and Downes.

#### *Arms of France.*

The fleurs-de-lys, properly speaking, are not the Bourbon arms. The original shield



of the family was—or, a lion rampant *sable*, within an orle of eight scollop shells, *azure*. Archambaud IX., Sire de Bourbon, bore no other. His grand-daughter, named Beatrix, sole daughter and heir of Jean de Bourgoigne, Seigneur de Charolois, by Agnes de Bourbon, daughter and co-heir of the said Archambaud (which Lady Beatrix died in 1310), having espoused Robert of France, Comte de Clermont Beauvoisis, sixth son of St. Louis (IX.), she conveyed to her husband the lordship of Bourbonnais. Louis I., Comte de Clermont, son and heir of Robert and Beatrix, in 1327, was created Duke of Bourbon by his kinsman Charles *le Bel*, and is the immediate progenitor of Henry IV. and of Charles X., as well as of his present Majesty, Louis-Philippe, King of the French. In truth, the fleurs-de-lys—that is to say, *azure*, semée de fleurs-de-lys *d'or*, is the earliest national standard since the introduction of Christianity, and boasts a duration of upwards of 1,300 years. It may, therefore, be considered the most venerable national symbol of any European people.

#### *Eau de Cologne.*

The *Journal des Connaissances Utiles* gives the following recipe for a superior sort of Eau de Cologne:—Spirits of wine (of thirty-two degrees), one quart; essence of citron, two drachms; essence of bergamot, two drachms; essence of lavender, half a drachm; essence of cedrat, one drachm; neroli, ten drops; ambergris, ten drops; tincture of benzoin, three drachms; and otto of roses, two drops. Mix, and having well shaken the mixture several times, filter. The quality improves with age.

#### *Miss Macauley's Lectures on Education.*

We are glad to perceive that Miss Macauley has entered upon her second course of Oral Instruction, or Morning Lectures on the Mental Cultivation of Youth, at Willis's Rooms. These Lectures are most agreeably interspersed with Elocutionary Essays, Dramatic, Poetic, and Musical Illustrations &c.

#### *To restore Wine becoming Sour.*

Take dry walnuts, in the proportion of one to every gallon of wine, and burn them over a charcoal fire; when they are well lighted, throw them into the wine, and bung up; in forty-eight hours the acidity will have been corrected.—*Journal des Connaissances Utiles.*

#### *The Polish Commander-in-Chief.*

General John Skrzynecki was born in Galicia, in 1787, and studied at Leopold. When the French armies entered Poland in 1806, Skrzynecki, then nineteen years of age, left his father's house, and enlisted in the 1st regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Kasimir Malachowski, now General of Division. At the opening of the memorable campaign of 1809, in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under Prince Joseph

Poniatowski, Skrzynecki was raised to the rank of captain in the 16th regiment, then formed by Prince Constantine Czartoryski. In the campaign of Moscow, in 1812, he was appointed chief of battalion; and in 1813 and 1814, he gave repeated proofs of his talent and intrepidity. It was in the hollow-square of his battalion, that Napoleon took shelter at Arcis-sur-Aube, when the regiments of the young guard gave way. The Polish soldiers transferred the deposit to the French corps, which arrived soon after, and Skrzynecki charging the enemy, under the eyes of the Emperor, beat them back with considerable loss. Appointed Knight of the Legion of Honour, and of the Military Order of Poland, Skrzynecki returned to his country, with the remnants of the Polish troops, and obtained the command of the 8th regiment of infantry, in the 2d brigade of General Ignacio Blumer, who received eighteen balls through his body in the night of the 29th of November. Skrzynecki distinguished himself on several occasions since the commencement of the present campaign, and his brilliant conduct in the great battles of February, have raised him to the highest distinction a soldier could pretend to.

#### *Change of Colour in the Plumage of Birds, from Fear.*

The following are related as facts by Mr. Young, in the *Edinburgh Geographical Journal*. A blackbird had been surprised in a cage by a cat. When it was relieved, it was found lying on its back, and quite wet with perspiration. Its feathers fell off, and were renewed, but the new ones were perfectly white.—A grey linnet happened to raise its feathers at a man who was drunk: the wretch instantly tore the creature from its cage, and plucked off all its feathers. The poor bird survived the outrage, and had its feathers replaced, but they were also white.

#### *Literary and Scientific Intelligence.*

As the precursor of a larger work, now in progress, relating to calculous diseases, the Baron Heurteloup, Doctor of the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, has just published an account of numerous "Cases of Lithotritry," in which he has operated in London with great success. This discovery, for its preservation of life, and reduction of the sum of human suffering, may almost be classed with vaccination. The Baron's pamphlet ought to be generally read.

A series of Engravings from the Works of the Members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours is announced, with the honour of a dedication to the King.

Mr. Britton, whose numerous works on architectural and cathedral antiquities, &c., have gained him so just a celebrity, has just commenced, at the London Institution, a course of eight Lectures on the History, Chronology, and National Characteristics of Architecture; exhibiting the rise and pro-

gress of the art, and displaying its adaptations to the wants, the customs, and the luxuries of mankind, in different nations of the ancient and modern world. We have been much gratified by an inspection of the numerous elaborate and beautiful drawings which Mr. Britton has prepared for the illustrations of these Lectures; in the delivery of which, as far as we can judge from the first discourse, much useful and valuable learning will be displayed in an easy, clear, and familiar style, divested, as much as possible, of the dry technicalities of art.

A meeting of the founders, patrons, and members of the Association for the Encouragement of Literature, met at the British Coffee-house, Cockspur Street, lately, to elect officers, &c. It appeared that the society intend to raise a fund of £10,000 for the purpose of publishing works of merit, where authors and publishers cannot agree; to advance money in some cases to authors in progress of their labours; and to allow them a per centage on the sale of their works. A committee was appointed, including the Duke of Somerset, Earl Dudley, and Sir Gore Ouseley. Sir T. Yates and T. Campbell, Esq. were named secretaries.

A new Society of Painters in Water Colours is projected. The grounds stated are the great advances made in this popular branch of art, and the limitation of numbers in the existing Society.

The medal, voted by the Geographical Society of Paris to the widow of the late Major Laing, has been returned by Mr. Warrington, our consul at Tripoli, in consequence of the death of that lady. The Society have determined that it shall be transmitted to the heirs of the unfortunate traveller.

The widow of Belzoni is about publishing a complete series of Lithographic Engravings from the original model of the Egyptian Tomb, now in her possession.

Dr. Brewster and Mr. Farraday have been chosen honorary foreign members of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

*Works in the Press, &c.*

The Young Duke; by the author of Vivian Grey, &c.

The Smuggler; by the author of Crohoore of the Bill-hook, &c.

Nearly ready. Framlingham, a Poem, in four Cantos, (with a View of the Castle,) by James Bird, author of Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira, &c.

French Poetry for Children, selected, with English Notes, by L. J. Ventouillac.

Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems, by Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Tales from the German of Tieck: Old Man of the Mountain, the Love-charm, and Pietro of Abuno.

Atherton, a Novel, by the author of Rank and Talent.

Kustum Khan, or Fourteen Nights' Entertainments at the Royal Gardens at Ahmedabad, by a Gentleman who has resided several years in that part of India.

A Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography, with Illustrations of the most interesting points in History, Poetry, and Fable, compiled by Mr. Arrowsmith, for the use of Eton School.

A Second Series of Tales of a Physician, by W. Harrison, Esq.

Essays, adapted to the understandings of Young Persons on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, the Immortality of the Soul, &c., by Mr. R. Ainslie.

Omnipotence, a Poem, by R. Jarman.

Philip Augustus, an Historical Romance, by the author of Richelieu, Darnley, &c.

Songs of Social Hours, or Minstrel Melodies: by Henry Brandreth, Esq., author of The Garland, &c.

Spain in 1830, by H. D. Inglis, author of Solitary Walks through many Lands.

The Records of a Good Man's Life, by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., author of May You Like It, The Fire-Side Book, &c.

A new edition of The Deliverance of Switzerland, &c., by H. C. Deakin.

Also, a second edition of his Portraits of the Dead.

## BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—Lady Wm. Montagu.—The Hon. Mrs. Anderson.—The lady of Sir E. Knatchbull.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Vincent, of the E. I. C.'s service.—The lady of Robert Berkeley, jun., Esq.—The lady of Edward Buller, Esq.—Lady Henry Thynne.—Lady Henley.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. A. Stewart, of the E. I. C.'s service.—The lady of Patrick Mannock, Esq.—Lady Lillie.—The lady of Sir H. Willock, K. L. S.—The lady of the Hon. Captain A. R. Turnour, R.N.—The lady of W. G. Ouseley, Esq.—The lady of the

Rev. S. Tillbrook.—The lady of Edward Hales, Esq.—The lady of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Jamaica.—The lady of Sir R. Rycraft, Bart.—The lady of Sir H. R. Calder, Bart.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of J. J. Buxton, Esq., M.P.—The lady of G. Palmer, Esq.—The lady of the Hon. Charles Petre.—Lady Sarah Ingestre.—Lady Sinclair.—Viscountess Galway.—The Hon. Mrs. Charles Percival.—Lady Steele.—The lady of J. W. Bowden, Esq.—The lady of Sir S. Stuart, Bart.

## MARRIAGES.

The Rev. W. Whitter, of Cullompton, to Frances, second daughter of the late T. Kennaway, Esq., of Exeter.

At Fareham, Hants, the Rev. T. W. Gage, eldest son of J. Gage, Esq., to Lady Mary Douglas, second daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry.

Alfred, Lord Harley, heir-apparent to the Earl of Oxford, to Eliza, daughter of the Marquess of Westmeath.

At Ealing, A. C. Cobham, Esq., of Shinfeld House, Berks, to Jane Hulise, second daughter of R. Chambers, Esq., of Cradley Hall, Hertfordshire.

In Dublin, W. H. Wilson, Esq., 3rd Dragoon Guards, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late R. Le Hunte, Esq., of Artramon, Wexford.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, I. M. Cooper, Esq., Captain in the 11th Light Dragoons, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late W. Walter, Esq., of Devonshire Place.

At South Stoneham, Capt. G. H. C. Mainwaring, Royal Artillery, to Elizabeth, widow of M. Hoy, Esq., of Thornhill, Hants, and daughter of the late A. H. Bradley, Esq., of Gore Court, Kent.

At St. Mary-le-bone, Joseph Wood, to Mary Ann Paton.

J. M. B. Durrant, of the Priory, Southover, Sussex, Esq., to Fanny, second daughter of J. Hubbard, of Stratford, Essex, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. A. W. Ashley Cooper, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to Maria Anne, eldest daughter of Colonel Hugh Baillie, of Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

At Bexley, the Rev. Morgan Watkins, to Henrietta Auriot Drummond, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Doctor Hay Drummond, Rector of Hadleigh, Suffolk.

C. H. Smith, Esq., of Gwern Llynwith, Glamorganshire, to Emily, fourth daughter of Sir George Leeds, Bart.

At Tilnest Park, the Hon. William Law, youngest brother of Lord Ellenborough, to the Hon. Augusta Champagne Graves.

At All Souls Church, Langham Place, Captain W. H. Elliott, of the 51st or King's Own Light Infantry, second son of Captain Elliott, R.N., to Jane, youngest daughter of the late W. Ashmore, Esq., of Ipswich.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Wm. Hutt, Esq., son of the late Richard Hutt, Esq., of Appley, in the Isle of Wight, to Mary, Countess of Strathmore.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. H. J. Rosser, of Teignmouth, to Diana, daughter of J. Wartnaby, Esq., of Middle Park, Eltham.

At East Downe, the Rev. Orlando Hamblin Williams, youngest son of the late Sir Hamblin Williams, Bart., of Clovelly Court, to Mary Anne Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. P. Coffin, of East Downe, Devon.

## DEATHS.

At Pisa, in Italy, aged 32, the Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, second son of the Earl of Cassilis, who married Miss Augusta Fitzclarence, fourth daughter of His Majesty, William IV.

In Dublin, the Rev. Archdeacon Smith.

At Cricket St. Thomas, Somerset, aged 84, the Right Hon. Mary Sophia, relict of Admiral Hood, Lord Viscount Bridport.

In Bruton Street, Dowager Lady Scott, relict of Sir Claude Scott, Bart., aged 81.

In Park Crescent, John Chamier, Esq., aged 76.

In Connaught Place, Mary, wife of Sir J. E. de Beauvoir.

At Brighton, aged 63, General Lord Charles H. Somerset.

At Bath, aged 75, Sir J. P. Acland, Bart., of Fairfield, Somerset.

At Brixton, Mrs. Smith, aged 102.

In Hanover Street, J. F. Cawthorne, Esq., M.P.

In Upper Berkeley Street West, aged 23, Mary Annette Molesworth, grand-daughter of Charles Viscount Ranelagh and Robert Viscount Molesworth.

At Brighton, R. Wellesley, Esq., son of the Marquess Wellesley.

At Malta, Elizabeth Jemima, Countess Dowager of Errol, wife of the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, of Roydon, Norfolk. For a Portrait and Memoir of her Ladyship, *vide* page 101 of the present volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*.

At Wembury House, Devonshire, H. E. Thornton, Esq., eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Thornton, G.C.B.

In Grosvenor Place, Richard Magenias, Esq.

At Bombay, in his 33d year, the Hon. Sir J. Dewar, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, son of the late General Dewar.

At Lisban, near Kirkcubbin, Mr. Bernard Darian, in his 100th year.

At the Royal Military College, Captain Charles Stone, in his 84th year.

At Ally Ghur, Lieut. Darcy Johnstone, second son of Sir W. Johnstone, Bart., of Hilltown, Aberdeenshire, in his 24th year.

At Seven Oaks, aged 65, the Hon. Henrietta Burton, sister to the Marquess of Conyngham.

At Easton, Lincolnshire, aged 58, Sir M. Cholmeley, Bart., formerly M.P. for Grantham.

At Walmer, aged 76, G. J. P. Leith, Esq., Captain of Walmer Castle.

In Scotland, Brigadier-Gen. A. Walker, late Governor of St. Helena, and Political Resident in Guzerat.

At Genoa, Lieut. Holford, R.N., second son of John J. Holford, Esq., York Place, Portman Square.

At Bangor, Ireland, aged 76, the Right Hon. Colonel Ward, brother of the late, and uncle of the present Viscount Bangor.

In his 64th year, the Right Hon. the Earl of Darnley.

# La Belle Assemblee,

OR

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LXXVII., FOR MAY, 1831.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable LADY MARY ELIZABETH LESLIE, engraved by THOMSON, from a Drawing by DELACOUR.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Carriage Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Court Dress.—No. I.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Court Dress.—No. II.

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## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE public mind continues to be engrossed—absorbed, as it were—in the agitation of the great question of Parliamentary Reform ; the approaching General Election is not likely to allay the ferment which has some time subsisted ; yet authors still write, and booksellers still publish. In proof of this, our tables groan beneath the weight of new books, notices of which we are under the reluctant necessity of deferring. This, indeed, is partly occasioned by the pressure of the *Fine Arts' Exhibitions*, which always, at the present season of the year, encroach more or less upon our room. Next month, however, we shall strive to bring up some of our arrears ; and, amongst various other works, to call the attention of our readers to the following :—*LANDOR'S Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems* ;—*MICHELL'S Siege of Constantinople* ;—*The King's Secret* ;—a second notice of *Arthur of Britanny* ;—*The Old Man of the Mountain, the Love Charm, and Pietro of Albano, from the German of Tieck* ;—*Minstrel Melodies* ;—*LARDNER'S Treatise on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, &c.*

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"*The May Welcome*" arrived a day too late for the fair ; and, next month, it would be obsolete.

"*The Unwedded*" has duly reached us. Its author's former favour had not been forgotten.

We are unacquainted with the subject to which the *Quere* of "C. L." refers.

MR. DEAKIN shall hear from us respecting his "*Dramatic Sketch*," and other communications.

The nonsense of "A THEATRICAL AMATEUR" is utterly inadmissible.

Thanks for the attention of "OMEGA."

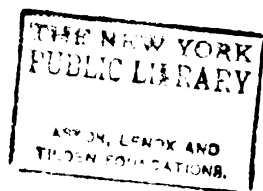
The suggestion of "N. D." could not, we conceive, be successfully adopted.

JULIA'S "*Canary*," we doubt not, sings far more sweetly than his mistress.

"*The Hour Glass*" shall, ere long, remind our fair readers of the lapse of time.

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PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,  
BY HENRY BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.





THE LADY MARY CECIL, WIFE OF SIR JOHN CECIL, BART.

*Portrait of Lady Mary Cecil, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

Life-size oil on canvas, 1660-1670.

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# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR MAY, 1831.

## ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ELIZABETH JANE LESLIE—NOW WATHEN.

LADY ELIZABETH JANE LESLIE (married, since the annexed portrait was taken, to Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 15th Hussars) is the eldest daughter, by his second marriage, of George William, tenth Earl of Rothes.

Leslie is one of the most ancient and one of the most distinguished names in Scotland; nor has its fame been confined to that kingdom: all Europe has echoed its celebrity. "There were at one time three general officers of that name in the service of three sovereigns: viz., Walter Count Leslie, of the Emperor of Germany; Alexander, Earl of Leven, of the King of Great Britain; and David Leslie (afterwards Baron Newark) of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. Several Counts of the name of Leslie are settled in Germany, besides many considerable families in France, Russia, and Poland."

The origin of the family, in Britain, is traced to Bartholdus, a Hungarian nobleman, who, in the year 1068, attended Margaret Atheling, the Queen of Malcolm Canmore, into Scotland; and, subsequently marrying the sister of that monarch, he settled, and obtained the barony of Leslie, or Leslyn, and other large possessions, in the district of Garloch, in the county of Aberdeen. He was created Earl of Ross, and Lord Leslie.

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One of his descendants was Sir Norman de Leslie, whose name occurs in a charter about the year 1237.

His son, Sir Leonard, made a considerable figure in the reign of Alexander III.

Sir Norman, son of Sir Leonard, was appointed Sheriff of Aberdeen, in 1305.

His son, Sir Andrew, married, in the reign of Robert I., Mary, the daughter and co-heiress of Alexander Abernethy; through whom he obtained the baronies of Rothes and Ballenbreich. He was one of the *magnates Scotiae*, who, in 1320, signed the memorable letter to the Pope, asserting the independence of Scotland.

His son, Norman de Leslie, was employed in a variety of diplomatic services in 1361, 1362, and 1363. Dying without male issue, he was succeeded by his great nephew,

Norman (grandson of his brother, Sir Andrew) who was Lord of Rothes. He was one of the noblemen sent to England, in 1423, to attend James I., of Scotland, upon his return from captivity. His son, by his wife, Christian, daughter of William, Lord Seton, was

George Leslie, of Rothes, who, on the 20th of March, 1457, was, by King James II., elevated to the peerage of Scotland by the title of Earl of Rothes, in the county of Elgin. This nobleman,



who lived to a great age, and died in 1501, was twice married: *first*, to Margaret, daughter of — Lundin, of Lundin, in the county of Fife, by whom he had a daughter; *secondly*, to Christian, daughter of Sir William Haleburton, Lord Dirleton. By that lady, he had two daughters, and a son, Andrew, Master of Rothes, who, dying in his father's lifetime, left, by his wife, the Lady Margery Sinclair, youngest daughter of William, third Earl of Orkney, two sons. Of these,

George, the elder, succeeded his grandfather as second Earl of Rothes. He lost his life at the battle of Flodden, in 1513; as did also his brother, William, father of

George, third Earl of Rothes, who was in great favour at court, and much esteemed by James V., who employed him on an important embassy to Denmark, which he performed with great credit to himself, and equal satisfaction to his royal master. His Lordship's eldest son, Norman Leslie, who died before him, had experienced much injustice and contempt from the fierce, haughty, persecuting spirit of Cardinal Beaton; and, in consequence, he became mainly instrumental in the death of that prelate. He afterwards entered into the service of the King of France, and was killed in an engagement with the Germans, near Cambray, in 1554.—The Earl, his father, on his return from Denmark, was tried by his peers, as having been accessory to the death of the cardinal; but he was honourably acquitted. In 1557, he was one of the commissioners sent to the court of France to conclude the marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, and the Dauphin. Dying at Dieppe, in 1558, he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Andrew, fourth Earl of Rothes; whose successor was his grandson,

John, the fifth Earl; who, between the years 1620 and 1635, obtained many charters of lands and baronies, under the great seal. On the first breaking out of the rebellion, he joined the covenanters. He is much spoken of by Lord Clarendon, who observes that—"he was a man very well bred, and of very good parts, and great address; in his person very acceptable, pleasant in conversation, very free and amorous, and unrestrained in his discourse by any scruples of religion, which

he only put on, when the part he was to act required it; and then no man could appear more conscientiously transported." His Lordship was first commissioner from the Scots at the treaty of Ripon, which was adjourned to London, whither he and Lord Loudon came in great state. "The King," remarks Burnet, "gained the Earl of Rothes entirely, who hoped, by the King's mediation, to have married the Countess of Devonshire, a rich and magnificent lady, that lived long in the greatest state of any in that age." His Lordship married Lady Anne Erskine, second daughter of John, Earl of Marr; and, dying in August, 1641, was succeeded by his only son,

John, sixth Earl of Rothes, who carried the sword of state at the coronation of Charles II., at Scoone, in 1651. Having just attained his majority, he raised a regiment of horse for Charles II., and charged at its head at the battle of Worcester. Unfortunately, he was there taken prisoner, and was sent to the Tower of London, where he suffered a long imprisonment, till a year or two before the Restoration. When liberated, he went over to King Charles, at Breda; returned with His Majesty at the Restoration; had his estates, which had been sequestrated, restored, and was loaded with dignities and honours. "The Earl, afterwards Duke, of Rothes," observes Bishop Burnet, "had married the Earl of Crawford's daughter, and had the merit of a long imprisonment likewise to recommend him; he had a ready dexterity in the management of affairs, with a soft and insinuating address: he had a quick apprehension, with a clear judgment: he had no advantage of education; no sort of literature: nor had he travelled abroad: all in him was mere nature." It would have been well for the fame of Charles, had he been as mindful of the services of all his friends as he appears to have been of those of the Earl of Rothes. His Lordship was made President of the Council in Scotland: in 1664, he succeeded his father-in-law, Lord Crawford, as Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and also as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; and the whole power of Scotland was put into his hands; "for," says Burnet, "the King loved him; though it was a very extravagant thing to see one

man possess so many of the chief places of so poor a kingdom." In 1667, he was removed from the Lord High Treasurership, and made Lord Chancellor. "He excused himself," again observes the Bishop, "from being raised to that post all he could, and desired to continue Lord Treasurer; but he struggled in vain, and was forced to submit at last."

By his lady, Anne, eldest daughter of John Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, his Lordship had two daughters: Margaret, Countess of Rothes; and Christian, married, *first*, to James, third Marquess of Montrose; *secondly*, to Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, Bart. In 1663, his Lordship obtained a charter, entailing the earldom of Rothes and baronies of Leslie and Ballenbreich, in default of male issue, upon his elder daughter, and her descendants, *male and female*. Further honours awaited him. On the 29th of May, 1680, he was created Baron Auchmuty and Caskieberry, Viscount of Lugtoun, Earl of Leslie, Marquess of Ballenbreich, and Duke of Rothes. Dying without male issue, in the succeeding year, the dukedom and inferior titles of 1680 expired; but the earldom of Rothes, according to the limitation of 1663, descended to his Grace's elder daughter,

Margaret, first Countess of Rothes. Her Ladyship married, in 1674, Charles, fifth Earl of Haddington; on which occasion, it was stipulated, that the two earldoms should not be united, but that the earldom of Rothes should descend to her eldest, and that of Haddington to her second son. This settlement was subsequently confirmed by two patents, in 1689 and 1702. Accordingly, when her Ladyship's husband died, in 1685, her younger son, Thomas, succeeded as sixth Earl of Haddington; and, on her own decease, in 1700, she was succeeded by her elder son,

John, who assumed the surname of Leslie, and became seventh Earl of Rothes. His Lordship enjoyed many high offices in the state. He was appointed Lord Privy Seal by Queen Anne; and was elected one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland to the second, fifth, and sixth British Parliaments. On the accession of George I., in 1714, he was appointed Vice Admiral of Scotland. His Lordship married, in 1697, Jane Hay,

daughter of John, second Marquess of Tweeddale, by whom he had a family of eight sons and four daughters. Dying in 1722, he was succeeded by his eldest son,

John, eighth Earl of Rothes, K.T., who, having embraced a military life, rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and enjoyed the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland. After successively commanding several other regiments, he had the third regiment of foot-guards. His Lordship married, *first*, in 1741, Hannah, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Matthew Howard, of Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, Esq., by whom he had two sons and two daughters; *secondly*, in 1763, Mary Lloyd, daughter of Mary, Countess of Haddington, by her first husband. By this lady, who survived him, he had no offspring. She afterwards was married, in 1770, to Bennet Langton, of Langton, in the county of Lincoln, Esq., the friend of Dr. Johnson, by whom she had many children, and died in widowhood, in 1820.—His Lordship died in 1767, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

John, ninth Earl of Rothes, who married Jane, second daughter of Captain Maitland, of Lontra, in the county of Haddington. Her Ladyship survived him, and was married to the Hon. Patrick Maitland, of Freugh, in the county of Wigtoun, seventh son of Charles, sixth Earl of Lauderdale. Dying without issue, in 1773, the Earl was succeeded by his sister,

Jane Elizabeth, second Countess of Rothes. Her Ladyship's right of succession to the estate was contested by her uncle, the Hon. Andrew Leslie, equerry to the Princess Dowager of Wales; but the Court of Session decided in her favour. The Countess was married, *first*, in 1766, to George Raymond Evelyn, youngest son of William Evelyn Glanville, of St. Clare, in the county of Kent, Esq., by whom she had an only surviving son, her successor; *secondly*, in 1772, to Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart., by whom she had two sons and a daughter: Charles, in the army;—Henry, in holy orders, M.A., Rector of Sheepall, in the county of Herts, and of Wetherell, in the county of Suffolk, and one of his late Majesty's chaplains in ordinary;—and Harriet,

married to William Courtenay, Esq., barrister-at-law, eldest son of Henry Reginald, late Lord Bishop of Exeter.—The Countess died in 1810, and was succeeded by her eldest son,

George William, tenth Earl of Rothes, who was elected one of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland, in November, 1812. His Lordship married, *first*, the Lady Henrietta Anne Pelham, eldest daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Chichester, and aunt of the present Earl, by whom he had three daughters: Henrietta Anne, his successor;—Amelia, died in 1817:—and Mary. His first lady having died, in 1797, the Earl married, *secondly*, in 1798, Charlotte Julia, daughter of Colonel John Campbell, of Dunoon, by whom he had two daughters: Elizabeth Jane, whose portrait is prefixed to this sketch, married, on the 16th of December, 1830, to Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 15th Hussars;—and Georgiana, died in 1814.—The Earl died in 1817, and was succeeded by his eldest daughter,

Henrietta Anne, third Countess of Rothes. Her Ladyship was born in 1790; and, in 1806, she married George Gwyther, Esq., who afterwards, by royal sign manual, assumed the surname and arms of Leslie. By this marriage, her Ladyship had two sons and four daughters:—1. George William Evelyn, born November 8, 1809;—2. Thomas Jenkins, born June 29, 1813;—3. Henrietta Anne, born October 31, 1807, married, November 10, 1827, to Charles Knight Murray, Esq., barrister-at-law, and principal secretary to the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst;—4. Mary Elizabeth, born July 9, 1811;—5. Anna Maria, born July 19, 1815;—6. Catherine Caroline, born April 14, 1817.—The Countess died on the 30th of January, 1819, and was succeeded by her eldest son,

George William Evelyn Leslie, eleventh and present Earl of Rothes, Baron Leslie and Ballenbreich.

## SCENES IN THE UPPER REGIONS.

## NO. II.—THE PLAGUE OF TONGUES.

“There is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword.”—PROVERBS.

“There is gold around my silken robe,  
And white pearls are in my hair;  
And they say that gems and the broidered vest  
Are woman's chiefest care.”—L. E. L.

THEY know nothing of woman who say so. I really wonder how people will persist in describing frippery and female as one and the same thing. The mode is however (thanks to the march of intellect) going out of fashion, and nobody affects to cry down the sex, except disappointed bachelors, gouty widowers, and now and then—a woman (I blush while I write it,)—at least a person wearing petticoats, who desires to raise her own reputation by the downfall of that of others! And by her own sex too! Shame, shame! let us be charitable, and hope there are but few such. The only amendment I should wish to make in the organization of the beloved sex would be—and I tremble while I write it—the cutting out—or more strictly regulating a lightly-strung, lightly-hung, clattering, coral instrument, incased in ivory, and of extraordinary properties; this voluble machine, from its too constant use, causes more commotion and destruction than either my Lord Grey, or a certain “proclaiming” Marquess can remedy or prevent. Indeed all the nations of Europe are interested in its being at once brought under proper controul, and good government. I speak in reference to both sexes, for I really think, as the women improve, the men degenerate.

But to my story.

“I have been twenty times, at least, my lady, over the rooms,” exclaimed Fleurette, on the eve of one of the Baroness Stanley's *fêtes*; “I have left nothing undone that I could see wanted doing; and if now that your ladyship is dressed, you would just cast your eye about, I could take your ladyship's orders.”

“What o'clock is it?”

“Ten, to the minute, my lady, and a good many of the *littre* ladies come early.”

Lady Stanley rose from the *fauteuil*, where she had reposed during the oper-

ation of dressing; and as her white and jewelled fingers rested on the rich velvet of the chair, she turned her plumed head to view the general effect of her costume in the splendid mirror. She looked, as the poet hath it, “strangely beautiful.” Chalon would have worshipped and painted at such a moment; her brow was of the true patrician form, telling of high intellect and lofty purpose; her eye dark and kindling; her nose exquisitely Grecian, and all a woman's tenderness dwelt in the soft dimples that played around her mouth. The lower portion of her face had much of the Medician Venus in its formation and expression, while from the upper, Canova or Chantrey might have modelled a Minerva. Her dress befitted her high station: it was costly, without being fine, and the diamonds in her hair were worth a prince's ransom. She passed to the lighted halls, that were worthy of her presence. In the first reception-room perfumes filled the air, and the lights that glittered in the golden candlesticks, or from the lofty *candelabres*, would have glared too brightly on the eye, were it not that their light was softened by garlands of fresh flowers, twined as if by nature, from pedestal to pedestal. The ball-room was illumined by a single chandelier, that shed a soft luxurious light over the many-tinted floor, where a group of Bacchantes were represented dancing with the nymphs of Greece, to the music of an ancient Pan. At the upper end a cascade was introduced, that sparkled and murmured among crystals and spars, while it imparted a delicious freshness to the air. Behind this, the band was seated, so that their music might mingle with the murmur of the waters.

“Would your ladyship like to hear the effect?” demanded Fleurette, who followed her mistress's footsteps, and whose trim French figure, with its fussy accom-

paniments of frills, flounces, and flowers, formed an almost ludicrous contrast to the bearing and appearance of the noble lady. She sank upon a Turkish divan, and the flutes breathed a soft low melody. I know not why, but tears, large full tears, like the drops that gather on the feathered columbine, as the dewy night recedes from the morning air, fell from her eyes; there was no motion of the face, no quivering of the lip, yet they fell, even upon the brilliant bracelet which an emperor, in admiration of her talents and her beauty, had clasped upon her arm: perchance the melody was one that had fallen upon her ear in youth, or one which her dead lord had sung to win her from her happy cottage home:—

Filled with balm the gale sighs on,  
Though the flowers have sunk in death;  
So when pleasure's charm is gone,  
Its memory lives in music's breath.

Again she arose, and entered a smaller apartment, where books in gorgeous bindings, albums, drawings, and all the elegancies of literature were scattered in profusion on scagliola and marble tables. She made some tasteful and judicious alteration in their arrangement, and as if wearied by even such trifling exertion, seated herself on a velvet sofa, and fixed her eyes upon one of John Hayter's inimitable chalk groups; it was a subject such as one sees in every scrap book, but the pencil of the artist had given it a grace and expression, at once novel and interesting. In singing, how frequently the pronunciation of a simple word will thrill through the frame, and produce the warmest emotions, while a laboured and elaborate performance would fail to excite either a sigh or a tear. So it is with painting: a few skilful touches transform the most common subject into the most fascinating; and whether or not, the story so exquisitely told by Hayter's pencil, of a young mother pressing the form of a dead infant to her bosom, awoke in the lady's breast the remembrance that *she* too was childless, I cannot say; but Fleurette stood long behind her unheeded; and it was not until the thundering knocker announced the coming of an early guest, and the foot covering had been withdrawn from the Portland steps, to await another arrival, that she silently

withdrew her hand from her brow, and rose to receive her visitor. She was a woman of high literary distinction, and who (most wonderful) bore the distinction meekly: her manners were plain and unadorned, and except for that intellectual presence which is always felt when conversing with persons of real talent, she might have passed simply for a gentlewoman, and been only noted as a very perfect one; her person was *petite*, her features placid, her eyes deep set and intelligent. Lady Stanley received her with sincere greeting; not the mere cordiality of manner that passes current for the reality, but the heart's welcome, which is told more by the countenance, than the speech or salute.

"I am delighted to find you alone, Baroness, even for a moment; I have a good deal to say to you upon a very serious subject, which perhaps you may not think the friendship of even twenty years entitles me to enter upon?"

"Speak on, *my friend*," replied the lady warmly; "the being to whom I use that term *sincerely*, need never imagine her communication, whether pleasant or not, ill timed."

"Gertrude," inquired Mrs. Awkworth, with more than her usual seriousness, "when do the inhabitants of *your* world speak sincerely?"

"You well know," replied the Baroness, that though I am *with* them, I am not of them; but I am far from regarding '*our* world,' as you call it, in the light you do."

"You cannot deceive *me*, Gertrude—I love to call you by the dear name you bore when first we met. I know you are not happy—I see it in your bright, but restless eye—and even that delicate tinting cannot conceal the changes of feeling, which alternately blanch and redden your cheek."

"A woman who, at three-and-thirty, has seen the plumed and deadly-magnificent hearse bear a husband and four children to their marble tombs, and is left alone to support dignities she was not born to, and act as becomes the head of an ancient and honourable house, may surely sometimes be supposed to think and feel. Do you know I have lately come to the conclusion that only the thoughtless can be happy!"

"I have heard that you, my friend, are ambitious of being ranked amongst the *thoughtless*, and that you are going to, or have absolutely resigned your liberty, and appointed a certain Signor Contenti, to act as lord and master over the baronies of Stanley and Yeverton."

Proud and scornful was the smile which curled the noble lady's lip, as her friend concluded the information which she had received from that common and lying informer "*undoubted authority*."

"Is it necessary for me to inquire," she said, at last, after a painful pause, "if you credit this information? When courted, flattered, admired, and earning—if I may so call it, from the exercise of my talents—distinction more brilliant than that bestowed upon my rank and fortune, am I so fallen in the estimation of my only—perhaps my *only* friend—that she believes I would dishonour my husband's memory, by a union with a base-born foreigner—one whom out of pure charity I have sheltered and protected?"

"The world has no faith in 'pure charity,'" replied Mrs. Awkworth, smiling; "and I am sure you would not do an act which you would consider as dishonouring *his* memory. But no more of this at present; they come! they come! You are not angry at my frankness?" Before Lady Stanley could reply, save by an affectionate pressure of her hand, the room was nearly filled with both learned and titled visitors (for it is the *fashion* for the aristocracy of the present day, to *herd* with the literati), and the smile sat as happily, to all appearance, on the exquisite lips of the Baroness, as if it had never been frightened from its allegiance by sorrow or reflection.

"Who is Lady Stanley dancing with?" asked a young, inquisitive-looking girl, in the course of the evening, of a better-informed, and somewhat aged sister of fashion.

"The Duke of Baltrone: where is Signor Contenti?"

"In the music-room."

"We will go there if we can."

"Very well. Who *was* Lady Stanley, my dear Miss Pethero; you who know every body, can surely tell me?" again demanded the inquisitive lady.

"The daughter of a Welch clergyman,  
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I believe, or some *parvenu* of that sort, which the noble picked up, and in time manufactured into what was called a beauty (though I could never see it), and a wit (I never heard her say a smart thing yet); and since his death she has taken upon herself the patronage of foreigners and delicately-situated damsels. This is her first *soirée* for the season, and, as you perceive, there are a great many mixed people, such as Mrs. Awkworth, and —"

The inquisitive lady pressed her friend's arm; she had perceived that no other than Mrs. Awkworth was standing directly before them. No farther observation was elicited, until they had reached a little nook formed by two beautiful Grecian statues, supported on porphyry pillars; they ensconced themselves beneath their shadow, and recommenced observations, *sotto voce*; for Signor Contenti had ceased singing, and the musical party were turning over the leaves of the books, and arranging the performance of a quartette, or a chorus.

"Do you admire the *tulle* sleeves divided in *bouffans*, that Lady Mary Jerralto wears—it would be charity to send her a new pair; I have seen those three times," observed the elder.

"Peers' daughters are generally poor," retorted the younger, who secretly mourned over her want of rank, yet consoled herself in the omnipotence of riches.

"I don't think those full sleeves on that tall girl in blue becoming; the *pagodas* are trimmed with only mock blonde."

"Is the Duchess of Dino here to-night? She had a love of a hat on this morning, lined with lilac moss, when I met her."

"And pray where *was* that?" demanded the elder lady, with a supercilious air, who, notwithstanding her question, knew perfectly well, that though "her dear young friend" contrived, when a party of three or four hundred persons was expected among the *élite*, to smuggle herself in with the *titled* mob (through the kind interference of some good stupid old dowager, for whom she twisted *allumettes* and constructed the intricacies of rice and clove baskets, as a penalty for either the past, or the next six months), yet had no pretension to the privilege of leaving cards at

any door west of Bloomsbury-square, of which portion of the united kingdom most probably the illustrious lady (whose mossy lining attracted the ill-bred admiration of the city Miss) had never heard.

"At Howell and James's," replied the humbled belle.

"I wish Contenti would sing *Mamma Mia*," said the elder lady.

"*Mamma Mia*," repeated the younger, listlessly, "oh! pa sings that—it was out of fashion before I was born, I believe."

This hit at "the most vulnerable part" would have been smartly resented, and the ladies' friendship dissevered by that "unkindest cut of all," had not some observations, made by two gentlemen who were leaning against a pillar close at their side, drawn off the attention of both at the same moment.

One was sufficiently well born to entitle him to the enviable distinction of being perceived every where; he was, moreover, "a marvellous proper man" for an *artiste* to fit clothes upon, with a fashionable rapidity of countenance, good moustaches (at least they looked well by candle-light), a vacuum, where it is to be supposed eyes dwelt, though they were generally "not at home;" and a mouth, which smiled foolishly, yet wisely said nothing. In the well-bred automaton's interjections consisted his eloquence; but he was a good listener, and sang a good second—although frequently discovered in uttering Italian sounds when they should have been English; however, every body agreed that two ideas were *de trop* for the Honourable Henry Altamount, so that it was ridiculous to expect both sense and sound; indeed the former, those who tolerated his insipidity were obliged to dispense with altogether.

He was also universally believed to be good-natured, having once exclaimed—"Oh, my!" when his britschka ran over a black child in Park-lane; then turning his head, he pointed to the little creature, and added, emphatically, while placing his purse in his groom's hand, "See to it!" This exertion, it is true, he hardly recovered for three days; but the fashionable journals caught hold of it, and the next week it had formed no less than forty-two paragraphs! that drew tears from many members of the Philanthro-

pic, and dissolved, absolutely dissolved, three dowagers, and seven maidens, while exclamations of "delicious creature!"—"delicate sensibility!"—"exquisite youth!" reverberated from square to square.

Such was the Honourable Henry Altamount, of Altamount Hall, Berks, and Belgrave Square, London. His companion, or rather the person who was talking to him, was of very different appearance and caste—a horse-dealer would have pronounced him not thorough bred. Although his manners and address could not be called ungentlemanly, yet they were not those of a gentleman—they were precisely of that nature that could cringe and fawn on the rich, and insult and oppress the poor—half bravo, half slave. How Marmaduke Leyster got into fashionable society—or, still more marvellous, how he kept there—nobody knew, and, apparently, nobody cared, for he could sing first to Altamount's second. If he did not sport a britschka of his own, he sported himself in every body's britschka; and, under the semblance of frankness, managed to publish the evil of every one, and conceal all the bad of himself. When by any chance a reflective being saw these two gentlemen together, it occasioned food for melancholy—that *one* should be so devoid of intellect—that the other should so pervert it.

The words which the listening sisters caught were as follows:—

"At Rome," said Leyster, "every body visited her, and here it is the same thing—though do you know it *has been* rumoured that she was never married until a few weeks before Stanley's death; if so, she may now wed whom she pleases without dishonouring the peerage."

"Indeed!"—The word had scarcely fled the well-chiseled lips of Altamount when Lady Stanley passed on to the singers, who it now appeared had been waiting for her to decide on the merits of some new composition of Rossini's, or Auber's. Nothing in her manner betrayed to the brilliant crowd that the beautiful victim had heard the villain's lie; and she seemed to listen with well-bred attention to the harmony, which in reality struck upon her ear like the wailings of despair.

"Do ye think she heard me?" inquired

Leyster, quite forgetting the utter incapability of his companion forming a conjecture under any circumstances.

"Eh?" replied the other, with a vacant stare.

"I must go to Lord Morlit's," continued the viper, who had not courage to meet the lady's eye after his false speech. And he did go—cursing his own imprudence, and the champagne he had drunk of so freely, as the cause of his forgetting that plain speaking ought never to be indulged in in crowds, and that nothing but a *delicate* inuendo is fit for a *soirée*. The *fête* passed off as the "Court Journal" said of that at Lady Londonderry's, "having excited more attention in the fashionable world than any thing of the kind had done for many years." The company came, admired the magnificence of the entertainment—did all they could when conversing with the hostess to make her believe herself an angel—and after dancing, singing, and stuffing (it is astonishing how desperately some fashionable people eat—I never could fancy a woman with a good appetite clever), went home, repeated the scandal they had heard of the noble and high-minded creature who had contributed so much to their enjoyment, slept the fevered sleep of troubled consciences, and awoke to immolate fresh victims to "the plague of tongues."

Did the lady sleep?—did *she* slumber?—did her swollen eyelids close over her aching eyes?

When all was silence in the dwelling, and when, the next morning, wearied and fevered, she paced the now empty halls, well, well might she exclaim—"All! all is vanity and vexation of spirit!" She had learnt that riches and beauty excite envy—that liberality and sentiment are feelings not acknowledged in the fashionable hemisphere, or but thought of, as by-words, or terms of contempt. The protection she had extended in her humanity to a clever, but obscure foreigner, had been turned to malicious account—her fame, her spotless fame, had been breathed on by a low-horn liar! And what had she done to deserve this?—Thoughts, bitter and dark as the scowling clouds of a November night, gathered over her mind. She resolved, re-resolved,

planned, determined—and what then?—The exquisite Countess de Rossenberg called—and habit, that hard task-master, led her back to the same scenes, and the same revellings, though she knew their fallacy, and despised their falsehood.

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"Did you hear of poor dear Lady Stanley's misfortune?" inquired Lady Lumbago, in a sympathetic tone, to her dear deaf friend, Mrs. Dareall, as they stood delightfully jammed in the crush-room of the Opera, waiting for their respective carriages.

"Lady Stanley's mishap, my dear, what was it?"

"Oh, poor lady! it was necessary that she should use a particular lotion, having lost the hair just off the left temple, and so, I am credibly informed—"

"Lady Lumbago's carriage stops the way," interrupted the conversation.

"Good night, I will tell you all the particulars to-morrow," said the Dowager, elbowing her way through the well-dressed mob.

"What was Lady Lumbago saying about Lady Stanley, Mrs. Dareall?" inquired Captain Feather, of the Guards, as he placed his eye-glass in his waistcoat pocket.

"A very delicate affair, as well as I could make it out, Captain," replied the deaf lady, "though I never believe *all* that her ladyship says. Something of a *lost heir*—she has been consulting the lawyers in the Temple about the matter, I suppose. It is very mysterious, very mysterious indeed."

"Mrs. Dareall's carriage stops the way," vociferated several voices, as if conscious of the lady's infirmity—and the Captain was now the questionee.

"Eh! what did the old lady *seem* so mysterious about, can you tell?" said a little shrewd-looking person, who must certainly have been the original model for Paul Pry.

"I don't exactly like to repeat things that *may* have no foundation," replied he of the Feather; "but I do hope her ladyship will succeed in finding the heir, although it would be sadly inimical to Signor Contenti's views."

"Lady Stanley's carriage stops the way,"



resounded through the saloons; and as if the earth had suddenly sent forth a spectre, the lady, who had been the subject of so much folly and misconception, stepped forward with the dignity of an empress.

"May I have the honour, as your ladyship is unattended, of handing you to your carriage?" inquired Captain Feather, bowing obsequiously.

"My servants are here, Sir Captain," replied the lady, haughtily, "and I need no other attendance."

Her galled spirit unwisely yielded to the irritation of the moment, and the malicious and angry youth of the sword and buckler, with a readiness that would not have disgraced a woman, turned to the original Paul (as I must ever consider him), and exclaimed—"I have long thought it! Poor lady! her senses are going, Sir; how very wild her eye was."

"Very."

"And her cheek so flushed."

"Very."

"Besides, it is the only way to account for her rudeness."

"True—true."

The scions of a corrupted tree separated under the Piazza; and the next morning a paragraph to the following effect appeared in a fashionable morning paper:—

"Those who lately partook of the festivities at S— House, will be sorry to learn that the graceful and ennobled widow is afflicted with *mental wanderings*, that already call for medical control. Whether these are caused by the struggles between *love* and *pride*, or the anxiety to recover a *lost heir*, we are not yet prepared to determine, but will not fail to communicate the earliest *authentic intelligence* we receive on the subject."

"And what do you think of *this*, as the result of that absurd blundering of which I have just told you," said the calumniated lady to her friend, Mrs. Awkworth, as she threw the paper contemptuously on the breakfast-table.

"That you ought to laugh at it; or if you cannot laugh at it, that you ought to be more guarded, and not content yourself with being pure, but keep scandal off by appearing prudish. Those who frequent masquerades must of necessity wear masques, whether their features be beau-

tiful or ugly; and as society, as it is at present constituted in the fashionable world, is one general masque, you excite attention and envy only by being natural."

"Would to God!" ejaculated the Baroness, "that I had never left the cottage where you first knew me; I might have been the wife of some humble clergyman, and have lived the beloved and untainted being I was at seventeen till the end of my days!"

"This is idle," replied her friend. "You were destined to fill a high place in our noble land, and had you less ambition and more prudence, you could in a great degree have escaped the malignity of the great *petite monde*."

"But where is the *use* of acquiring distinction if it does not give freedom of action?"

"That is one of the most dangerous questions a woman ever asked," replied Mrs. Awkworth, "because it could be so well and so ably answered in the most contradictory and self-satisfying manner. The man of fashion would tell you that you were an angel, and, consequently, not subject to human laws. The sceptic would say that you possessed the only real distinction which determines superiority between man and man—the distinction of talent. And that as the soul (the worst sceptics like *women* to think there are souls) is of no sex, they ought to claim the privilege and live all their days. The—"

"Stop, my dear friend," said Lady Stanley, "I can hear all this in the world; I want to know what you say in the closet."

"I would say, that if a woman *has* acquired distinction, she ought to learn to wear her honours with humility; and that instead of its emancipating her actions, if she wishes to preserve her reputation, she must place cold and frigid reason at the helm—if indeed she can find no better helmsman."

"Then there is a *better*," inquired the lady.

"There is," replied her friend—"one that elevates the female character in all lands, under whose guidance she can never err—RELIGION."

"Do you want me to go into a nunnery, or forswear society?"

"Neither. I should wish you, as I have often said, to be less ambitious and more circumspect."

"Had my husband and my children lived," she replied, "I should have had something worth living for, besides the glittering bubbles that burst ere I can catch them. I have lived so long a life of excitement, that I should die without it."

"I tell you, to change its object would only be turning a brain fever into a typhus. I wish that, like a skilful physician, I could pluck it from the roots and cast it from you."

"Her Royal Highness the Princess of Louisit's carriage is below, my lady: she sends word she is impatient to have your opinion of the decorations of her theatre." The servant waited.

"I must go, you see, my dear friend," said Lady Stanley, in an explanatory tone; "it will be the best way of contradicting this absurd report." And as she smiled, Mrs. Awkworth thought her beautiful features had a worn, and even ghastly expression.

The decorations were chosen, the theatre arranged, and Lady Stanley, intoxicated with flattery, was prevailed upon to take the department of prima-donna for the evening. Never was any creature so publicly applauded, or so privately scandalized. Had she been hardened, or well-tempered in the furnace, it would have been little heeded: but, united to all a woman's vanity, she had all a woman's

sensitiveness—her ears listened for private sentiments, though they fell like drops of molten lead distilled by the murderer's hand.

She became absolutely disgusted with society, and shut herself up in her splendid mansion, resolved to abandon all intercourse with the world. Yet here the "plague of tongues" contrived to follow—from the very ancestral portraits the poison of reproach seemed to proceed—for her liberality had been misplaced, and she had consequently met with ingratitude. She said truly, when she said she needed excitement—the surest proof of an unhealthy mind. A calculating but insidious debauchée ascertained but too truly her feelings from one of her pampered menials: and by his fascinations and protestations persuaded her that he loved—so he did—her wealth. Alas! her beauty was but now the shadow of the past. The day after her second marriage, before the hopes of happiness had in any degree dispersed, came busy *friends*!—They told of follies, of crimes even, and an abandoned woman brought forward her children—*his* children—and even taxed *her* as the cause of his faithlessness to one to whom his early vows were plighted. This was more than the ill-fated lady could support. Before a fortnight had elapsed, a mourning pageant had escorted to the silent grave the remains of one of the many victims to the *Plague of Tongues*.

## WHAT YOU WILL.

It is not ideas that I want—and if I did want them, it is the case of hundreds who indite more voluminous matters than an article in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*; so that to lay down my pen for so slight a reason as that would be sheer affectation. Ideas in our day are not even held essential to an epic poem; and to enumerate the authors who are wholly independent of their aid in prose, would detain you as long as to count the leaves that "strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." But what I want is a subject. This I take to be the only really insurmountable obstacle to a writer of any genius. All other impedi-

ments are but as the reeds and pebbles, which retard the flow, and ruffle the surface of the stream, but strive in vain to prevent the completion of its way to the ocean—the want of a subject dams up talent at its fountain-head. All your bright conceptions and pleasant humours—all your lively images and playful sallies, form a kind of Dead Sea in your pericranium, without a solitary outlet by which they can make their passage into the world. To be sure, it is not indispensable, that, when a subject has been found, the writer should treat of it exclusively, or pay it an atom more attention

than he likes. That would be to impose a restraint on genius, which the free spirit of authorship, in this free country, and enlightened age, would never submit to. It would be to place authors and subjects on the same footing as husbands and wives—a proposal not to be thought of without horror. Every hand that can wield a pen, whether from the pinion of the grey-goose, or wing of the crow, would be lifted against me, if I had the temerity to recommend such an innovation. But a subject is necessary, if for no other purpose, at least as a point of divergence—a kind of starting-post, from which the writer's fancy, mounted on horse, mule, jennet, or donkey, may begin its career, and expatiate upon every thing in earth or heaven, religiously shunning one topic only—that which he stands pledged to descant on in the title of his book, essay, or article. What shall I write about?—meaning thereby, from what subject shall I start?—is therefore a query of vast importance to a writer. The most brilliant imaginings in the world, the best pen, the most gorgeous vocabulary, the finest gilt paper, the gayest wit, and the most voluptuous study-chair that ever embraced author or authoress in its arms of green morocco, are absolutely worth nothing until this point has been satisfactorily settled. I knew a gentleman who sold his house in town, and purchased a cottage at the lakes—a region where the very air is literary; and where, if anywhere on earth, a duodecimo, at least, might be produced in a twelvemonth. He fitted up by far the most comfortable study I ever sat in; his chair would have made a reading-man of a fox-hunter; he had the best pens that were ever dipped in ink, the best ink that ever bedewed paper, and the best paper that ever wafted a billet-doux—besides, he did not want ideas, he had them as numerous as the ripples on Windermere, when a breeze from the hills sweeps over it. But what could he do? He wanted a subject. Month followed month, and season season—the freshness of spring yielded to the glow of summer, the glow of summer to the cool of autumn, the cool of autumn to the snow of winter—but no subject. At length my friend, who had gone down to the lakes for the sole purpose of coming

up an author, gave up his project, sold his cottage, and returned to his house in town in a state of mind which I cannot describe, but which my own feelings at this moment enable me very distinctly to conceive. There is no use in taking up your time—I want a subject, and cannot go a step farther until I have got one. There goes my pen, it is of no manner of use, you may pick it up if you please and try your hand—while you write, I shall meditate.

Meditate accordingly I did, until in the midst of my meditations I fell fast asleep. FANCY then, as she is wont, finding reason off her post, and remembering the old rhyme—

“When the cat's away  
The mice may play,”

took a wild freak into her head, and transported me, “without wing of hippogrif,” into the middle of a crowd of fine ladies, which I soon discovered was no other than LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE itself. Throwing me down on the nearest ottoman, she plunged into the throng of beauties; and, though she was too far from me to be audible, it was easy to perceive that she was making me the subject of conversation, for a new pair of eyes were opened on me every second—first blue, then brown, then black, then grey, then blue again, and so on, until at length a whole park of this formidable artillery played on the ottoman; and I must inevitably have been demolished but for one of two things—either that I was eye-proof, or that there is not the slightest foundation in one half of what bards sing of ladies' glances. At length (of course at the suggestion of the same busy power to whom I owed my introduction into so bright a company) lots appeared to be cast; and shortly after, the cloud of beauty before me opened, and, issuing like a ray of moonshine, a lady separated herself from the throng and advanced towards me. It was no want of courtesy that kept me from rising to meet her and do the obeisance of a gallant cavalier, but simply the chain of slumber which bound me to the couch. My eyes, however, were wide open; and when she came sufficiently near, I saw a blue-eyed dame of seventeen, with the complexion of a snow-drop, a bunch of roses in her hair, a

Lydia-Languish-like deportment, and a book in her hand, which, if I read the lettering right, was "Winifred the Forlorn; or the Unrequited Passion." She did not keep me long in suspense as to the nature of her mission, but taking the bunch of roses from her brow, and placing it on mine, she said, with the sweetest simper—"How can you be at a loss for a subject when there is love? Try a love-tale, and take that sweet line for your motto—

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

So saying, she sighed; and retreating more rapidly than she approached, was soon lost in the distant choir of her fair associates. "A love-tale!" I repeated to myself. "You might as well order me to write a history of the planet Venus. I never was in love in all my life, except with an ice at midsummer, or a plum-pudding at Christmas. I have heard sing, truly, of—

"A desperate lady by a purling stream,  
And lover pendant from a willow-tree."

But long as I have lived in rural scenes, and amongst brooks and oziars, I never once met with either phenomenon. I am a sceptic about the existence of the passion called love—as to the propensity, which goes by that name in the *beau monde*, a better phrase for it would be speculation. Love is plainly a *misnomer*. I know a capital story of a miser, who was enamoured of a bag of gold—if that will serve you for a love-tale, it is at your service. Moreover, love has been a barren subject for the last half century, as barren as a mountain in Perthshire, or an Irish bog. Even professed amatory writers have given up the idea of finding it in the haunts of men: they have ceased to look for it even in the turtle's nest, where first it was supposed to have taken refuge; and where do they go in quest of it, think you? Darwin seeks it in a flower-garden, and makes his tulips and daffodillies sigh and swear to each other like so many Romeos and Juliets. Canning imagines the same tender *liaison* between secants and tangents—beings in which Spurzheim himself could hardly have detected the organ of amativeness;

and lastly, Moore *himself* has actually found it necessary to call in the aid of cherubim and seraphim, and set them to prattle with each other on a sunny bank, just like so many boarding-school misses and cornets of dragoons. No, no, Scheherazade herself, queen of story-tellers, would not venture a love-tale at this hour of the day. Every image is exhausted—not a scene has been left on which a pair of lovers could be introduced with the slightest pretensions to originality. There is moonlight, for instance—if we lived in Jupiter or Saturn, and had five or six moons, we might attempt something, but you know enough of astronomy to know that we have but one; and the demand upon her beams has been so immoderate, that I verily believe the composition of one more story of a shepherd and shepherdess would leave her as dark as a total eclipse, or the last day of the last quarter. Then as to tears, the reservoir is quite dry; and for sighs, there is not one left that would raise the lightest butterfly that floats on the air of June. A bard, already mentioned, has monopolized all the smiles, tones, and blushes, besides appropriating all the similes and allusions directly or remotely connected with the subject—sunbeams, rosebuds, zephyrs, pearls, dew-drops, stars, and perfumes; he has actually left nothing to the gleaner, not the materials of a single sonnet: those he has not found room for in his verse, he has scattered over his prose, so that a tear must now be called a tear, and a smile a smile, which you know as well as I do would never answer in an amatory tale."

Here my soliloquy was stayed by a second embassy from the crowd, the failure of the first having, I suppose, been inferred from the state of inactivity in which I continued to lie, having never once changed the posture into which I originally fell from the arms of Fancy. The dame who now approached was very different from the last. There was nothing woe-begone about her: she seemed perfectly satisfied with herself; and her countenance, though handsome by nature, appeared to have contracted an air of austerity from the influence of some mental habit. Her demeanour was rather

more assuming than becomes womanhood; and as she came nearer, I was struck by a head of Homer on her cameo brooch. Looking down, her sandals were not remarkable, but her stockings were as blue as the Rhone at Geneva. In her right hand she brandished a crow-quill, and in her left was a Gillie's Aristotle, from which she seemed to have been making extracts, probably to illustrate a forthcoming novel. She addressed me in a set speech, interwoven all with phrases. French, Italian, and German, most of which had as good parallel expressions in her mother tongue; and more than once she made a display of Latinity that was alarming beyond measure. The burthen of all was of course to tender my pen, what it so much wanted—a subject. She was clearly of opinion that none could be more fertile in interest both to writer and reader than “clever ladies!” Nay, so convinced was she that the theme was quite irresistible, that, without waiting for an answer, she marched off with the step of Minerva, and began caressing an owl which one of her attendants carried after her in a cage. I commenced my soliloquy upon this apparition and harangue with a scrap of Byron—

“Oh! darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!  
As some one somewhere sings about the sky,  
But I, ye learned ladies! sing of you.”

“Too deep,” I continued, “too deep, immeasurably too deep for me! My genius has no line to fathom the De Staëls, and the Morgans, the —, the —, and the —, far less,” added I, “the lady who has just disappeared, whom I take to be the Empress of the Bas Bleus, if not — herself.”

Another effort was now made, and a third envoy was despatched—Fancy, of course, seeing with a glance the total mis-

carriage of the last. The third lady had a coronet on her temples, or something like it. She was at least honourable or right honourable; and her dress corresponded exactly with that of Lady —, at the *fête* at Holdernes House. She was brief in her proposal—“A scene in high life,” she said, “would be best of all.”

“High life,” I replied; “yes, that will answer. I have spent a day with the monks of St. Bernard: and theirs is the highest life in Europe; you shall have it by all means as soon as I awake, and pick up my pen, and get back to my study.”—I said it seriously: but it passed for a *bon-mot*; and the lady ran laughing away, and made other ladies laugh by repeating it. My mistake was absurd; but a tale of fashionable life never once occurred to me. I never told but one in my life. It began with—“His Serene Highness — was in a towering passion.” I got into a scrape about it; and I never laid my scenes on the summit of society again.

The fourth lady not only proposed a subject, but offered to tell me a long story, if I would but give it to the world in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. Without waiting for my assent she commenced the narrative, with which it was plain she was bursting like an over-ripe fig. “Lord X— \* \* \*, with Mrs. Y—, who \* \* \* \* from Mr. Y—, who \* \* \* \* with Lady X—, who \* \* \* \*, &c. &c.” “Madam,” said I, “the world will know this story time enough, and accurately enough, through your unassisted talents. Heaven forbid I should be such a plagiarist as to print with my name the offspring of your invention; besides, Madam! tea is not yet ready.” She replied; but the first note awoke me from my dream, and with my dream ends my paper.

## THE LADY EMMELINE.

"Her form—her slight and fairy form, was full of early grace,  
And proud and pensive beauty reigned upon her gentle face."

*Unpublished MS.*

A SILVER lamp, richly fretted and suspended from the ceiling, shed a sort of *Rembrandt* light upon the chamber, while the brief flashes occasionally emitted by the wood consuming on the spacious hearth heightened the picturesque effect of the scene. Every object in the apartment betokened the wealth of the possessor, and shewed that it was the destined retreat of some high-born maiden. The floor was thickly strewn with rushes, sprinkled with scented waters, and the walls were decorated with tapestry of golden cloth; an ebony table, inlaid with ivory, was placed in the centre, and a sculptured desk, furnished with a breviary and missal, gorgeously emblazoned, occupied one corner of the room, while a tripod of marble, containing holy water, stood in another. A canopied bed, with curtains of silk, curiously wrought with silver and gold, and a velvet coverlet, guarded with miniver, filled a distant recess; and, close to this, a half-opened door discovered an oratory, dimly illumined by the beams of the moon, which, struggling through the branches of a vine that nearly obscured the lattice, cast a visionary light into the apartment.

Seated by the table, with her head resting upon her hand, the fair inmate of this chamber appeared buried in profound meditation, heedless of the respectful attendance of her bower-woman, who stood silently gazing upon her mistress.

The countenance of the maiden was partially concealed by the position of her hand, and the long ringlets, of golden brown, which fell luxuriantly upon her brow and reposed upon her neck; but sufficient was displayed to shew that it was pale and spiritual, and that a lip of exquisite enchantment gave beauty and sweetness to the lower part of her face. Her slight and graceful figure was arrayed in a robe of azure silk, confined at the waist by an embroidered zone; a band of pearls was wreathed fancifully in the loose tresses of her hair, and a carca-

net, set with jewels of price, glittered upon her neck; but neither the pearls upon her brow, nor the jewels upon her breast, seemed to give happiness to their possessor. A deep sigh forced its way from her bosom, when, raising her head and shaking back the clustering locks that lay like shadowy gold upon her temples, she unveiled a forehead fair and lofty, a brow calm and youthful, but at once strangely sweet and haughty; an eye full of sublime thought and melancholy and feeling, and a cheek whose marble purity shamed the living damask of her lip.

"My good Bridget," said the maiden, addressing her attendant, while a smile of faint, but of radiant loveliness hovered around her mouth, "my kind Bridget, I have too long detained you from repose; the night wanes apace, hasten to your couch, and may St. Mary be your guard."

"But, my lady, would you not that I prepare you for your rest? the moon is waxing dim, and—"

The damsel would have proceeded, but a slightly impatient gesture on the part of her mistress caused her to desist; making her obeisance, she glided into an adjoining chamber, and after offering up her usual devotions, soon sank into a quiet slumber.

While the waiting-woman was thus buried in the arms of sleep, her mistress was yielding to the wild emotions of grief; tears stole rapidly down her cheeks; and the changing hues of her countenance betrayed the agitation of her spirit.

"And shall it be thus?" she exclaimed; "shall the heiress of *De Wilton* shrink like the supple reed before the blast, and wed with one who possesses not her heart? No, no;" and she clasped her hands upon her brow; "sooner shall this head lie low in the tomb of her ancestors, this hand moulder into dust, and this form pass away as a vision from the earth. Alas! alas! that the meanest peasant maiden should be free to give her hand where her heart hath made its choice,

while the proud and the high-born, the dowered heiress of wood and castle, must plight her troth for gleaming gold and an empty state."

With a troubled step the lady passed into the oratory, and, throwing herself upon her knees, remained for some moments absorbed in devotion before an ivory crucifix; and as the pale light of the moon partially beamed on her slender figure, and, tinging her whole countenance with a visionary lustre, rested serenely upon her upraised head, she seemed like a sainted spirit kneeling at the shrine of its Creator. While thus engaged, a strain of sweet and pensive melody stole upon the breeze; but when the Lady Emmeline arose and approached the lattice the music had ceased.

It was a fair and lovely night, well fitted to inspire the heart with melancholy tenderness, and unseal the springs of the imagination. The sky was calm and cloudless, and the moon floated proudly through the deep azure like a fair bark careering in the blue waters of the Levant. Grove, and bower, and garden lay quietly beneath, while the dreamy spells of silence and of shade hung upon every object; sweet was the solemn stillness of the hour of rest, and the soft mysterious shadowing of the summer night; every leaf and flower diffused fragrance upon the breeze as it stole murmuring along; and the whispering of the zephyr, the rustling of the forest trees, and the tinkling of a fountain that fell lightly into a sculptured basin of marble, were the only sounds that, breaking upon the ear, shed a delicious sadness upon the soul. But other sounds quickly disturbed the silence; the thick branches beneath the casement were shaken, and, emerging from concealment, the musician stood before the lady, habited in a page's attire: he bore a harp in his hand; his slender figure was displayed to advantage by his dress; dark hair clustered upon his brow; and the character of his head was noble and poetical, while, as he raised his eager eye to the window, the light of the moon fell broadly upon a face that Guido might have chosen for the model of those divine countenances which beam in celestial glory upon his canvas.

"Emmeline! my own—my adored Em-

meline!" exclaimed he, in a low, deep, and impassioned tone, "I have tarried long at the bower; and methought the moon was less bright, the stream less musical, the jessamine less fragrant than was wont. Alas! they wanted the fair presence of my lady-love. But how is this?" inquired he, quickly and earnestly, perceiving the traces of sorrow and inquietude upon the features of his Emmeline. "How is this, my beloved? Whence is thy grief? Shall it not be shared by thy Edmund?"

"My Edmund! Alas! never," passionately responded the maiden; "hast thou not heard that the Baron Fitzwalter hath sent to demand me in marriage of my father, and that ere to-morrow's eve he will arrive at the castle to press his suit in person? Alas! dazzled by his wealth, and blinded by his renown, Sir Hubert hath signified to me his commands that I receive him as my betrothed; but sooner shall the grave be my portion, and the worm my companion, than Reginald Fitzwalter shall claim me as his bride."

The reply of the lover-page was wild and impetuous, as, flinging himself upon the earth, he solemnly swore to rescue his mistress or perish in the attempt.

The blushing hues of morning were stealing upon the sky ere the lady waved a farewell; the myrtle trembled in the breeze; the rose bared its damask bosom to the bee; and the sweet violet rearing its modest head, with the hly of the vale, breathed deep perfume upon the air. Sweet was the incense of the summer flowers, but far sweeter was the vow of fidelity unto death that sealed the parting moment.

And now to change the scene. The expected arrival of the Baron Fitzwalter took place ere the vesper bell had rung; the shrill blast of the warder's horn announced his approach, as, followed by an armed and gallant retinue, he rode over the draw-bridge and entered the portecullis. The Baron was apparently in his fortieth year; tall and dignified in person, and of a dark and martial aspect; but although nature had gifted him with faultless features, a brow of majesty, and an eye of deep intelligence, with a lip that wore well the smile of blandishment,

still there was a peculiarity of expression—a glance of that eye, and a quick curving of that lip, which repelled familiarity and confidence.

His forehead was shaded by a plumed barret-cap, and his superb figure was cased in a suit of Milan harness, over which was thrown a cloak of the richest Genoa velvet, fastened at the throat by a clasp of pure gold, while a thickly-studded belt sustained a straight two-edged sword, and with the chain depending from his neck, and the golden spur upon his heel, completed his attire.

The beauty and trappings of the noble animal which he bestrode were worthy of its rider; and the gay and glittering appearance of his suite bore full evidence to the wealth of their lord. Descending from his steed he saluted Sir Hubert De Wilton, who, with courtly greetings, welcomed his guest, and led the way into the castle, where refreshments were prepared with the nicest skill, and displayed in pompous profusion. Of these the Baron partook but slightly, although eagerly entreated by his host, who beheld his dreams of ambition on the point of becoming realized by the union of his daughter, then in her sixteenth year, with the pride of chivalry and the terror of the Paynim. A man far advanced in the vale of years, of a narrow heart and a designing head, he had retired from the court of the fickle-minded and contemptible Prince John, in order to avoid sharing in the reputed danger of his disgrace; and while anxious to shield himself from the displeasure of the lion-hearted Richard by an alliance with one of the powerful followers of the martial monarch, Fitzwalter beheld the fair Emmeline as he was hunting in her father's forest glades. Although the glance was momentary, the impression was immediate and ardent; seduced by the grace and beauty of the noble maiden he overlooked the great disparity of years, impetuously resolving to make an offer of his hand; and as his eye roved over the extensive stretch of wood and water, field and plain, which lay beneath his sway, his bosom throbbed at the idea of bearing off the peerless Emmeline, and making her the mistress of his wide domain. But the heart of the fair girl was neither to be captured by his

gallant train nor his proud estate; and while the Baron revelled in the delirium of his new-born hopes, the stripling page, the gentle and youthful Edmund, was the favoured but unknown rival with whose influence he had fruitlessly to contend.

The silent grove and glade, the shadowy sequestered dell, where the little brook made pleasant music as it ran bubbling from the roots of the knotted oak; and the deep blue of the sky peered through the gnarled branches of the trees, whose bright verdure cast a sweet shade upon the earth, while a glimpse of the inner woodland, or a snatch of the open country, wild and romantic, broke in here and there, giving depth and animation to the scene: these were the favourite haunts where the love-lorn youth mused away his absent hours, and passed the time in golden reveries of future happiness; and not unfrequently did he there pour out his impassioned soul at the feet of his mistress, and woo her with all the fervid tenderness of truth. A glance, a fond sweet smile, a slight suffusion of the brow, or a timid sigh—breathed as she wandered by his side, and ever and anon turned away blushing from his gaze—on these occasions betrayed the state of her affection.

But these dreams of bliss were destined to be broken; and while the youthful pair insensibly yielded up their whole hearts to the fervency of a first attachment, a father's frown was unthought of, and they glanced but slightly upon the dark perspective, or endeavoured to believe that there were fairy gleams of brightness beyond. But the overtures of the Baron destroyed the illusion; and an interview with her father, who was a stranger to the sentiment existing between his daughter and his page, sent the Lady Emmeline with an aching brow and a bursting heart to the solitude of her apartment, there to give way to the transport of emotion with which she was assailed.

We will now return to the hall, where it may be remembered we left the Baron with his intended father. That the former urged his suit with all the impetuosity of a lover, and that the latter expressed the gratification of his pride in the projected match, may be imagined. But as yet the fair object of their debate had been invisible.



"How now, damsels!" suddenly cried out De Wilton, "where is the Lady Emmeline? Hasten and inform her that we desire her presence. In faith, my noble friend," continued he, addressing himself to Fitzwalter, who sat impatiently twisting the massy links of the gold chain around his neck—"in faith these women are dainty and fantastic creatures, loving much their own wayward will, and unreasonably loth to part with its indulgence; and, of a truth, vanity is their soul, and the looking-glass their idol."

His speech was apparently well relished by his guest; nevertheless, handing his goblet to the cellarer, who filled it to the brim with the choicest wine of Candy, he rose from his seat, and, pledging "the Lady Emmeline," quaffed it to the bottom.

"Now, by my holidame," observed the Baron, replacing the empty goblet, "if all women resembled thy fair daughter, they were the meet company of angels, not of rough mortals: but few can compare with the Lady Emmeline, and I speak of experience, for these eyes have rested upon the dark-browed beauties of the East, whose glances are brighter than the diamonds in their hair, and whose lips are sweeter than the rose blooming upon their simarres. By heaven! my good host, a thousand falchions might well gleam in their defence; and yet, queen-like in their looks, and faultless in their form, I would resign them all for one glimpse of the fair brow—one smile from the peerless lip of the Lady Emmeline."

A bustle at the upper end of the hall interrupted his speech and awakened his attention; the folding-doors were thrown open, and the object of his eulogium appeared, followed by her maidens.

To fulfil the commands of her father, the Lady Emmeline had caused herself to be attired becoming her high birth and station; but the usual graces of her countenance were partially diminished by an air of reserve, added to that natural shade of haughtiness which was so intimately blended with the sweetness of her expression. Her tunic and skirt of pale green silk were fastened round her slender waist by a glittering zone, studded with costly gems, while her fair arms were decorated by bracelets of gold inlaid

with emeralds and pearls; a twisted chain of the latter encircled her throat, and gleamed like snow-drops through the wild ringlets that lay upon her bosom; but a veil of silk, interwoven with threads of gold, nearly concealed those luxuriant tresses, and partially shaded the lustre of her brow.

With an air in which native pride and girlish timidity struggled for pre-eminence, she received the greetings of the Baron, as, with gallant courtesy, he handed her to a seat and placed himself beside her. His ardent gaze of admiration was oppressive, and the colour rose and deepened upon her cheek beneath the intense scrutiny of his eye. Her father viewed her in stern silence; it was evident that her coldness of manner displeased him; but, bridling his resentment, he ordered the minstrels to tune their harps, and while the song resounded through the hall, the wine bounded in the goblet, and the heart warmed beneath its influence, the pleadings of the Baron became frequent and importunate; and while he related the scenes of wild and fearful enterprize in which he had been engaged, and dwelt upon the marvellous beauty of the women of other climes, he skilfully threw in many a wily and insinuating compliment to the fair-haired maidens of the West. He had laid aside his barret cap, and the noble grandeur of his head, covered with short thick curls of ebon hair, was fully displayed, while his brow, softened into tenderness, corresponded with the persuasion of his lip. But on Emmeline his attentions, as well as personal attractions, were entirely lost; and as her timid glance rested for a moment upon the graceful figure and glowing countenance of her youthful and nobly descended suitor, who stood at the end of the hall, the anxious spectator of his proud rival's assiduities, she felt that to share *his* destiny, however humble, she could willingly resign the dignity of birth, and the allurements of wealth.

The evening had far advanced when the retreat of the Lady Emmeline and her waiting-woman was the signal for the commencement of the loud and unrestrained revelry of the banqueters. Fitzwalter, intoxicated with the charms of

his mistress, drank her health in repeated libations; his example was followed by the guests of De Wilton; and before the party had broken up for the night, the marriage ceremony was appointed to take place in the castle chapel on the fourth day from thence.

All noise had long ceased in the castle, when Fitzwalter, pacing his chamber with feverish inquietude, at length approached the casement to cool his burning brows in the soft breezes of the night; the chapel, wrapt in silence and shade, attracted his attention, and as the moon-beams played upon the Gothic tracery of the windows, marking them with lines of silver, or, darting between the cypress trees, shed a fitful light upon its walls, he could not resist a desire to pay a nocturnal visit to the spot. Throwing his cloak around him, and girding his sword to his side, he silently descended the stairs, and, passing through a low wicket that opened into the chapel grounds, entered the sacred building; a lamp burned upon the altar, and the venerable figure of a monk, bent in devotion before it, arrested his attention. The holy man seemed too intent on his orisons to heed the approach of the Baron, who, presuming that he was engaged in the performance of some vow, was about to retire, when the echo of light and cautious footsteps upon the pavement awoke his surprise, and caused him to retreat into the shade. The steps approached, and three figures appeared: the first of whom Fitzwalter recognized as Bridget, the favourite waiting-woman of the Lady Emmeline; hastening to the monk, she whispered in his ear; he immediately arose from his knees, and, taking his place at the altar, opened his missal, while the two others advanced to the steps; the light of the lamp fell full upon their faces, and, with rage and wonder indescribable, the Baron beheld the idol of his imagination—his promised bride—the high-born Emmeline De Wilton—she who to him was cold as monumental marble, about to plight her troth to the stripling page—the unfriended and presumptuous Edmund! For an instant he paused as if doubting the evidence of his senses; but when he saw the daring youth tenderly supporting her on his shoulder, and imploring her to become

his with all the deep impassioned eloquence of looks and words, he sprang from his concealment, a curse wild and bitter, followed by a blow, struck with the fury of a maniac, announced his desperate intent. The Lady Emmeline shrieked, and fainted in the arms of her affrighted attendant; but the youthful bridegroom, who was armed, unsheathed his sword with the rapidity of lightning; the fierce clashing of steel in an instant broke the hallowed stillness of the place, and it was plain that the blood of man shed in the black wrath of passion would sprinkle the sanctuary of his God. With a fearful cry of agony the monk raised the cross between the combatants, but too late—well tried in many a sanguinary field, the blade of Fitzwalter drank the heart's blood of the gallant youth, who, bathed in the crimson torrent, sank lifeless upon the ground. The clamour alarmed the inmates of the castle, and in a few moments De Wilton and his friends and followers were on the spot. Horror and consternation filled every bosom; the Lady Emmeline was borne in a state of insensibility to her apartment, and the body of the unfortunate Edmund consigned to the care of the holy father, who had witnessed the sacrilegious murder. The reverend man prepared it for its lowly bier, and, assisted by the brothers of his monastery, laid it, with many a prayer and benediction, in its cold and narrow bed. And from "*the night of blood*," as it was termed, the spirit of the Lady Emmeline darkened, and her fair head never rose from the pillow which it pressed. In vain did the despairing father enrich the sainted shrines with jewelled vestures and ornaments of price, while offering half his treasures for her recovery, and calling in the aid of the most cunning leeches of the time. Her complaint was beyond the power of medicine and the art of man; the gloss faded away from her bright tresses; the light died within her eye, and the rose withered upon her lip. Alas! alas! her malady was a breaking heart: and, to all eyes, she was rapidly passing to that hallowed place where "*the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest*." And ere the month had waned away, the fair and graceful, the young, the noble,

and the high-born Emmeline De Wilton slept in the vaulted tomb of her ancestors. Her obsequies were celebrated with all the pomp to which rank entitled her remains; and amidst the nodding of plumes, and the gleaming of torches, the tossing of censers and the floating of incense, the loud pealing of the organ, and the echo of the choral dirge, with blazoned pall and escutcheon, and all the gorgeous ceremonials of state, the pride and the idol of many was laid in an untimely grave.

Of Fitzwalter little was afterwards heard; a vague rumour was circulated, that when he hastily quitted the castle,

he proceeded to court, and from thence to Palestine, where he died beneath the sword; but from that hour De Wilton became a blighted man: he withdrew from all society, practised the austerities of religion with unceasing vigour, and, finally, retired into a neighbouring monastery, where he wore away the remnant of his days in prayers and penance. His castle fell into decay, and the broad estates, which had once owned him as their lord, passed into the possession of a stranger, when his decease proved the extinction of his name.

C\*\*\*x.

### Original Poetry.

#### TO JULIA.

*By Charles Doyle Sillery, Esq.*

DEAR Julia! strike thy harp again,  
For its sweet tones impart  
Such tender ecstasy of pain  
To this half-broken heart,  
That I could lay me down and die  
Beneath so sweet a strain:  
Oh! Julia, raise thy tear-brimmed eye,  
And strike thy lyre again.

Julia! fair, gifted minstrel, mine,  
When thou to me wast given,  
This heart was so absorbed in thine,  
It knew no other heaven:  
Oh! blame me not, false-judging world—  
Oh! Saviour of my soul,  
Who read'st this heart as 'twere unfurl'd  
Before thee as a scroll;  
Thou know'st my deep devotedness  
To Thee, to God, to her;  
And yet I cannot love her less—  
Forgive me, if I err.

'Tis not with love my pulses beat  
For thee—too cold the name;  
'Tis not with friendship's feverish heat,  
But a far holier flame!  
It is a love man never saw—  
A deep pure passionate feeling;  
Affection, adoration, awe,  
Beyond the soul's revealing:  
'Tis a whole hallowed heart's regard,  
As angels feel above—  
A bliss that brings its own reward;  
Oh, Julia! *this* is love!

Dear—doubly blessed be the day  
When first my gaze met thine,  
When first I knelt me down to pray,  
Mingling thy name with mine:  
They tell me earth hath lost its bliss,  
That heav'n is in yon skies;  
But whereso'er my Julia is  
That spot is Paradise!

Without her,     .     .     .     .  
With her     .     .     .     .  
         .     .     .     .     .

"I AM COME, FATHER, I AM COME."\*

*By H. C. Deakin, Esq.*

"Lo, Sir! before thee now I stand,  
As I have stood in youth,  
A conqueror! without his brand,  
A soldier! full of truth.  
One stride across the ocean sea,  
One stride from off the deep,  
I clasp my king, my father's knee,  
And like an infant weep.  
I weep to think that once again  
Thou see'st me without guilt or stain.

\* Titus having learned that suspicions had been breathed into Vespasian's ear, insinuating that it was his intention to proclaim himself Emperor, immediately rushed from the scene of his triumph, took ship, and passed into Italy, and hurrying into Vespasian's presence, could only exclaim, with intense agitation, "I am come, father! I am come!" proving, by this burst of simplicity and feeling, his loyalty and filial affection.—*Vide Suetonius.*

" I'm come—I'm come, my royal liege!  
To prove my word, my faith;  
I'm come from battle and from siege,  
Crowned with the victor's wreath.  
I tear the laurel from my brow,  
The wreath to thee I bring,  
That thou may'st feel that I am now  
No traitor to my king!  
Glory would but a torture prove,  
If blest not with my father's love.

" Within the camp have traitors wrought,  
Not 'gainst myself alone;  
They said thy son—thy soldier, sought  
The triumph and the throne!  
They lied—the triumph was not mine;  
The crown! what was't to me?  
Crown! triumph! purple! all were thine,  
Except my love for thee.  
That I would trust—would send by none—  
Its messenger, thy only son.

" And lo! before thee now I kneel,  
Thy blessing, Sire, to crave;  
To prove unto my king, my zeal,  
I've dared the crested wave.  
I've broke the sword of Judah's race,  
I've snapt her spear in two;  
And all my glory for thy grace,  
Father! I bring to you;  
I have no triumph but's thine own,  
No thought—but breathes of thee alone."

The Cæsar gazed upon his son!  
His tears began to start;  
And, thinking on the deeds he'd done,  
He clasped him to his heart.  
" My son! my soldier! all mine own,  
An empire's loud acclaim;  
Thou shalt partake thy father's throne,  
And wear thy wreath of fame!"

#### THE TRAITOR TO HIS MISTRESS.

FORGET me! for the brand of shame  
Still glows upon my brow,  
Forget me! for my father's name  
Hath fallen, fallen low!  
Forget me; or to thee will cling  
The curse that clung to me;  
Forget that thou hast ever seen—  
Resolve no more to see.

I once could hold my head amidst  
This fair and beauteous earth;  
I once could walk in pride upon  
The land that graced my birth;  
I once could join the festal throng,  
And laugh with pleasant glee,  
But then my heart was pure, unstained,  
For I was blessed with thee.

On thee, the traitor's paramour,  
God's curse, and man's, will rest;  
The palm of fellowship will ne'er  
Within thy hand be prest;  
Cold, scornful glances from the eye  
Must be thy blighting lot,  
That thou didst love a traitor heart,  
Can never be forgot.

And I would bless thee, but my words  
Would be a curse to blight;  
Each thought, each breath, each look,  
would be  
Damning and black as night;  
A thousand words come rushing forth  
From my deep heart's full swell;  
But they must down—I may but say,  
Farewell, my love, farewell!

#### SONG FOR THE GUITAR.

*Imitated from the Spanish.*

BELIEVE me, I worship the hand  
Which hurls the death-bolt at my breast—  
I silently die of the wound,  
Invoking that hand to be bless'd.

O! would that I never had known  
A passion thus deep—uncontroll'd;  
To love, and that love not to own,  
Is anguish too great to be told;  
Let me sigh o'er my sorrow once more!  
Let me sigh—let me sigh o'er my  
sorrow once more!

S. B.

#### TO INEZ.

*(Written for an Album.)*

WHY wert thou false? I would have made  
Thy name renowned in deathless song;  
And laurels that should never fade  
Have wound thy pleasant path along:  
Thy glories should the minstrel sing—  
Thy name the tuneful poet breathe—  
Thy beauties o'er the earth take wing  
Wherever man his soft strains wreathe.

Why wert thou false? by heaven each word  
That fell as manna from thy tongue,  
To me was as the lute's soft chords,  
When by a master-spirit strung:  
I have one lock of raven hair,  
Shrined, as a gem, upon my breast;  
And it will dwell for ever there,  
For ever to that couch be prest.

## Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1831.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

#### DINNER DRESS.

A GOWN composed of *bleu Adélaïde gros d'Orient*; the *corsage* cut low, and something higher than of late on the shoulder: it is disposed round the top in horizontal drapery folds in front, and plain behind. Short white satin sleeve, over which is a long one of *blonde de Cambray*; a row of blue *dents*, edged with the same blond, falls over it on the shoulders. It is drawn tight round the arm just above the elbow, and ornamented with *nœuds* of blue gauze ribbon; the lower part sits close to the arm. The front of the skirt is trimmed with three rows of ornaments composed of *blonde de Cambray*, and a flounce of the same material, deep, but with very little fulness, goes round the border: it is headed by two white satin *rouleaux*. The head-dress is a *béret-toque* of gold-coloured crape, trimmed under the brim with a *bandeau* of blue gauze ribbons to correspond with the dress. It terminates on the left side in a full knot, at the base of a *bouquet* of white ostrich feathers: a corresponding *bouquet* is attached to the crown on the right side.

#### EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of canary-coloured *gaze Clémentine*, over satin to correspond; the *corsage* cut low, draped in light folds, and crossing on the bosom. A narrow *blonde de Cambray* tucker stands up round the bust. *Béret* sleeve, with blond *mancherons* of the wing form. The skirt is trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond with the dress; the ribbons disposed in waves intermixed with *nœuds*; a *bouquet* of violets placed in each *nœud*. A braid of hair entwined with pearls is brought round the head. The hind hair is arranged on the summit of the head in bows; the bows crossed by a band of white ribbon, which connects two *bouquets* of white roses: the one placed on the left side in front, the other on the right towards the back of the head. Pearl necklace, gold bracelets with pearl clasps.

#### WALKING DRESS.

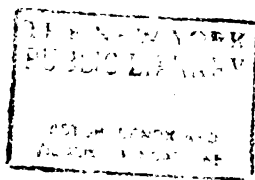
A DRESS of plain *gros de Naples*, the colour is emerald green. High *corsage*, partially open in front, and crossing under the *ceinture*. It is arranged in deep folds from the shoulder to the waist. Sleeve of the *demi gigot* form, but terminated by a small cuff *à la Chevalière*. *Pelerine en cœur*, of black velvet, the upper part turning over in the *fichu* style. It crosses under the *ceinture*, and the ends descend below the waist; it is bordered by a black satin *rouleau*. *Cambric chemisette*, with a ruff of the same material, *à la Marie Médicis*. The bonnet is of rice straw, trimmed under the brim with canary gauze ribbon. The crown, which is of the jockey form, is ornamented with *palmettes* of canary *gros de Naples*. The *brodequins* are French grey leather.

#### CARRIAGE DRESS.

A REDINGOTE of *gros de Chine*, the colour is *gris lavande*; the *corsage* is made up to the throat, with a round collar of a singularly novel and pretty form. It is edged with a satin *rouleau*, and bordered with blond lace; the centre of the bust is adorned with satin *rouleaux*, and the sides are arranged *en cœur*, with *rouleaux* and blond lace. The sleeve is of the usual size at the upper part: it terminates with a very novel cuff, which is a mixture of satin and the material of the dress. A row of trimming, *à l'Égyptienne*, adorns each side of the front from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. The hat is of white watered *gros de Naples*, trimmed under the brim with a wreath composed of ends of white gauze ribbon; two *bouquets* of fancy flowers adorn the crown; one is placed near the top in the centre of a drapery of the same material, the other at the bottom. The *mentonniers* are of blond net, and the *colletette* of blond lace.

#### COURT DRESS.—No. 1.

THE dress is composed of white crape over satin. The *corsage* is of Swedish



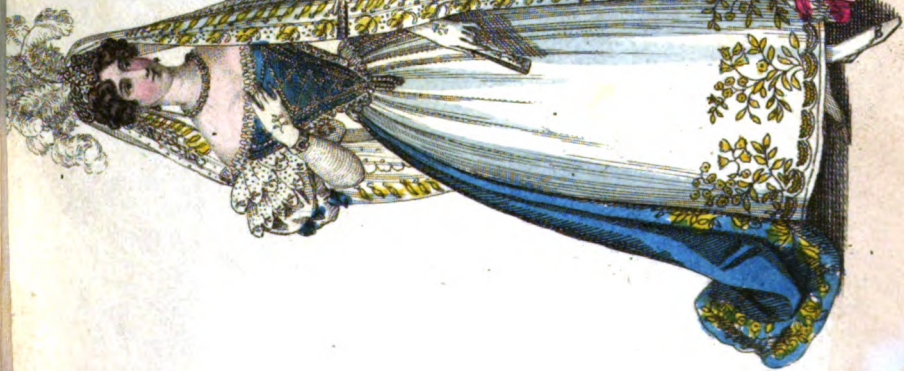




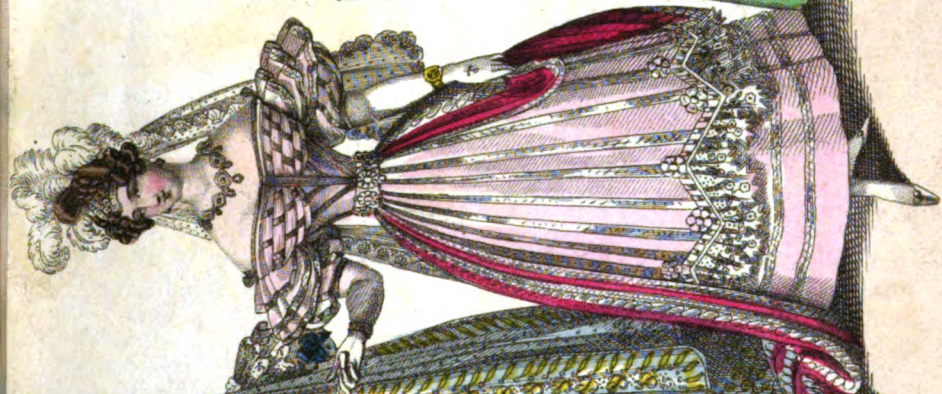
*Dinner Dress*

*Evening Dress*





Court Dress, 71.



Court Dress, 72.

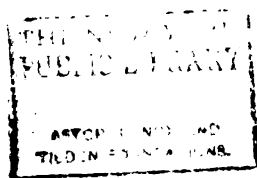


Walking Dress.



Carriage Dress.





blue *gros d'Orient*: it is cut low and square, is trimmed with strings of pearl arranged *en cœur*, and terminating in a tassel at the bottom of the waist. A triple quilling of blond net surrounds the bust. The sleeves are of white satin, arranged in double *bouffans* by knots of white ribbon to correspond with the dress, and surmounted by blond lace *mancherons*. The trimming of the border is a superb embroidery in gold. The train is composed of Swedish blue *gros d'Orient*: it is embroidered in gold to correspond with the dress. *Coiffure* feathers and lappets, with a *bandeau* of pearls, fastened in front by an *agraffe*, composed of pearls and coloured gems. Necklace, ear-rings, and diamonds.

#### COURT DRESS.—No. 2.

A DRESS of pale rose-colour *gaze satinée*. *Corsage* cut square, and draped in front, *à la Sévigné*. *Beret* sleeve, surmounted by an epaulette, composed of three falls of gauze. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two *chefs d'argent*, above which is a very rich embroidery in silver and floise silk. The train is composed of crimson and silver tissue. The hair is dressed in full bows on the summit of the head, and in curls, which are much parted on the forehead. A *bouquet* of ostrich feathers, inserted in the folds of the blond lace lappets, plays over the bows, and a diamond tiara is brought low on the forehead. Necklace and ear-rings, diamonds.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

#### FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE rich but heavy attire of winter has now completely given place to the gay colours and light materials of spring; and truly our manufacturers have not been idle in providing for its approach. We never remember a greater variety, or a more elegant choice of materials for full and half dress. In the latter, many are a mixture of silk and wool, quite as light as *jaconot* muslin, and of extreme richness. They are flowered in a great variety of patterns, and of very lively colours: the grounds are white, and some have narrow satin stripes at considerable distances. We see also muslins of *chintz* patterns, of great richness and beauty, but less *distingué* than those we have just

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spoken of. Among the new silks, those most remarkable for novelty as well as beauty, are the *foulards*, the China crapes, the quadrilled and watered *gros de Naples*; the two latter of which, as well as a variety of fancy silks and gauzes, are worn in full dress.

Gowns have as yet altered very little in form: many of those worn in carriage dress are made high, the front ornamented with deep folds, which cross from the shoulder to the *ceinture*. Sleeves have not certainly diminished in size at the upper part, and their preposterous width is rendered more remarkable by their being made in general close to the arm, and without ornament at the lower part. Trimmings, it is said, will be much worn this summer; but as yet we see very few. If dresses of light materials are trimmed, it is generally with tucks, and *rouleaux* are employed for silk ones. "Tucks and *rouleaux*!!!" our fair readers will exclaim. It is even so, ladies; but we must consider the summer fashions are not yet settled: no doubt another month will produce some change.

Gowns in carriage dress continue to be very much worn, with *pelérines* of the same material; the one described in our pages last month is the favourite form. China crape scarfs and shawls are also very fashionable: they are of exceedingly rich patterns. Scarfs and *pelérines* of *blonde de Cambrai* will be very generally adopted in carriage dress when the weather gets warmer; it is at present very generally employed for trimming hats, and for veils.

Tuscan bonnets—why they are so called we know not, since they are of English straw—are partially worn as morning bonnets. The crowns are low and slanting, the brims square, and rather wide than otherwise. They are of a comparatively moderate size, though not so small as we had anticipated. They are trimmed with gauze ribbon, arranged in light *nœuds*. These bonnets, though of a beautiful quality, are rather heavy, and are much less fashionable than those of watered *gros de Naples*, or rice straw. The former have slanting crowns, brims rather large, drawn in three places, and generally finished with a fall of blond lace. They are trimmed with ribbons; some of

2 M

the most elegant have a kind of cockade of blond lace placed on one side: and in the centre of this ornament a knot resembling a full blown tulip, composed of different coloured ribbons cut in ends.

Watered *gros de Naples* and rice straw are the materials of hats. Some of those composed of the first are trimmed with large flowers, arranged in long waving tufts, whose foliage resembles that of the sensitive plant. Hyacinths, or tulips *panachées*, placed at the bottom of the crown, are very much used for the trimming of rice straw hats.

One of the most elegant of the spring hats is composed of pale rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a very low crown, arranged *en cœur* at the top. The front is ornamented with a piece of the same material, cut in long *dents*, which are bordered with blond lace. A large sprig of white lilac completes the trimming.

Many fashionable hats are trimmed inside the brim with a row of small *coques* of ribbon over the forehead.

Muslin begins to be worn in *deshabille*. Some very pretty morning dresses are of thick jaconot muslin, open in front, with a *corsage à schall*, richly embroidered; the embroidery continued *en tablier* down each side of the front. A neat, but rather formal, *deshabille*, has the *corsage* arranged in small plaits. It is made with a large antique ruff, standing up round the throat, which is also small plaited. The sleeves are *à l'imbécile*. It is richly embroidered round the border.

Trimnings begin to be much worn in dinner and evening dress. We have given two of the most elegant in our print. We may also cite those composed of *rouleaux*, or bands of satin, employed to trim dresses of *tulle* or blond. Some are disposed in the form of an S, others of a V, and several are arranged in crescents. Another style of trimming consists of *rouleaux*, enlaced, and forming double *nœuds*. Light *bouquets* of hyacinths, of wild tulips, or fancy flowers, always mingle with these trimmings. Ten or twelve *bouquets* are employed to ornament the border of a dress. They are placed a little below the knee; and two *bouquets* above it on the left side of the skirt, at some distance from each other.

*Bérets* are very fashionable, both in

grand costume and in evening dress: the most novel in the former are of white crape or *gaze de laine*, embroidered in gold in very small patterns. A *torsade* of gold, which encircles the *béret*, falls on the left side, and is terminated by gold acorns. Those of white or coloured crape, trimmed with *bouquets* of short feathers, and mounted on a *bandeau* of coloured gems, are exceedingly elegant. Turbans are not quite so much in favour, but they are nevertheless adopted by several *élégantes*. They are of spotted, or of silver gauze, and trimmed in general with two birds of paradise.

Several of the *bérets* worn in evening dress are trimmed with ribbons only. They are arranged in *aigrettes*, and have a very light and tasteful effect.

If feathers are employed, it must be only a single plume, attached under the brim in the centre of the forehead, and turning over the brim in the style of a half wreath. *Blonde de Cambray* continues in very great favour in full dress; it was also very extensively adopted for lappets, trimmings, &c. at the two last drawing-rooms.

The colours most in request are *bleu Adélaïde*, canary-colour, different shades of green, pale rose-colour, and a very delicate shade of lilac.

## Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN  
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

### COSTUME OF PARIS.

WE live in the midst of revolutions, and a great one has recently taken place: Longchamps is shorn of its honours; for the first time during more than fifty years the promenade has been thinly attended, and the harvest of new fashions has completely failed. Nay, start not, gentle reader; it is only at Longchamps that it failed; it has thriven abundantly elsewhere, as you will see by the accounts we are proceeding to lay before you.

Joking apart, the weather, which was very bad, and perhaps also commercial distress, which has now risen to a most alarming height, rendered the promenade any thing but brilliant: Wednesday and

Thursday it was nearly deserted; Friday there was a tolerable show of carriages, and some very pretty hats and bonnets; but the rest of the dress was either of a wintry description, or at least of a *demi saison* kind. It is only now that our promenades begin to fill with summer dresses; but as the weather is still rather cool, they are not even yet of a very light kind. Silk is most in favour at this moment; but before the end of next month I have no doubt that the light materials of which I shall speak presently, will be more generally adopted.

Various kinds of *gros de Naples*, plain, in narrow stripes, or in small diamond patterns, are all fashionable; but the two last particularly so. Gowns are made with a *corsage* nearly, but not quite, high, draped *à la Grecque* across the bosom, but plain behind, the back broad between the shoulders, but much narrower than it has recently been worn at the bottom of the waist; and for the most part without any trimming round the border. These dresses are worn with pelerines of the same material, cut square behind, and forming a *fichu* in front. Some are made with two or three openings on the shoulder, which form square *pattes*, and fall upon the sleeves.

*Redingotes* are also worn, but they are always composed of plain *gros de Naples*. Lilac, green, and grey, are the most fashionable colours. The sleeves are mostly tight at the lower part of the arm, enormously wide at the top, and falling in the Marino Faliero style over the lower part. The pelerine is of the shawl kind, and trimmed either with narrow fringe or with a *ruche* of the same material.

The new materials are *foulards du Bengale*, composed of silk and thread, printed jaconot muslins, printed *mousselines de laine*, and a half transparent material called *hegemané*. Very few dresses of these materials have yet been seen in the promenades; those that have appeared were made like the silk ones I have described above.

There is at this moment quite a rage for *capotes Anglaises*; that is to say, English cottage-bonnets *à la Française*, which have little or no resemblance to their model, being, if the truth must be told, in general much prettier, and of a more be-

coming shape. The young princesses, and several other ladies of rank, have adopted them. The most fashionable are of *gros des Indes*, or watered *gros de Naples*, for morning bonnets; the crown is round, placed rather backwards; the brim is of moderate size, cut square and low at the ears, but open across the forehead. Some are trimmed with great simplicity, merely having a *nœud en chou* on the left side of the crown, near the top, but fashion admits a variety of trimmings. I have seen some half dress *capotes* composed of crape, adorned with a *bouquet* of five short ostrich feathers, attached to one side of the crown, which was also trimmed with bands of ribbons placed at regular distances from each other. Others had the crown adorned with two bands of gauze ribbon, *à mille raies*. One of these bands went round the top of the crown, and terminated at the side under a *chou* of *coques* of ribbons; the other was at the bottom of the crown, and the *brides* were attached above it. Some are trimmed at the brim with blond lace, others are adorned with a very light double *ruche* placed under the brim.

Morning bonnets are generally worn over a small blond lace cap trimmed with *coques* of ribbon, or else the cap is ornamented with three small tufts of ribbons; one placed in the centre of the forehead; the others, on each side, sustaining the trimming of the cap. The hair is always worn in bands with these caps, which, though at this moment fashionable, are not generally becoming, and are already in a great degree common. Nevertheless, they are still adopted by the most elegant women.

Lilac, salmon-colour, rose-colour, green, and blue, are the favourite colours for bonnets and hats. The lining is generally of a different colour. We see a few, but as yet very few, white hats in silk and crape.

Several of the new hats have the brim cut rather square at the sides. These are called *demi capotes*, and are made with a *bavolet* or curtain at the back of the crown. Hats in general sit close at the ears, and are rather wide across the forehead. Those which I am about to describe were among the most *distingué* at Longchamps.

A hat of white crape, a round brim,

and crown rather on one side, trimmed with a sprig of Persian lilac, attached near the top of the crown, and drooping over to the middle of the brim. The inside of the brim was trimmed with a small wreath of lilac flowers without leaves; the wreath placed in front.

A rose-coloured crape hat, of the form I have just described, was ornamented by a long point of blond lace, attached on the crown, and descending a little on a *rosace* of gauze ribbons, cut in foliage, and placed in the middle of the front of the crown. The ends of the blond lace point descended on each side, and formed *brides*. This is a novel and graceful style of trimming.

A rice straw hat, ornamented with a wreath of *ronces*, placed obliquely, and intermingled with blond lace, which serpentine through it, was much admired. It was trimmed under the brim with blond lace, arranged *en éventail*, but in such a manner as to form a drapery.

Watered *gros de Naples*, *gaze d'Asie* *jaunie*, and several new patterns of *mouseline de soie*, are the new materials for evening dress. *Corsages* of the newest forms are cut low and square, and the front entirely covered with folds in the shape of a fan. We see also several crossed in front, so as to display a little of the *chemisette*, but without any folds. Short sleeves are of a more moderate size than they have been for some time past. Many are made in compartments, and in each interval is placed a small knot without ends; or else a large *nœud de page* is placed upon the shoulder. This is made

with two short bows, and three ends of unequal length; the one in the centre should be a third longer than the others.

Ribbons are still much in favour for trimmings, particularly party-coloured wreaths of foliage, which surmount the hem considerably below the knee, and are brought rather high on the left side, where they terminate with a *bouquet* composed of a large flower with buds and foliage. Another very pretty style of trimming consists of a wreath of satin cock's-combs, each edged with narrow blond lace.

Ribbon aprons are a new and very pretty accessory to full dress. They are composed of *gaze satinée*; are narrow across the waist, but increase gradually in breadth to the other extremity. The ribbon is gathered at both sides, and fastened by a narrow *agraffe* of ribbons, but not at the bottom, which terminates in cut ends.

Head-dresses of hair are more in favour than any other *coiffure* for *soirées*. The hind hair is arranged in bows and braids, which are of a moderate and graceful height; the front hair is disposed in bands, or curls; the former are most fashionable. Flowers or ribbons ornament the *coiffure*; if for grand costume, pearls are mingled with the flowers, or the hair is ornamented with diamonds or coloured gems, and birds of paradise or ostrich-feathers.

The most fashionable colours are lilac, rose-colour, salmon-colour green, blue, *jaune Oiseau*, peach-blossom, and cream-colour.

## Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN  
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND  
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

MURRAY'S "Family Library" seems to improve—to assume a higher character—in each succeeding volume. It was through his intimate acquaintance with Saxon literature, that Mr. Turner was enabled to throw a flood of new light upon the history of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Turner has had many followers, yet none that has taken the

field with success so eminent as Mr. Palgrave (Francis Palgrave, F.R.S., and F.S.A.) to whose pen the Family Library is just indebted for the first volume of another "*History of England*"—a history as different from that by Sir James Mackintosh, as a brilliant and exciting romance from a dry philosophical treatise. Mr. Palgrave has been long

known as one of the ablest of English antiquaries; and his writings, unlike those of most of his brethren, are full, not only of learning, but of mind, of spirit, of beauty. His history, philosophical in the best sense of the term, abounds with rich and varied information, and displays, more distinctly, more vividly, than any other work that we are acquainted with, the character, manners, and customs of the Anglo-Saxons, with the nature of their government, and all their public institutions. In fact, it is a work by itself: even the preface is a curiosity—an essay, or treatise, of no mean value. From this first volume, which commences with the earliest period, and terminates with the battle of Hastings, we actually learn more than from many a bulky quarto; and the publisher, evidently aware of its high literary worth, has greatly enhanced its value by four maps, and by an unusual number of cuts illustrative of antiquarian remains, &c. The maps are of—Britain under Ella, the first Bretwalda of Saxon Race;—Territories constituting the Anglo-Saxon Empire, south of the Firths;—Britain south of the Firths, after the conclusion of Alfred's Treaty with the Danes, A.D. 803, 884;—and The Great Earldoms, &c., under Edward the Confessor, A.D. 1051. We know not whether the volume will prove more attractive to the youthful or to the adult reader: to the former it will present all the charm of romance; by the latter it will be found to exhibit the most enlightened views of historic fact, of civil and religious government, of the state of society and of the arts, amongst our ancestors.—Confirmatory of our favourable opinion, however, all that we can find room for is one slight excerpt, as a specimen of the manner rather than of the matter of our author. It is from the close of the volume, after a most graphic sketch of the battle of Hastings—the search for the dead body of Harold—its presumed discovery by his mistress, Editha, and subsequent interment in Waltham Abbey.

"Years afterwards, when the Norman yoke pressed heavily upon the English, and the battle of Hastings had become a tale of sorrow, which old men narrated by the light of the embers, until warned to silence by the sullen tolling of the curfew, there was a decrepit anchorite, who inhabited a cell near the Abbey of St. John, at Chester, where Edgar celebrated his triumph. This recluse, deeply scarred, and blinded in his left eye, lived in strict penitence and seclusion. Henry I. once visited the aged hermit, and had a long private discourse with him; and on his death-bed he declared to the attendant monks

that he was Harold. As the story is transmitted to us, he had been secretly conveyed from the field to a castle, probably of Dover, where he continued concealed until he had the means of reaching the sanctuary where he expired.

"The monks of Waltham loudly exclaimed against this rumour. They maintained most resolutely that Harold was buried in their abbey: they pointed to the tomb, sustaining his effigies, and inscribed with the simple and pathetic epitaph, '*Hic jacet Harold infelix*;' and they appealed to the mouldering skeleton, whose bones, as they declared, shewed, when disinterred, the impress of the wounds he had received. But may it not still be doubted whether Osgood and Ailric, who followed their benefactor to the fatal field, did not aid his escape?—They may have discovered him at the last gasp; restored him to animation by their care; and the artifice of declaring to William, that they had not been able to recover the object of their search, would readily suggest itself as the means of rescuing Harold from the power of the conqueror. The demand of Editha's testimony would confirm their assertion, and enable them to gain time for Harold's security; and whilst the litter, which bore the corpse, was slowly advancing to the Abbey of Waltham, the living Harold, under the tender care of Editha, might be safely proceeding to the distant fane, his haven of refuge.

"If we compare the different narratives concerning the inhumation of Harold, we shall find the most remarkable discrepancies. It is evident that the circumstances were not accurately known; and since those ancient writers, who were best informed, cannot be reconciled to each other, the escape of Harold, if admitted, would solve the difficulty. I am not prepared to maintain that the authenticity of this story cannot be impugned; but it may be remarked, that the tale, though romantic, is not incredible, and that the circumstances may be easily reconciled to probability. There were no walls to be scaled, no fosse was to be crossed, no warden to be eluded; and the examples of those who have survived after encountering much greater perils, are so very numerous, and familiar, that the incidents which I have narrated would hardly give rise to a doubt, if they referred to any other personage than a king."

"Whence it is that two persons who seem to have been born only to hate each other, should, under any circumstances, ever fancy that they actually love each other, is a phenomenon which even philosophers may have encountered, but which they certainly have not yet explained." No, nor ever will they; the phenomenon can be accounted for only on the principle of *destiny*—or, as the old women say—we forget *exactly* what Lord Byron

says on the subject—that “marriages are made in heaven;” and to this impression, it is presumed, we are indebted for the production of “*Destiny, or the Chief’s Daughter*,” by the author of those admirable works, “*Marriage*,” and “*The Inheritance*.” The writer, we believe, is Miss Ferrier, of Edinburgh, a friend, or *protégée* of Sir Walter Scott, who sanctioned the appearance of her first novel, and to whom the present is dedicated. This lady has been termed—and justly termed—and a higher compliment cannot be paid her—the Miss Austin of the north. She has Miss Austin’s beauty of style, her high-toned thought and feeling, her skill in the delineation of character. Though her scenes may be occasionally too much expanded, her details too minute and lengthy, still they present nothing that is trashy or common-place. The sketches—finished pictures we would rather say—of the *dramatis personæ*, are strikingly graphic—what in painting might be termed a combination of history and portrait; character is developed in all its force, yet with all its minuteness and finish; incident abounds; and, without the slightest approach to the meretricious airs of melodrama, the highest dramatic effect is produced. We dare not venture to touch upon the plot, nor do we wish it, for even the attempt would impair the interest with the reader of the work; but, though it will be far from doing the author justice, we must abstract some little “bits” as slight specimens of the rich treat she has prepared.

Glenroy, the Highland chief—“a tall handsome man, with fine regular features, a florid complexion, an open, but haughty countenance, and a lofty, though somewhat insolent air”—is, in a thousand shades of thought, feeling, and expression, most nobly sustained. “No two human beings born and bred in a civilised country, could be more different than the chief” and his second wife, the Lady Elizabeth—not the mother of Edith, the Chief’s daughter, and the heroine of the story. “She had been admired for her talents, her manners, her music, her taste, her dress; and although the admiration had been long on the wane, the craving still continued. She was, in fact, when without her adventitious aids, a mere shewy, superficial, weak woman, with a fretful temper, irritable nerves, and a constitution tending to rheumatism, which she imputed entirely to the climate of Scotland.”—Then we have Benbowie, a friend and clansman of the Chief’s—the very apple of his eye:—

“The Laird of Benbowie was an elderly

man, of the most ordinary exterior, possessing no very distinguishing traits, except a pair of voluminous eyebrows, very round shoulders, a wig that looked as if it had been made of spun yarn, an unvarying snuff-coloured coat, and a series of the most frightful waistcoats that ever were seen. Benbowie’s mental characteristics were much upon a par with his personal peculiarities. He was made up of stupidities. He was sleepy-headed and absent. He chewed tobacco, snored in presence, slobbered when he ate, walked up and down with a pair of creaking shoes, and drummed upon the table with a snuffy hand. Nay, more; with that same obnoxious snuffy hand he actually dared to pat the head or shoulder of the elegant, refined Miss Waldegrave, as often as she came within his reach.”

After an early separation of the Chief and his lady, halcyon days returned in the castle.

“Even Benbowie, although in general obtuse as a hedge-hog, seemed to feel this as an epoch to be commemorated; and he therefore ordered a new waistcoat ten times more hideous than any of its predecessors. His characteristics also began to expand more freely, and as if they owned some genial influence. He slept more, and snored louder, than ever; he inhaled his soup with an inspiration that might have sucked in a fleet; his wig grew more small and wiry; and when his feet were not creaking up and down the room, they were to be found reposing on the bars of his neighbour’s chair.”

Nothing can be better in its way than Molly Macauley, an elderly woman, “a sort of half-and-half gentlewoman,” the fag-end of Glenroy’s clan, and governess, &c., to Edith. “She was one of those happily-constituted beings, who look as if they could ‘extract sunbeams from cucumbers;’” *sans* nerves, *sans* spleen, *sans* bile, *sans* every thing of an irritable or acrimonious nature;—with “a good, stout, sound, warm heart—which would cheerfully have given itself and its last drop for the honour and glory of the race of Glenroy;”—with “just as much religion as an irreligious man could tolerate; for her religion was a compound of the simplest articles of belief, and certain superstitious notions of second-sight, visions, dreams, and so forth;”—and, amongst her multitudinous accomplishments, such as they were, she was a perfect adept in needlework; “and, besides the more vulgar arts of hemming, running, stitching, splaying, basting, &c., she had a hand for

“Tent-work, raised-work, laid-work, frost-work,  
net-work,  
Most curious pearls, and rare Italian cut-work,

Fine fern-stitch, finny-stitch, new-stitch, and chain-stitch,  
 Brave bred-stitch, fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch, and queen-stitch,  
 The Spanish-stitch, rosemary-stitch, herring-bone, and maw-stitch,  
 The smarting whip-stitch, back-stitch, and cross-stitch."

Here is the Glenroy pastor :—

"The Reverend Duncan M'Dow was a large, loud-spoken, splay-footed man, whose chief characteristics were his bad preaching, his love of eating, his rapacity for augmentations (or, as he termed it, *ougmentations*), and a want of tact in all the *bien-séances* of life, which would have driven Lord Chesterfield frantic. His hands and feet were in every body's way : the former, indeed, like huge grappling irons, seized upon every thing they could possibly lay hold of; while the latter were commonly to be seen sprawling at an immeasurable distance from his body, and projecting into the very middle of the room, like two prodigious moles or bastions. He dealt much in stale jokes and bad puns; he had an immense horse-laugh, which nothing ever restrained; and an enormous appetite, which nothing seemed to damp, and which he took care always to supply with the best things at table. He used a great quantity of snuff, and was for ever handing about his mull, an ugly cow's horn, with a foul dingy cairngorm set in silver on the top. To sum up his personal enormities, when he spoke he had a practice of always advancing his face as close as possible to the person he was addressing. Although a strong bodied, sturdy man, he was extremely careful of his health; and even in a fine summer's day was to be seen in a huge woolly great coat that reached to his heels, trotting along on a stout dun pony, just high enough to keep its master's feet off the ground."

The Laird of Inch Orran is a "particular man"—a "very particularly much disagreeable man," as Jonathan would say; but, though little, meagre, and sickly-looking, his portrait is too ample for our purpose, and therefore we must content ourselves with that of his wife, which is more compact; and with it we must close our exhibition :—

"The door opened, and the lady entered. She was arrayed in a bright amber silk gown, a full dress cap, decorated with scarlet ribbons, and even more than the usual number of bows that tied nothing, and ends that evidently had no ends to answer, save that of swelling the milliner's bill. She had a mean, vacant countenance, and a pair of most unhandy looking hands crossed before her, clothed in bright purple gloves, with long empty finger ends, dang-

ling in all directions. All artists admit, that there is as much character displayed in hands as in heads, and Mrs. Malcolm's hands were perfectly characteristic; they proclaimed at once that they could do nothing; that they were utterly helpless, and morally, not physically imbecile. \* \* \* Not that she was ugly, for she would have looked very well in a toy-shop window. She had pink cheeks, blue eyes, and a set of neat yellow curls ranged round her brow. \* \* \* She had neither passions, feelings, nerves—scarcely sensations. She seemed precisely one of those whom Nature had destined to 'suckle fools, and chronicle small beer;' but fate had denied her the fools, and Inch Orran had debarred her from all interference even with small beer."

"*An Only Son, a Narrative, by the Author* [Mr. Kennedy, the poet, we believe] of '*My Early Days*,'" is comprised in a little volume altogether free from pretension, yet full of the most touching interest. The writer is one who understands human nature—who is well acquainted with the springs of human action. His chief aim here has been to present a vivid and affecting picture of the consequences attendant on a wrong system of education, that of governing by force rather than by love. Robert Earnshaw, the hero, is the son of a strict and stern presbyterian;—of a man who, regarding the world as a wilderness of temptation and defilement, and them who inhabit it as consigned to everlasting reprobation, if they indulge even in innocent recreation, educates his only son—a son whom he loves with the intense though hidden love of a deeply impassioned yet bigoted nature—in all the strictness and gloom of sectarianism. Thus, though with the best intentions, he renders his childhood and early youth seasons of gloom and sorrow, rather than of brightness and hilarity; and religion, or at least its outward forms, is converted into a severe penance. Every childish fault, every boyish frolic, is deemed a sin of deep magnitude, and as such is visited with the sternest reprehension; until, as a natural consequence, Earnshaw, though loving his seemingly cold, but secretly warm-hearted, father, detests the thralldom of his home. With all the wilfulness of youth, he at length breaks his chain, forsakes his father and that home; and, by the persuasion of a friend, embraces that profession which his own inclination had long urged him to select, and joins the British army in the Peninsula, as a volunteer. There he signalizes himself—acquires fame and promotion. Yet he is unfortunate.



Secretly attached to the sister of his friend, an officer in the same army, he is yet forced into a duel, in which that friend falls by his hand, and thus his cherished hopes are blighted. Wounded himself in the same duel, he suffers the amputation of an arm, and at length returns to England, where he learns that his broken-hearted father is no more!

There are scenes and descriptions in this volume that would reflect credit upon the lamented author of "Gilbert Earle." We particularise Earnshaw's childish sufferings on the death of his mother—his parting from his father—his duel—and his return home; also, the capture of Rodrigo—the rescue of a Spanish girl, who afterwards dies heart-broken in his arms—a lemonade cellar at Madrid—an interview with the prior of the convent of St. Isidore, &c.—An incident at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is thus rapidly but vividly sketched:—

"At the first discharge of the enemy's guns, we, who were to head the assault, were propelled towards the point of attack by the whole force of the column in the rear. On we rushed in a tumultuous mass, while here and there our dense array was broken by the inroads of shot and shell. By what means I eventually topped the breach, earliest and unwounded, I know not; elsewhere I could not have contrived to be, unless I had slumbered with the slain. One scene of the dread drama is vividly before me. In the glare of some combustibles, a French grenadier covered me with his musket—a general officer suddenly intervening, received the bullet in his arm. His fate would have been consummated by the assailant's bayonet, but for the rapidity with which I used my piece. I shot the man through the head: they yet haunt me—the quick convulsion of his grim features—the exclamation of his blasphemous "O, sacre!" as he leaped upwards ere his senseless carcass measured the ground we had maintained with fidelity contemptuous of fear."

The Second Series of Mrs. S. C. Hall's "*Sketches of Irish Character*" is inscribed to Miss Edgeworth, with whose—as we remarked in our notice of the First Series—they will not in the slightest degree suffer by a comparison—"as a tribute of gratitude, respect, and affection."—These sketches, one or two of which have appeared in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, and some in other periodical publications, are thirteen in number:—Mabel O'Neil's Curse, Annie Leslie, The Rapparee, Norah Clarey's Wise

Thought, Kate Connor, We'll see about it, Jack the Shrimp, Irish Settlers in an English Village, Mark Connor's Wooing and Wedding, Luke O'Brian, Larry Moore, Mary Macgoharty's Petition, and The Last of the Line. More or less, they all possess the freshness, the vividness, the truth to nature, by which the former volume was strongly characterized. Mabel O'Neil's Curse, is a fine, bold, dramatic sketch, of the Meg Merrilies order; the Rapparee is full of picture, character, and the most spirited effect; and The Last of the Line is yet richer, deeper, and more powerful in colour. Nor is there one piece in the volume, so varied are its contents, unentitled to praise for some especial merit of its own. Alas! for our own gratification and that of our readers, that we have no room for extract! Yes, here is a scrap—a "wee bit" specimen of the clack of an innkeeper's wife, unexpectedly visited by the great, in one of the mountainous districts of Ireland:—

"Miss Dartforth, my lady!—(Mary Murphy, will ye never have done picking the few feathers off that bird!)—my lady, I humbly ask y'er pardon on account of the smoke, and—(Nelly Clarey, Nelly Clarey, may-be its myself won't pay you off for your villany; don't tell me of the crows; what do I give you housemaid's wages for, but to look after my best sitting-rooms?) Miss Dartforth, ma'am, is that baste (the calf, I mane) disagreeable to ye?—it's a pet, ye see, on account of its being white—quite white, Miss, every hair—and lucky—Billy Thompson, ye little dirty spalpeen! will ye have done draining the glasses into y'er well of a mouth! its kind, father, for ye to be afther the whiskey, yet I'll trouble you to keep y'er distance from my counter—Corney Phelan, it 'ud be only manners in yee to take the doodeen out o' y'er teeth, and the lady to the fore; I remember when ye'd take it out before me—why not!—the day ye married me, dacency and dacent blood entered y'er barrack of a house, and made it what it is, the most creditable inn in the country. Peggy Kelly, y'er a handy girl, jump up, astore, on the rafters, and cut a respectable piece of bacon off the best end of the flitch—asy—asy!—mind the hole in the wall, where the black hen is sitting—there, just look in, for I'm thinking the chickens ought to be out to-morrow or next day. Larry, ye stricken devil! have ye nothin' to do, that ye stand chuck in the door-way?—are ye takin' pattern by y'er master's idleness—he that does nothin' from mornin' till night but drink whiskey, smoake, sleep—sleep, smoake, and drink whiskey. Oh! but the heart within me is breakin' fairly with the trouble—bad cess to ye all!—there's the pratees boilin' mad! and

\* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. ix., page 273.

the beef!—I'll rid the place of the whole clan of ye—for its head, hands, and eyes I'm to the entire house—ye crew," &c. &c.

A second edition of the First Series of Mrs. Hall's Sketches, uniform with the Second, now renders the work complete.

"To those powerful personages [ah! how flattering!] who can at once make or mar an author's hopes, [how can we resist such an appeal?] the CONDUCTORS OF THE PRESS, I dedicate," says Mr. Reynolds—our lively old friend, Fred. Reynolds—"The Dramatic Annual," simply hoping that this little work may not be deemed wholly unworthy of their notice. Should they allow that it possesses some redeeming qualities, probably they will criticise it indulgently. But at any rate I entreat them to criticise it, and not suffer it to die in obscurity."—What is to be done—what is to be done—in such a case? Sweet, and soothing, and insidious is flattery—and we all love it—man, woman, and child; yet "We"—a portion of the mighty "We"—a few of "those powerful personages," who, according to Mr. Reynolds's estimate, "can at once make or mar an author's hopes"—have some modesty, some diffidence, some misgiving of our own power; and really we are apprehensive, that, howsoever we might exert that said power, it would fail to convert this new "annual" into a *perennial*—to rescue it from an *inglorious*, though perhaps not from an *obscure* death. Certainly this is a very pretty little book—with nice paper, prettily printed, and prettily gilded, and containing some pretty pictures; and these, we presume, must be regarded as its "redeeming qualities." In sober truth, these are the only properties of an "annual" that it possesses. Its plot—the "adventures of a playwright"—is a regularly-built story of the melo-dramatic stamp—out of nature, yet not striking, and not striking, because out of nature. Imagine one of Mr. Reynolds's five-act farces, misnomered comedies, converted into narrative, and—*ecce signum!* Young Vivid, the son of a country physician, takes it into his head to abandon the study of the law, and to turn dramatic author. He writes a play, which is rejected; but the manager condescendingly advises him, should he persist in his pursuit, to travel for incident and character. He takes the advice, Fate having kindly furnished him with a mistress, the daughter of a nobleman, and the affianced wife of a naval officer. The lady is married; and Vivid, attended by the property-man of a strolling company, in the capacity of a servant, sets out upon his tour. In the course

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of his travels it is ingeniously contrived for him to become, upon various occasions, the preserver, the guardian angel of his beloved. He returns to England—his memorandum book richly stored—and writes his projected comedy, which, in play-house phraseology, proves "tremendously successful." He follows up the game by a satirical poem—hear it, ye starveling bards, and envy!—that is crowned with equal *éclat*; the consequence—a peer sends him to parliament as an "independent" member. In the arena of St. Stephen's Chapel, his maiden speech is still more exciting than his comedy—the eyes of all the world are upon him—and he is expected to be made prime-minister at least. In addition to all this—for "playwrights" can manage such schemes most delightfully—he leads his mistress a virgin bride to the altar; her husband, who had been hurried off to sea the moment the marriage ceremony had been performed, having most obligingly made his final *exit* in favour of the lucky lover!

That here is practicable material we admit: but it is employed without taste or judgment—there is neither life, soul, nor imagination in the execution. The jokes are stale—the attempts at wit are pointless and vapid; and we are sorry to add, the scenes of pretended fashionable life are decidedly coarse, vulgar, and out of drawing.

It is the fate of many children, first to be spoiled, and then to be whipped; whereas, if the whipping were to be applied to the spoilers instead of to the children, justice would be more truly served. Mr. "Robert Montgomery, of Linc. Coll. Oxon., author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'Satan,' &c.," cannot now be regarded in any other light than that of a spoiled child; but if, on the appearance of his early productions, instead of having been petted, and pampered, and persuaded that he was the favoured son of all the Muses, or a tenth Muse himself, he had been told of his faults, and taught to correct them, he might have escaped much of the merciless flogging to which he has since been subject, and the public might have gained a respectable, if not a great poet. As it is, we fear that he is spoiled for ever.

When we first saw his new poem, "Oxford," announced, our impulse was, to devote a paper to Mr. Montgomery and his works; but, on perusal of the volume, we were induced, for various reasons, to change our mind. Amongst those reasons, one was that we could not conveniently spare the required room; another, that the book was

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not worth the required room; a third, that the writer had already experienced a sufficient *quantum* of castigation from other quarters. We resolved, therefore, to be merciful; and, in pursuance of that resolve, we shall, without dipping beneath the surface, content ourselves with remarking, that the work abounds with false grammar—vicious alliteration—and with ill-chosen, colloquial, and vulgar phraseology. What, for instance, in a poem intended to be serious, can be worse than such expressions as—an “affected bore”—“every where”—“huge renown”—“vasty temples,” “vasty mind,” “vasty sky,” “vasty wonder”—and a hundred others of the same tribe? In fact, the whole affair is in the first style of unsuccessful prize-poem verse.

With the plan, sentiment, or feeling of the work, we shall not meddle. Criticism, however, in this case, would be useless: the remaining admirers of Mr. Montgomery, if such there be, will still admire; and they who are not admirers—an overwhelming majority—would not be at the trouble of reading a critique on him, were it written by Aristarchus himself. We shall therefore dismiss the subject by transcribing a few lines—amongst the best in the volume—tributary to the genius of the Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles:—

“And thou, whose ever-gentle page is fraught  
With tender deepness of delightful thought,  
Not unremembered let thy name be found,  
Where genius hallows an enchanted ground.—  
Upon that brow the seal of time hath set  
A mournful grace, but left no dark regret  
For wither'd years, whose flow'ry bloom remains  
In the pure freshness of Aonian strains.  
Yet oft will mem'ry in creative gloom  
Muse fondly sad o'er many a distant tomb,  
Where moulder forms that brighten'd other  
days,  
Whose eyes have glisten'd o'er thy youthful  
lays!—

Thy noontide spent, serenest twilight glows  
Around thy spirit, like a soft repose;  
And oft I turn, when fancy wanders free,  
Romantic Bowles! to bless a thought with  
thee:

Oh! long in Bremhill may the village chime  
Sound the sweet music of departing time,  
And fairy echoes, as they float along,  
Awaken visions that were born in song,  
Of hope and fame, when first impassioned youth  
Their beauty painted on a world of truth.”

In each of his succeeding works—and they are now somewhat numerous—Mr. James Bird has abundantly justified the opinion

which we pronounced on the character of his verse, when we introduced him amongst our “Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction;”<sup>\*</sup> and, more than that, he has fulfilled the prediction of Dr. Drake—a prediction in perfect accordance with our own expressed opinion—that his efforts would “secure him an honourable and a permanent station among the poets of his country.” We have designated his productions as “historical novels, or historical pictures in verse; embracing plot, character, and incident, and combining the advantages of fact with the beauties of fiction.” Such is precisely the character of his latest and just published poem, now before us—“*Framlingham, a Narrative of the Castle, in Four Cantos.*”

“Pile of departed days!—my verse records  
Thy time of glory, thy illustrious Lords,  
The fearless BIGODS—BROTHERTON—DE  
VERE,  
And KINGS, who held thee in their pride, or  
fear,  
And gallant HOWARDS, 'neath whose ducal  
sway  
Proud rose thy towers, thy rugged heights were  
gay  
With glittering banners, costly trophies, rent  
From men in war, or tilt, or tournament,  
With all the pomp and splendour that could  
grace  
The name and honours of that warlike race.”

The history of that time-honoured structure, Framlingham Castle, still perhaps in finer preservation than any similar relic of antiquity in the kingdom, is full of interest. Of Mr. Bird's poem, the story refers to the period when, upon the death of Edward VI., and the assumption of the title of Queen by the Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Mary retreated, for security, from Kenninghall, in Norfolk, to the castle at Framlingham, a grant of which she had received from her royal brother. The tale is one of love and arms; and, like that of “Dunwich, or the Splendid City,”<sup>†</sup> is illustrated by many choice notes, of general as well as of local value. All, however, that our space will suffer us to transcribe is one sweet little picture—a twilight sketch, which, like a painting of Claude's, is full of softness, tenderness, and gentle repose:—

“The sun had set, and o'er the castle wall  
The timid twilight hung her dappled pall,

<sup>\*</sup> Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. iv page 191.

<sup>†</sup> Ibid. vol. vii., page 220.

While softly rising from the lake beneath,  
The white mist curled in many a shadowy  
wreath ;

So calm, so silent, so serene the hour,  
That the wide banner on the northern tower  
Drooped its dark folds, for not a breeze awoke  
To stir the green leaf on the summer oak,  
Nor wave the wall-flower on its turrets grey :—  
The twilight lingered, loth to tear away  
The tints of beauty, which the sun above  
Spread, as though left as tokens of his love  
For that fair clime, which had for ages given  
Earth's loveliest pictures to his light from  
heaven !”

These lines are worthy of the beautifully  
picturesque view of the castle, which is pre-  
fixed to Mr. Bird's volume.

We rejoice to find that Mr. Deakin's drama-  
tic poem, "*The Deliverance of Switzerland*,"  
has reached a second edition. Mr. Deakin  
possesses the true genius of a poet ; and, to  
establish his fame, he has only to think, and  
to express his thoughts more closely—sub-  
mitting, also, to the mechanism of his art.

It is seldom that we advert to contempo-  
rary periodicals ; but our attention has been  
so forcibly drawn to the improved and very  
able style in which "*The Harmonicon, or  
Monthly Journal of Music*," is now conduct-  
ed—especially the last two or three numbers  
—that a sense of justice to its proprietors,  
its editors, and the public, leads us to men-  
tion it with warm praise. In the number  
for March, and also for that of April, we find  
twenty neatly-printed pages of expensive  
vocal and instrumental music, the cost of  
which, purchased separately, would amount  
to three or four times that of the *Harmoni-  
con*. The work also contains able memoirs  
of Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Callcott, and Ro-  
dolphe Kreutzer, with numerous critical no-  
tices of musical performances, and new pub-  
lications, and a variety of other matter. Al-  
together, it is a work that neither professor  
nor amateur ought to be without.

## NEW MUSIC.

"*Songs of the Grave and the Gay*," the Poetry  
written, and the Melodies selected, by T. H.  
Bayly, Esq.

Mr. Bayly's prolific muse retains all the  
freshness of her early efforts. He bids fair  
to rival our prince of lyric poetry, both in  
quantity, and, what is of greater moment, in  
quality. Amongst the ten songs which are

comprised in this little volume, we do not  
find one to which our hearts "refuse a re-  
sponsive echo." The airs are well chosen,  
and reflect considerable credit on Mr. Bay-  
ly's musical taste; the majority of them  
are unknown to us ; three are from the  
French, and one appears to be an alteration  
of Rodes's celebrated violin solo : were the  
sources indicated from which they are all  
derived, we think it would enhance the in-  
terest. The accompaniments, symphonies,  
&c., are evidently from the hand of a pro-  
fessed musician ; we regret that he should  
choose to preserve an incognito, as they do  
him great credit, more particularly the third  
in the volume.

The first, "There is not one familiar  
face," resembles both in poetry and music  
the old favourite, "Oh ! no we never men-  
tion her."—"Romance for me," is light and  
whimsical.—"He passed as though he knew  
me not," a very pathetic, elegant song, per-  
haps the best in the volume. "Ten years  
ago," being No. 6, is pretty, but rather too  
light for the words. The Spanish air, "Say  
where is virtue," is pleasing and characteris-  
tic. The work is brought out in an extremely  
neat manner : the engraving is clear and  
particularly correct, both as to the notes and  
marks of expression ; but the novelty of the  
Italian type in the words of the songs, we  
cannot consider an improvement. There is  
probably no single song in this book which  
will be so popular as "We met ;" but gene-  
rally, we give it the preference to Mr. Bay-  
ly's last work, the *Songs of the Boudoir*.

*Remember Love, Remember, a Ballad, by Il  
Maestro Costa.*

This is one of the most expressive, elegant  
little songs we have met with for some time,  
and so perfectly English in character, so  
utterly unlike any thing we have heard from  
Signor Costa, that we scarcely credit the  
title-page. This gentleman's compositions  
are little known in England, but we have  
heard a scena or two, and in particular one  
sung by Donzelli, with chorus, which indi-  
cate talent of the highest order ; and the  
music to the ballet of Kenilworth, by the  
same gentleman, is now becoming known.  
We are not surprised at a few inaccuracies in  
the syllabic accentuation, considering how  
excessively slight his knowledge of our lan-  
guage is. But we can scarcely conceive how  
the general feeling should, under such diffi-  
culties, have been so uniformly preserved.—  
We hope to meet Signor Costa in an Eng-  
lish garb again at his earliest convenience.

## THEATRICALS.

## THE KING'S THEATRE.

IN accordance with our prediction, and for the reasons adduced in our last, Pacini's *Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*, has been erased from the kalendar. Such must inevitably be the fate of every composition, in which the *maestro* has been at such slender pains to sympathise with the public.

The genius of Pacini, if it exist at all, has been most religiously veiled to the musical world. Hence it is, the announcement of his *Opere* gives rise to few pleasurable anticipations.

The departure of Mrs. Wood and Lablache, the one upon a provincial, and the other upon a continental tour, has converted the King's Theatre into a desert wild: the fashionables, however, are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Signor and Madame Rubini, whose presence will be essential to raise the falling fortunes of the house.

Madame Pasta, it is said, will appear towards the close of the season: the announcement, we fear, is premature, and is probably the mere assertion of those who would "keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope."

*Il Barbiere*, *Semiramide*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, have been played during the last month; but, as the respective performances call for no comment, we will at once advert to the visit of their Majesties, which took place on the 19th of April. Notwithstanding the lenten character of the entertainment, we never witnessed a more magnificent assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion. The house was crowded with the *élite*, and the national anthem was sung *con spirito e con amore*.

In spite of the gorgeous pageantry of *Kenilworth*, its attractions appear to be already upon the wane. This is accounted for, we imagine, by the common-place and unimpressive character of the music. It is not sufficient that the eye alone be feasted, the ear must also be admitted to the banquet. This was the charm that rendered *Masaniello* of so long life. The memory will ever dwell with rapture upon the recollection of this exquisite *chef-d'œuvre* of Auber, in which every note carries with it a charm peculiarly its own.

Taglioni has been witching the world with exquisite dancing. Her performance, indeed, must be regarded as the grand attraction of the house. We look upon Taglioni as the most distinguished professor of her art, and conceive it scarcely possible that

such singular grace and elegance should fail in exciting a lively and lasting impression. Her elegance of action is beyond all praise.

## DRURY LANE.

THE season of fairy-tale and pageant has returned, and has been auspiciously ushered in at this house by a splendid spectacle, invented by Mr. Buckstone, called *The Ice Witch, or the Frozen Hand*. The piece is founded upon a very clever tale that appeared some months ago in the Monthly Magazine. It contains an agreeable mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous—it is frightful on the one hand, and facetious on the other—some scenes are all love, others all laughter, and the whole is quite impossible enough to be very entertaining. The scenes in which the *Ice Witch* makes the unhappy hero of the tale a present of a frozen hand, and that in which with the same frozen hand he overcomes his formidable enemy by seizing him with a chilling grasp, and others which we have no space to particularise, are as effective as any thing of the kind that has recently been achieved. The comic portions, monopolized with infinite advantage to the piece by Mr. Harley, were superior to the usual cast of comedy in matters of this nature. Mr. Barrymore played very gracefully. The music is by T. Cooke, and the scenery—no, not by Stantfield, which is a calamity to the piece, and a cause of regret to the numerous audiences who have welcomed the *Ice Witch* with unequivocal signs of satisfaction.

The next novelty is a farce called *Nettlewig Hall*, and a novelty it assumed to be, for it was introduced to the notice of the world as something profoundly original. Its only merit is, that it is not a translation, which is not saying much, for any exotic would be better than such a native as this. It is composed of the most hacknied of stage materials, in point of plot and character; many of the incidents have been very frequently used, and some of the jokes are as old as the pyramids, and almost as heavy. The principal wit of the piece was concentrated in two turnips, which were carved into faces, and illuminated with candles—and all to no purpose, for they frightened nobody. The time for turnips is gone by, never, we hope, to return, for this farce is not likely to revive it. Mr. Farren and Mrs. Waylett were generous enough to take some pains with parts which it is rather surprising they should have accepted. Harley and Mrs. Jones were better off, and they succeeded in proportion. But the lovers of farce are be-

coming enlightened, and will not laugh at all they hear, though they were to hear it from Liston. The consequence was, that *Nettlewig Hall* became almost a ruin the first night, and has fallen, we presume, by this time into irretrievable decay.

We have a more important event to notice in the production of Mr. Kenny's version of Victor Hugo's celebrated tragedy of *Hernani*. It is called *The Pledge, or Castilian Honour*. In his arrangement of the play, and his departure from the original, Mr. Kenny has displayed great tact and judgment; and we have only to lament that he could not have departed more from it, without violating consistency. The characters, though ably drawn, are far from being so high-minded as they believe themselves to be, and the incidents, or at least the grand one of all, springs out of feelings with which it is impossible to sympathise; because, though natural to the characters, they are founded on false notions of honour and heroism. There is no lawful reason why *Hernani* and his bride should swallow poison on their marriage-night, as they are here made to do, except that the play required a striking catastrophe. Mr. Kenny, it must be admitted, has done all he could to render them otherwise than repulsive, and has given to these children of error as much of the colouring of truth as possible. By this means the interest is kept alive, while the characters continue so. The language, though not in the loftiest strain of poetry, is bold and vigorous; if it is seldom first-rate, it is never, or very rarely, feeble. Even if it lacked energy, certain points of the acting would have supplied it—that of Macready, in particular, who, in a part by no means equal in power and depth to many which he has recently appeared in, excited attention throughout, and in one or two scenes a thrilling interest which few actors could produce. Wallack, as *Hernani*, was scarcely behind him in energy, though he was wanting now and then in calmness and repose. To Cooper, as *Carlos*, we cannot extend the same degree of eulogy; his style of tragedy is seldom to our taste, and it was less so in *Don Carlos* than usual. His anger was deficient in courage, and his generosity was without warmth. But Miss Phillips restores us again to the spirit of praise with which, with few exceptions, we are disposed to regard both the drama and the performance of it; in the earlier scenes she played with a grace and gentleness that prepared us to sympathize in the closing ones, in spite of the violence done to natural truth

and poetic justice. The character itself could scarcely excite love; but we saw it through the beauty of the actress, and could not deny it our admiration.

A still more novel, if not more natural production has made its appearance, under the title of the *Legion of Honour*. The piece, which has long been popular at one of the minor theatres, is of French origin, as the whole tenor of it denotes. The characters consist of an old soldier, who, at the age of one hundred and two, is rewarded for a life of service by the cross of the legion of honour; his son, played by Downton—his grandson by Liston—and his great-grandson, by Bland. Farren is, of course, the patriarch, and a more extraordinary performance can scarcely be conceived. It is too strictly natural, to be quite effective; had it been less perfect, it would have been more properly appreciated. Downton had nothing to do, and Liston very little. Benson Hill, as a *Drum-major*, who undertakes marriage at a singularly short notice, did more by his dress than the author had done by the dialogue—yet he gave full effect to that by not missing a point that could contribute to the military perfection of the character. Little Miss Poole, however, divided the piece with Farren—indeed she had the better half, and made the best use of it. She is one of the most pleasing of prodigious children. Mrs. Orger played—but all the world knows how charmingly Mrs. Orger plays; and Mrs. Waylett sang a song or two, with a sweetness worthy of the music, which is by Mr. A. Lee. The piece may not be popular, but it is curious and worth seeing. Mr. Planché has adapted it.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

THE Easter piece at this house has very little of the fairy tale to recommend it, but it makes atonement, as far as atonement can be made, for such an omission, by a very considerable share of melo-dramatic excellence. It is by Mr. Peake, and bears the title of *Neuha's Cave, or the South Sea Islanders*. Lord Byron's "Island" has suggested some of the effects; which are as wild and wonderful as fancy and ingenuity can make them. Miss Taylor and Mrs. Vining contribute a more than usual degree of intelligence and picturesque action; and Mr. Bennett affords as much tragedy as can be expected in a melo-drama. But Keely is the hero of the scene. We have not a play-bill at hand, and forget the name of the odd little character he represents; but it is wor-

thy of him, and of the humour he throws into it. His drowning-scene—we wish we could devote a page to a description of it; as we cannot by any possibility do that, we can only recommend all lovers of the grotesque to see it immediately.

The new opera of *Azor and Zemira* has been perfectly successful, as far at least as attracting audiences can render it successful. We fear that more go away disappointed than are willing to confess themselves so. But the truth is, that Spohr's music in this opera, admirably arranged as it is by Sir George Smart, is not of that class of music that delights the popular ear, because it appeals to no popular emotion. The initiated, who can enter into the mystery, are evidently in raptures; while those who are one jot less learned than the composer are as evidently listening to a foreign language. Nature cannot give them the faculty of appreciating this music—they must have been taught in order to understand it. But then there is no reason why they should not affect to admire, and it amounts to the same thing. These remarks apply only to its general character—there are passages which strike all ears, and excite all hearts, that are not deadened to the influence of sweet sound. Several of these occur in the music allotted to Miss Inverarity, and she avails herself of the opportunity thus afforded her to the full extent of her powers. The whole effect of her *Zemira* is not equal, for the reasons we have given, to that of her *Cinderella*, but it is another and a most gratifying proof of the extraordinary qualities of her voice, and of the taste, power, and skill, which had already raised her so high upon the list of popular vocalists. We turn from the Beauty to the Beast;—Mr. Wilson was a very agreeable monster, and sang better, we thought, than he had ever previously done. Morley and Penson had music given to them suited to their respective styles, and executed it well. The whole was aided by very efficient exertions on the part of the chorusses; and the scene painter and decorator had employed their brightest colours; so it will be conceived that the scene upon which our venerable acquaintances, Beauty and the Beast, are re-introduced to our notice, is one of surpassing splendour.

We have only time to record in one or two words Miss Kemble's success in a new character, one which she has herself selected, and which has evinced the correctness of her judgment. Massinger's *Maid of Honour* has supplied her with a very interesting addition to her list of parts—a mixture of the

comic and the tragic, to which she will, we are sure, give entire effect. We say *will* give; because on the first night she did not seem sufficiently self-possessed, and was now and then feeble; though in the scenes where earnestness was most required, she entered completely into the grace and feeling of the character. Mr. Kemble's part is not a great one, and he seemed to be very sensible of it. Mr. G. Bennett played more impressively than usual, because he was more subdued. The play is one of the faultiest of Massinger's, though it contains some noble sentiment and rich poetry. It was well aided in point of scenic decoration, and the revival may be considered a successful one.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Somerset House Exhibition opens this year simultaneously with the publication of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*; consequently, the information which we are at present enabled to furnish respecting it is exceedingly scanty. From the momentary private peep, however, with which we have been honoured, we shall hazard nothing in asserting that, as a whole, it will be found the most splendid assemblage that has been witnessed for years. A far greater proportion than usual of large pictures—of historic and poetic subjects—will arrest the attention of the spectator.

Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., has a whole-length portrait of a naval officer, and a half-length of a country Baronet, whose name we forget.

Sir William Beechey has whole-lengths of the King and Queen, and some smaller portraits.

Pickersgill, though this year confined to portrait, never appeared to greater advantage. All his subjects we do not recollect; but, in particular, he has an extra-sized picture, a magnificent whole-length of Lord Lyndhurst, in the Chancellor's robes; a fine, whole-length of Sir George Murray; an exquisitely-painted portrait of the Countess Clanwilliam; a spirited head of Charles Kemble; and another of Lytton Bulwer, the author of "Pelham," &c.

Wilkie has portraits of Lady Lyndhurst and Lord Melville—the latter a whole-length.

Phillips—a whole-length of one of the Deans of St. Paul's—the Cathedral appearing in the distance; and half-lengths of gentlemen, and one lady.

Leslie—an imaginary scene from the Merry Wives of Windsor; the dinner that

Anne Page had invited Slender to partake of Falstaff is seated, and appears to be soliciting the ladies, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Newton—Bassanio reading Antonio's Letter, with Portia and Nerissa; the messenger awaiting a reply. Also, another picture, of Lear and his daughter, with the physician.

Hilton—a large painting of the Angel delivering Peter; and a smaller one, from Spenser.

Etty—another passage from the story of Judith—a very large picture; and several smaller pieces.

Briggs—a large picture from an early portion of English history.

Turner, and Callcott, have each several pieces.

Jones—the Procession of Mordecai before Queen Esther and her Maidens.

From illness, unfortunately, Jackson does not exhibit this year.

In every department of the art there are many pictures of great merit.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

FROM an inspection of the sale-book at the gallery, the purchases appear to have been unusually extensive in both number and amount. Lord Farnborough has possessed himself of Davis's Interior of the Picture Gallery of Greenwich Hospital; the Marquess of Lansdowne has got the Junior Shree's Gil Blas Discovering himself to Camilla; Lord Northwick has Fraser's Teniers Painting the Temptation of St. Anthony, Hart's Going to Mass, Webster's and Lee's Fair Day, and Fradelle's Abelard and Eloise; the Duke of Devonshire, Pickersgill's Italian Peasant and Child; the Hon. G. A. Ellis, Landseer's Too Hot; Mr. Vernon, the Low Life and High Life of the same Artist, and several other pictures; the Marquess of Stafford, Inskipp's Fugitive; Mr. Ord, Stanfield's Mount St. Michael, &c.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

REPEATED visits to this establishment have confirmed the original impression made upon us at the private view, that the exhibition of the present year is incomparably superior to any by which it has been preceded. If it want fine pictures of a very high order—few that may be pronounced of an imposing character—it contains a far larger number than we ever witnessed of exceedingly meritorious productions—productions, which indicate a progressive and

permanent improvement in the art. The aggregate number of subjects is 915, and so numerous were the applicants, that, for want of room, more than four hundred are said to have been returned.

We shall commence our excursive and divergent tour, by mentioning an intense likeness of the original, presented in a portrait of James Heath, Esq. (3) by Lonsdale, who has several other portraits, all more or less entitled to notice by their strong, but hard and unelevated, fidelity of resemblance. Lonsdale has no notion of the poetry of the art: an inveterate likeness is the utmost that he ever achieves. His most striking production this season is the portrait of Lord Chancellor Brougham (160). Here we should think the very defect of the artist in point of hardness and severity, an advantage to the picture, as harmonising with the physiognomical characteristics of the original. When was grace, elegance, or urbanity, sought for or found in the features of the present Lord Chancellor?

Inskipp has been termed a mannerist. If so, it must at least be allowed that his manner is a good one. There is a warmth, a depth, a feeling, a harmony in his colouring, perhaps unsurpassed by any living artist. Witness his Adverse Winds (4), a dark-complexioned, interesting girl, in richly-coloured, eastern costume, watching the return of her lover, on the ocean strand. Also the Poacher's Daughter (66). In Badinage (179) there is much of the true Murillo feeling. The Dead Parrot (431) is far less pleasing and effective. Minna and Brenda (164) is, in all respects, an exceedingly clever picture—a perfect representation of the two girls, as conceived and described by Sir Walter Scott. The Harvest Moon (358) and the Jack Trimmer (201) are replete with life, spirit, and vigour.

Faulkner has several well-painted portraits.

On examining Linton's Civita Castellana (7) we find ourselves somewhat disappointed. Though soft and pleasing to the eye, it is deficient in feeling and elevation of character—too Glover-like—wanting force and impressiveness. What would not the divine Claude have effected with such a subject?

Sir William Beechey's Hebe (33) though cold and artificial in colour—perhaps also deficient in positive beauty of countenance—is light, airy, buoyant, and graceful—altogether nymph-like, and betraying none of that feebleness of hand which might be not only pardoned, but expected in a painter so advanced in age. In all the properties we



have ascribed to it, it is not inferior to Sir William's best productions.

Hurlstone is this year very unequal. Had Sir Thomas Lawrence's young Lambton never been painted, his portrait of Viscount Slane, son of Lord Mountcharles (45) would be pronounced a clever and striking picture; but its air of imitation is so apparent, to say nothing of its general inferiority of execution, that the interest of the spectator is totally destroyed. Hurlstone has several other portraits; but his work of striking merit is 438, in the south room—the Enchantress, Arnida, from Tasso. The title we regard as a misnomer; but defective as the picture is in many respects, its general effect is good. The face is not sufficiently beautiful—the features are not sufficiently fine and poetically inspired for those of Arnida. There is a greenness of tint in the flesh, which, though it may be supposed to come from the reflexion of the drapery, is far, very far, from pleasing. The drapery itself is rich and splendid, with great breadth of style and harmony of colour. We should have mentioned this artist's portrait of Master Campbell (109) which is a preferable effort to that of Viscount Slane.

Wilson's Wreck of a Merchantman (55) is striking as a sunset effect after a storm; but the figures are not well defined, and the keeping of the picture is not good.

The Grave-Diggers (78) from Hamlet, by Liverseege, is a firmly-painted and highly-characteristic production.

The title of Still Life (79) by Holmes, is a pun. In the interior of a cottage, a country artist (we presume) is painting the portrait of a young woman who has fallen asleep—though in a very unsleeping attitude—from the fatigue and ennui induced by a long sitting. The painter, however, is gazing most intently on his model—devouring, as it were, her charms with his eyes—while his jealous wife is almost as intently gazing at him from behind a half-open door. The idea is good, and so are some points in the picture; but altogether the subject is very indifferently treated.

H. Willson's Chapel of the Virgin (90) is a very delicately, spiritedly, and effectively-finished little painting.

In the portrait of the Duke of Gordon (6) the head and one hand—and in that of the Earl of Jersey, the head—were painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the pictures finished by Simpson. In the former, the left leg, knee, &c., are deplorably out of drawing; in the latter, the feet, though in full dress, are too small, and the drapery is most unskill-

fully and ungracefully arranged. Simpson's portrait of Carew, the sculptor (187) however, is good, as respects the resemblance, and also the painting.

Did not Knight some two or three seasons ago, produce an Auld Robin Gray; or is his 101 in the present exhibition, the same picture? If it be, we are much less pleased with it than we were formerly. It is deficient in the grand essential of the subject—feeling. His Grandfather (80) is conceived and executed in a much better spirit.

J. P. Davis's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Howard (83) is a very charming little cabinet picture.

In the Eleventh Hour (114) by Prentiss, much talent has been employed upon a painful and even a revolting subject—that of a miserable, sordid old man at the point of death, and in agony at the prospect of the world to come. "This man would do any thing rather than die; whereby he tells us (though his tongue express it not) that he expects a worse estate hereafter." This production is distinguished by much variety, force, and contrast of character: the wretched old man himself preparing to sign his will—the physician and others at the bed-side—the cold-hearted automaton of a lawyer in the act of mending his pen—the old man's profligate, gambling, cock-fighting son—another son, more alive to the sufferings of his aged father—the crying old nurse, with a drop of secret consolation in her pocket—all evince the discriminative skill of the artist. We cannot but lament his unfortunate choice of subject. Were the picture ours, we certainly should, notwithstanding its meritorious execution, turn its face to the wall.

From a passage in Grahame's Sabbath—"The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell by rocks o'ershadowed, to hear the voice, their faithful pastor's voice," G. Harvey has produced a painting of much interest, entitled the Covenanters (132). We have here, also, much variety of character; but, altogether, the air of the piece is of a stamp too modern for the period to which it refers. The chief figures are wanting in that stern, fierce, and wild enthusiasm—that fixedness of purpose—that warlike, as well as religious feeling—by which the Covenanters, worshipping by stealth in the wood, the wild, the rocky pass of the mountain, were so peculiarly distinguished. The expounder of the law and the prophets reminds us more of our modern field-preacher, than of the inspired militant pastor of the persecuted Covenanters. But Mr. Harvey is an artist of great promise—recently, we be-

lieve, from the north—and we expect to meet him again more fully imbued with the true spirit of his subject.

Drummond's *Sterne and the Grisette* (134) is extremely well conceived.

Roberts never appeared to greater advantage than he appears this year. In his little view of the Ruins of the Church of St. Rule, St. Andrews (137) how clearly and beautifully the architectural fragments stand out against the sky. And nothing can be finer of its class, than his Grand Entrance to Rouen Cathedral, from Cotman's Antiquities of Normandy. Part of the South Front of the Court Yard of Falkland Palace (260); the Interiors of Churches (277, and 492) are also entitled to the warmest praise.

Waiting for a Customer (180) a girl with fruit and vegetables for sale, by Slous, is very pretty and pleasing.

We know not that we ever saw a more accurately, more exquisitely-finished display of Still Life than that by the junior Lonsdale (181). The chafing-dish fire—the brazen skillet—the cat with her glaring eyes—the china vase—the wine-glass with its remaining contents—the high-backed oak and caned chair, seem to require nothing but an enlargement of size to render them absolute deceptions.

We know not what may be the effect of age upon Miss Beaumont's very clever picture of Esther and Ahasuerus (200) but we conceive that if the splendour of its colouring were somewhat mellowed and subdued, it would gain in depth and richness of effect. A few touches of the pencil would also relieve the attitude of Ahasuerus from a slight degree of affected constraint which is now apparent. We expect much from Miss Beaumont, now that she has completed her long-extended series of pictures from the *Waverley Novels*.

Somebody has pronounced, and justly, as we think, Van Dyck courting the *pretty* Peasant of Savelthem (202) by F. De Brackeleer, to be a "painted libel" the man is vulgar, and the woman is ugly.

Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator, in Spring Gardens (213) the Mask inviting Sir Roger to drink a bottle of mead with her—is one of Clater's most successful efforts. This picture is valuable, not only for its brilliancy of colour, but for its correctness of costume and characteristic effect.

Lance has several pieces of Still Life; amongst which we particularly notice the Larder (220) for the exquisite plumage of the duck and the turkey—and for the truth of the onions, cabbage, &c.

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The Chase, with portraits of dogs, horses, &c. (222) by R. B. Davis, is a very large picture, intended, we presume, for the "ancient hall" of some country nobleman or squire. It is replete with life, action, and animal character.

Derby's Christmas Present (233) possesses considerable imitative merit, but far from pleasing in its nature. Decidedly the piece of roasting-beef—we at first thought it had been half roasted—is not fine—certainly not prize-beef. The fowls are disagreeably natural, and fit only to be hung up in a larder. Of the wine and fruit we would much more willingly partake.

A Landscape Composition (246) by the Rev. J. Thomson, has a fine deep Poussin effect.

Bullock, by his Fruit (258) has proved himself worthy to compete with Lance.

We had almost forgotten to mention one of the very best and most valuable pictures in the exhibition—Hart's Festival of the Law (157) a "festival solemnized by the Jews on the last day of the tabernacle holidays, when the last portion of the Pentateuch is read and finished; to celebrate which, all the Manuscripts of the Law, splendidly decorated, are taken out of the Ark, and a procession with them takes place round the synagogue. The moment of time chosen, is when the reader (the principal figure clad in the white vestment) commences the prayer, 'Hear, O Israel,' &c., previous to the procession." Mr. Hart, who is, we believe, a member of the Jewish persuasion, has evidently studied Rembrandt with great advantage. The composition of this picture is grand—the general effect impressive; its colouring is fine, rich, and mellow.

In the north room we have a large staring picture (279) entitled Indecision, by F. J. Meyer; the subject, a lady, pretty, but very tawdry withal, hesitating whether she shall accept the advances of an insipid, dandified swain, still more tawdrily attired than herself.

The Stingy Traveller (282) J. Buss, is full of characteristic humour—a fellow carrying off his luggage from an inn himself, deaf to the clamorous, cormorant appeals of the waiter, chambermaid, boots, &c.

The Poacher Pursued (371) by Hancock, is an interior. The poacher having outrun his pursuers, has armed himself with a fowling-piece, and is directing his wife, who is anxiously looking from a casement, to remove a quantity of game, the evidence of his guilt. The expression is good, and the pic-

ture altogether extremely well painted. The man, however, looks more like a cook or a tailor, than a poacher; and we are not able to discover the door by which he must have effected his entrance.

In the south room, Parker's Interior of a Ship's Cabin, with Smugglers Playing at Draughts (382)—each player reduced to a single king, and one of the kings up in a corner—is a very humorous production, full of spirit and character, in the lookers on, as well as in the players.

A representation, or misrepresentation, more completely without the pale of nature, than that of "My Child, my Child" (404) by H. E. Dawe, cannot easily be imagined. This is a sea-piece—a wreck on the coast of Norfolk in the night—a mother and her infant having taken refuge on a part of the vessel, a heavy sea has washed them overboard—buoyant on the surface, the mother holds her babe aloft, and exclaims, "my child, my child." By no possible light could the sufferers be seen as here portrayed, nor could the child for a moment be sustained in such a position. But, with its high varnish, and its high, staring relief, the thing upon a reduced scale would be capital for a tray at a cockney tea-garden, or even for the back panneling of one of the boxes at Bagnigge Wells, &c.

Fraser has several meritorious pieces, but nothing worthy of association with his capital picture of Teniers Painting the Temptation of St. Anthony, at the British Institution—purchased, we are glad to perceive, by Lord Northwick.

What a delightful painter is Parris! He has more poetry and feeling—a more exquisite perception of the beautiful in woman—than one-half of his brotherhood put together. The Absent (437) is full of the most touching tenderness:—

"Her eyes fill with unbidden tears,  
Her cheek is pale with care—  
Lonely amid the festival,  
For her heart is not there."

Again, we ask, why does not Mr. Boxall paint from his own conceptions—if he have any—rather than from his "recollections" of others? If we had never seen a picture of Newton's, we should have been struck with his Recollection (328); but, "we hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand."

The room appropriated to water-colours and miniatures is, this year, much richer than usual; but we have not space in which to particularise many of its productions. Miss F. Corbeaux is making surprising ad-

vances. Katherine and Bianca (572) from the Taming of the Shrew; Juliet (709) though not exactly Shakspeare's Juliet; Rebecca in the Turret (742) the best Rebecca we have ever seen, abundantly sustain the truth of our opinion.

Stanley, it should have been observed, has several fine landscapes; and Dearman, and others, many productions well deserving of specific notice.

Amongst the sculpture, we find little that can be deemed of a striking character. Yet, a Horse Swimming, modelled from the head of the Thornhill Arabian (886) by R. Lawrence, is in the full spirit of the Elgin marbles. Here are Two Busts of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence—890 by Sievier; and 892 by Baily; the former incomparably superior to the latter in the moulding of the head, and also in its truth of feature and characteristic expression.

The engravings are numerous, and many of them very beautiful.

#### HAYDON'S NAPOLEON.

It is not every day that we have an opportunity of observing patience, and industry, indefatigable perseverance, and a spirit that toils unremittingly to surmount every successive difficulty by which it is appallingly encumbered, combined with genius. Mr. Haydon may indeed be regarded as a rare instance of this combination. Like the poor spider, whose web has been repeatedly destroyed, he returns to his arduous task, and, with new powers, new resources, labours for and acquires an accession of fame—a new home, and a new resting-place. May they at length prove permanent!

To insure success, it is necessary for an artist, or a poet, to be enamoured of his subject; and, that Mr. Haydon is enamoured of the character of Buonaparte, his portrait of that great captain affords abundant proof. Most of the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* must have seen a spirited print of Napoleon standing on the verge of a rocky promontory at St. Helena, engraved from a sketch of Haydon's. From the same sketch the artist has been commissioned by Sir Robert Peel, a lover and munificent patron of the arts, to paint a figure the size of life; and the picture, presenting this one solitary figure—solitary in every sense of the term—is now on exhibition in Bond Street. "It was impossible," observes Mr. Haydon, "to think of such a genius in captivity, without mysterious associations of the sky, the sea, the rock, and the solitude with which he was enveloped; I never imagined him but as if

musings at dawn, or melancholy at sunset, listening at midnight to the beating and roaring of the Atlantic, or meditating as the stars gazed and the moon shone on him. In short, Napoleon never appeared to me but at those moments of silence and twilight, when nature seems to sympathize with the fallen, and when, if there be moments fit, in this turbulent earth, for celestial intercourse, one must imagine these would be the moments immortal spirits would select to descend within the sphere of mortality, to soothe and comfort, to inspire and support the afflicted. Under such impressions the present picture was produced. I imagined him standing on the brow of an impending cliff, and musing on his past fortunes; I imagined sea-birds screaming at his feet, the sun just down, the sails of his guard-ship glittering on the horizon, and the Atlantic, calm, silent, awfully deep, and endlessly extensive."

There is sublimity even this description; and that sublimity is amply realized in the picture. How is it that artists are so little aware of the importance of a single figure, which, like Sterne's captive in his cell, must ever produce a concentration of interest, whilst a multitude of figures, or of groups, as invariably distracts the attention? Here stands the fallen chief, abstracted from all around him, his arms folded, and the last rays of the sun illuming his pale and melancholy countenance. For its nature and simplicity, the attitude is finely chosen; the back of the figure towards the spectator, the features in averted profile—the same difficult experiment that was so successfully made by Pickersgill in his *Medora*. The picture is admirably painted, in fine relief; and from the accuracy of the costume—the green uniform, and the little cocked hat—a *fac simile* of the man seems to stand before us. The fire of the hero's eye, the force and power of his features' expression, are here subdued to his lot; all is in the deep feeling and harmony of repose. If we are at all disposed to object, it is to the extreme paleness—the fairness, even of the skin; for Buonaparte's complexion is always understood to have been of the olive cast. Take it for all in all, however, the picture is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

#### SOCIETY OF WATER COLOURS.

THIS establishment, which never fails to present one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season, was opened on Monday, the 25th of April—too late for notice this month.

#### THE QUEEN'S BAZAAR.

SINCE this establishment has been honoured with the Queen's patronage, the fortunes of the Oxford Street Bazaar have been in a high and palmy state. The airiness and beauty of the respective apartments, or galleries—the variety of the manufactures, &c.—and the several exhibitions here to be seen, are individually attractive, and mutually aiding to each other. In the four dioramic views, by Stanfield, Arrowsmith, and Allen, a change of three has been lately made; and the aggregate are now as follows:—the Interior of King's College Chapel, Cambridge; Llanberis Lake and Dolbaddern Castle; Basilico of St. Francis; and the Pass of Briançon. Several changes have also been made in the Physiorama, the fourteen cosmoramic views of which are now—the Falls of Niagara; King's Cross, Battle Bridge; Carthage; Interior of St. Clair, Normandy; Belshazzar's Feast; Falling Towers of Bologna; Dover; Market Place at Rome; Constantinople; Deluge; Piazza di Popoli, Rome; Bristol; Interior of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and Interior of Charon Church.

Some of these are fair, but others are wretchedly executed.—The same remark applies to the views of the Octorama, a succession of eight scenes relating to the French revolution of 1830, and to the expedition against Algiers:—The Battle at the Porte St. Denis; Attack on the Hotel de Ville; Taking of the Louvre and Palace of the Tuileries; The Embarkation of the French Troops at Toulon; The Expedition composed of 600 Ships at Sea; Landing of the Troops at Sidi Feruch; Battle of Sidi Feruch, June 14; and Triumphal Entry of the French into Algiers.

#### PHILLIPS'S LECTURES ON SINGING.

LAST month we directed the attention of our readers to a course of lectures then in progress of delivery by Mr. Philipps, at the Royal Academy of Music. The object of these lectures, viz. that of facilitating the acquirement of English singing by a combination of the Italian system, was fully sustained. Assisted in his numerous illustrations, comprising Solfeggi, passages of Sacred Music, the National Melodies, &c., by Miss Childe, Mr. E. Seguin, and other pupils of the establishment, Mr. Philipps was enabled to offer a rich musical treat to his elegant auditory. The proposed method of vocal improvement was exceedingly simple, and equally within the reach of those unacquainted with music, as of those well versed in the science.

## Melanges of the Month.

### Varieties in High Life, &c.

THE King's birth-day being appointed to be held on the 28th of May, Her Majesty has been pleased to postpone the drawing-room of May 26, until June 23. The Queen's future drawing-rooms for the present year will therefore be held on the following days : April 28, May 12, and June 23.

There will be a grand ball at St. James's Palace, on Monday, May the 9th, and another on Tuesday, the 24th.

The King has given authority to Mr. Hervey Allen, of Woodside, to use the name of Olney, in addition to and after that of Allen.

The King has conferred the honour of knighthood upon George Harrison, Esq., Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic order.

The Queen has appointed Captain Pechell, R.N., one of her Majesty's Equerries, in the room of Captain Sir T. Usher, R.N., resigned. Her Majesty has also appointed Adolphus Cottin, Esq., to be Gentleman Usher and Quarterly Waiter to her Majesty.

St. George's Hall, in Windsor Castle, will be entirely finished by the middle of the present month, when it will be the most splendid ball-room in Europe.

A new coinage is be immediately issued from the Mint, bearing the stamp of William IV.

The Duke of Sussex has appointed the Rev. W. B. L. Hawkins, M.A., to be one of his Royal Highness's Domestic Chaplains.

The last increase made to the salary of the Queen's maids of honour, was in 1775, when having presented a petition to the Lord Steward for an allowance in lieu of suppers, George III. commanded an addition to be made to their stipend, to the amount of £70. *per annum*.

Prince George of Cumberland will, in the course of the summer, give a *fête champêtre* to the young gentlemen of Eton. The entertainment is to be in the Little Park, and will be on a splendid scale.

The Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, Speaker of the House of Commons, it is understood, will retire upon his pension, and a peerage. His eldest son is next in succession to the largest sinecure in the united kingdom, viz. Registrar of the Prerogative Court in Doctors' Commons.

The Lord Chancellor has been sitting to Sievier for his bust.

The Barons d'Haussez, Capelle, and De Montbell, three of the ministers of Charles X., who succeeded in escaping from France, have been tried (*par contumace*), and a sentence pronounced against them similar to that of their less fortunate companions ; namely, perpetual imprisonment, a deprivation of all civil rights, and a degradation from their rank and titles.

The once-celebrated Mrs. Opie, habited in

the simple garb of a quakeress, is a constant visitant at the *soirées* of General La Fayette.

On the 6th of April the Princess John of Saxony was delivered of a little Prince, who, on the following day, was baptised by the name of Frederic-Augustus-Ernest-Ferdinand-William-Louis-Anthonys-Nepomucene-Maria-Baptiste-Xavier !

### The Princess Victoria.

It has been stated in the newspapers, that an act of parliament is about to be brought in to change the name of the Princess Victoria to *Elizabeth*. This is incorrect : for, in the first place, there is no such intention, and in the next, an act of parliament would be unnecessary, inasmuch as the church has the power of adding a name on confirmation, which would answer every purpose. The late king once expressed a wish that the name of *Charlotte* should be added to the Princess's other names on her confirmation, which may probably still be done ; but the Princess will reign by her second name, viz. that of *Victoria*, which she now uses on that account, dropping her first name of *Alexandrina*.

### The Earl of Mulgrave.

The Earl of Mulgrave died on the 7th of April, at his seat, Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, in his 77th year. Henry, Earl of Mulgrave, Viscount Normanby, Baron Mulgrave, G.C.B., was a General in the army, and Colonel of the 31st regiment. His Lordship entered the army in the American war, and served with distinction both there and in the early part of the revolutionary war, particularly in the expedition against Toulon, in the year 1795. He was afterwards a principal member of the Pitt, Perceval, and Liverpool administrations, filling, in succession, the offices of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Master General of the Ordnance ; the last of which he resigned in the year 1818, and has since been in a declining state of health. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Viscount Normanby, who arrived from the continent only two days previously to his father's death.—The 31st regiment of foot, and the Governorship of Scarborough Castle, became vacant by the death of the Earl of Mulgrave.

### Mr. Hope's Will.

The will of the late Thomas Hope, Esq., of Mansfield-street, has been proved by his brother, P. H. Hope, Esq., and Jeremiah Harman, Esq., to each of whom is left a legacy of £1,000. The collection of Italian pictures, articles of *virtù*, and furniture, together with the house in Mansfield-street, are left to the eldest son, who is likewise residuary legatee. To his widow is left £1,000. in money, to be paid immediately ;

an annuity of £1,000. a-year, in addition to the lady's marriage settlement of £3,000. a-year; and during her life, the fine mansion, and furniture, at Deepdene, near Dorking. Large legacies are left to his other children, and many of his friends are also remembered in his will, especially the Rev. Wm. Harness, son of his friend Dr. Harness, to whom he has left £500. Probate is granted for £100,000. personal property. The gallery in Duchess-street, appended to Mr. Hope's house, in which his Italian pictures are deposited, was built by his brother, Mr. P. H. Hope; and the splendid assemblage of pictures by the Dutch and Flemish masters, which are mingled with the Italian school, are the property of Mr. P. H. Hope, by whom they were collected.

#### Value of Property.

The property of Hay Hill, Berkeley-square, was conveyed, in a grant from Queen Anne, to the speaker of the House of Commons; but considerable clamour having been excited by this notorious act of bribery, the speaker sold the estate for £200., and distributed the money to the poor. It was afterwards purchased by the Pomfret family, and has since been valued at £40,000.

#### The Wager.

The Committee of the City of London Lying-in-Hospital, City Road, have published an acknowledgment of 24,000 penny-pieces, which have been collected by Mrs. M. and the Hon. Mrs. F. and their friends, on account of a wager of £500., said to have been made by a lady of rank, that she would collect £1,000. in penny-pieces in a year and a day, for the benefit of that hospital.

#### Louis Philippe and his Sister.

During the residence of the King of the French in London, he was accompanied, besides his family, by the Generals Athelin and Albert, his aides-de-camp. His sister, Madame Adelaide, the cherished pupil of Madame de Genlis, "*cette belle et bonne princesse*," whom she celebrated in so many of her works, was, during that period, privately married to General Athelin. The circumstance was kept a profound secret from her royal brother; nor was it until the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne of France that the Princess summoned resolution sufficient to make him acquainted with it. The Queen undertook the task, and was soon relieved by the reception which his Majesty gave to her communication. "*Tant mieux!*" exclaimed he, laughing heartily, "*Athelin est mon ancien aide-de-camp—et je le connais pour un brave homme.*" The Princess, who anxiously awaited the result of the communication in an adjoining apartment, reassured by the good-humoured tone of the King's voice, opened the door, and, entering hastily, threw herself at his feet. "*Allons,*" said his Majesty, embracing her, "*I am too well aware of the value of domestic happiness to blame my sister for having followed her inclination in becoming*

the wife of a man of honour; but now that he is a King's brother-in-law, we must make him a Duke;" which is to be done accordingly.—*Court Journal.*

#### Dress and Undress.

The beautiful Lady S. M., lately arrived in Paris, and who was on habits of great intimacy with the Orleans family before the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty, lately received a note from one of the young Princesses, requesting her to take coffee at the palace. Lady S. M. accordingly made her toilette in her usual style of magnificence. Her ladyship's hair à la *Chinoise*, was looped up with diamonds, and the diamond star which blazed on her forehead might have graced the brows of royalty. Her dress corresponded with her superb *coiffure*, and the genius of Victorine had been exhausted in the execution of a *garniture en marabouts*, of which each plume was fastened to the gown by a diamond *agraffe*. Upon entering the Queen's apartment, Lady S. M. found her Majesty seated with her family round a table, *stuffing black leather dolls* for the amusement of her youngest daughter, lately recovered from the measles. Her Majesty wore a plain black satin gown, and her customary head-dress, a black hat and feathers. The Princesses wore white muslin frocks and blue sashes. The Duc de Nemours was reading a newspaper aloud. Lady S. M. gave one glance at the family party, and another at her own *coiffure*, and found herself obliged to plead a ball at Lady Granville's as an excuse.

#### Theatrical Salaries.

Whilst now-a-days *stars* with but few gazers receive twenty, thirty, and even fifty pounds per night, Mrs. Siddons, "in the meridian of her glory," only received one thousand pounds for eighty nights (*i. e.* about twelve pounds per night). Mrs. Jordan's salary, in her meridian, amounted to thirty guineas per week. John Kenble, when actor and manager at Covent Garden, was paid thirty-six pounds per week. Miss O'Neill, twenty-five pounds per week. George Cooke, twenty pounds. Lewis, twenty pounds as actor and manager. Edwin, the best *buffo* and burletta singer that ever trod the English stage, only fourteen pounds per week; and Mrs. H. Siddons, by far the best representative of Juliet I ever saw, nine pounds per week. After this may we not exclaim—"Ye little stars! hide your diminished heads!"—*Dramatic Annual.*

#### French Drama.

From the 1st of January 1809, to the 31st of December 1830, there were represented at Paris 3,558 new dramatic pieces. During the last ten years, M. Scribe has produced 135; M. Théaulon, 94; M. Brazier, 94; M. Armond Darlois, 92; M. Carnouche, 92; M. Melesville, 80; M. H. Dupin, 56; M. Benjamin Autier, 55; M. Dumerson, 53; M. Frederic de Courcy, 50.

*To restore the Elasticity of damaged Feathers.*

A feather when damaged by crumpling, may be perfectly restored by the simple expedient of immersing it in hot water. The feather will thus completely recover its former elasticity, and look as well as ever it did.

*New Method of Multiplying Dahlias.*

Some dahlias, belonging to Mr. Jacquemin, having been injured by the wind in the first days of June, and some branches broken off, he placed them in the ground, in hopes of developing the flower. This did not take place: the vegetation languished, but the plants appeared good, and being carefully taken up, were found furnished with tubercles. Hence a new means of multiplying these flowers, and the illustration of a curious physiological fact.

*Naples.*

By a recent census, published under the direction of the Abbé Petroni, it appears that in a population of 5,456,664 persons, which is that of the kingdom of Naples, there are 37 above 100 years of age, 93 prelates, 27,912 priests, 8,455 monks, and 8,185 nuns. It also appears that the City of Naples contains 342,190 inhabitants, 3 cardinals, 1 archbishop, 8 bishops, 1,751 priests, 610 monks, 827 nuns, 18,100 state prisoners, 9,450 persons in public offices, and 114,519 workmen; 1,627 persons are employed in the business of education, from the academicians down to the masters of schools for infants.

*Relics of Queen Mary.*

The partial draining of Loch Leven has been the means of bringing to light two highly interesting relics of the days of the unfortunate Mary: a marble figure, delicately sculptured, supposed to have decorated one of the niches of the famous monastery of St. Serf; and a handsome sceptre, apparently of cane, hilted with ivory, and mounted with silver, upon which latter, the letters of the words, "Mary, Queen of Scots," are almost wholly legible, although both the ivory and silver are much decayed.

*Literary and Scientific Intelligence.*

Mr. Pickersgill, the Royal Academician, lately presented his fine portrait of Mr. Faraday, the scientific lecturer, to the Royal Institution; and, in a spirit of equal liberality, the Institution has since invested the artist with the honours and privileges of a life-visitor.

The scientific expedition for the exploration of the South Seas, fitted out by the United States, has entirely failed. The crew of the ship mutinied, and, after having set the superintendents of the expedition ashore in Peru, carried the vessel into St. Mary's.

The celebrated Madame Mara kept her birth-day in handsome style at Revel, on the 23d of February last, when she completed her eighty-third year. On this occasion the

illustrious Goëthe offered her a beautiful poetical tribute.

The fossil remains of a large quadruped, supposed to belong to the genus mastodon, have been recently discovered about four miles north of Brighton, a few feet below the surface. Among them are two teeth, each weighing about 8½ lbs.

A Madras paper states, that at Arracan, a moth had been caught, which measured from tip to tip of its wings no less than ten inches.

A vessel of extraordinary construction and dimensions, called the Luxor, has been prepared at Toulon for the purpose of proceeding to Egypt, and thence transporting one of the famous Needles of Cleopatra to France.

A view of the tomb of Buonaparte at St. Helena is about to be exhibited at the Diorama in Paris.

Mr. Denis Linder, at Bamberg, who possessed a cabinet of natural history, valued at 100,000 florins, has made a present of it to his native town; and has funded a capital of 5,000 florins to increase it and insure proper care being taken of it after his death.

*Works in the Press, &c.*

What is Revolution? And what are the Signs of its Approach?—A Letter to the King, by "The Silent Member" of Blackwood's Magazine.

A Second Edition of The Five Nights of St. Alban's.

A Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and the Parts Adjacent, illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty Engravings on Wood.

"The Forget Me Not," a Ballad. The Music by I. G. Patrick, and Words by T. K. Hervey, Esq.

The Third and Concluding Volume of Dr. Nares's Life and Times of Lord Burleigh.

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## BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—The lady of the Hon. F. Stapleton.—The lady of D. Tighe, Esq.—Viscountess Kirkwall.—The lady of Captain Boldero.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Fairfax.—The lady of the Rev. S. C. Northcote.—The Countess of Hopetoun.—The lady of Alexander McNeill.—The lady of the Hon. Wm. Fraser.—Lady Mary Stephenson.—The lady of Sir G. Beaumont, Bart.—The lady of G. W. Sutherland, Esq.—The lady of C. Gonne, Esq.—The lady of J. F. Falwasser, Esq.—The lady of R. Raikes, Jun., Esq.—The lady of the Rev. W. Knatchbull.—The lady of C. Brownlow, Esq., M.P.—The lady of Sir G. Sitwell, Bart.—The lady of Mr. Sergeant Russell.—The lady of Sir R. Gore Booth, Bart.—The Hon. Mrs. Wm. de Capell Brooke.—The lady of T. J. Knowlys, Esq.—The lady of the Rev. H. Lindsay.—Mrs. R. Wellesley.—The lady of J. Jessop, Esq.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. H. H. Rose.—The lady of H. Cosby, Esq.—The lady of H. Geo. Cary, Esq.—The Countess of Croismare.—The lady of J. Louis Mieville, Esq.—The Hon. Mrs. Wm. Rodney.—The lady of the Rev. H. Melvill.—Lady Julia Hobhouse.—The lady of the Rev. H. Thompson.—The lady of the Rev. T. C. Wright.—The lady of I. Walker, Esq.—The lady of Capt. Ord, R.E.

## MARRIAGES.

At Mayne, Westmeath, Samuel Law, Esq., to Sarah, daughter of Admiral the Hon. Sir T. Pakenham, G.C.B.

At Edinburgh, Stephen Long, Esq., Captain in the H. E. I. C.'s Establishment, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late A. Long, Esq., of Faversham, Kent.

At Watford, the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, Vicar of Whittenham, Berks, to Louisa, second daughter of the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Capel.

At St. Pancras Church, J. W. Dunbar Moodie, Esq., of the 21st Regt. of Fusiliers, and son of the late James Moodie, Esq., of Melsetter, to Susanna, youngest daughter of the late Thos. Strickland, Esq., of Reydun, in the county of Suffolk.

At Chiddingstone, Kent, the Rev. J. T. Wilgress, to Miss Arabella Streatfield.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Count James Dal Verme, to Eliza, eldest daughter of J. Webster, Esq., Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

At the Cathedral, Lichfield, the Rev. W. N. Gresley, of Nether Seale Hall, Leicestershire, to Georgina Ann, second daughter of the late G. Reid, Esq., of Brightlingsea Lodge, Essex.

At the Cape of Good Hope, T. Nightingale, Esq., second son of Sir C. Nightingale, Bart., to Hannah Elizabeth, eldest daughter

of the late J. Humffreys Parry, Esq., Barrister.

At Up Marden Church, Arthur Vansittart, Esq., of Shotsbrook Park, Berks, to Diana Sarah, daughter of General Crosbie, Watergate House, Sussex.

At North Berwick, N. Dalrymple, Esq., second son of the late Sir John Dalrymple, Bart., to Martha Willet Dalrymple, daughter of the late C. G. Dalrymple.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, J. Cunningham, Esq., of Hensol, Dumfries, to Eliza Mary, eldest daughter of the late C. Upton, Esq., Captain R.N., and Commissioner of his Majesty's Navy at Trincomalee.

The Rev. W. Smith, of Dunston Hall, Derbyshire, to Mary Milicent, only daughter of B. B. Steade, Esq., of Beauchieff Abbey.

The Rev. B. H. Kennedy, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Janet, youngest daughter of the late T. Caird, Esq.

At Edinburgh, Fox Maule, Jun., Esq., of Panmure, to Montagu, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Abercromby.

At St. James's, E. E. H. Repton, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, to Mary Henrietta, eldest daughter of H. Thompson, Esq., of Bedford Square.

At Marylebone Church, Hugh Hill, Esq., of the Middle Temple, to Audrey Georgiana Anne, daughter of R. H. Webb, Esq., of Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

At Manchester, Captain W. Donaldson Davies, of the Queen's Bays, to Susan Jane Forbes, only daughter of the late J. Abernethie, Esq.

At Hampstead, the Rev. T. H. Causton, A.M., to the Hon. Frances Hestor Powys, fifth daughter of the late Lord Lilford.

At Agra, R. H. de Montmorency, Esq., Lieut. of the 66th Regt., to Anna Matilda, third daughter of H. Revell, Esq., of Round Oak, Surrey; and, at the same time and place, J. H. Low, Esq., Lieut. of the 89th Regt., grandson to the late Right Hon. Viscount Boyne, to Emily, fourth daughter of H. Revell, Esq.

At St. Olave's, Southwark, E. Gould, Esq., to Calista Sydney, only daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Hawis, of Bath.

At St. Mary's, Islington, W. H. Short, Esq., eldest son of the Rev. L. Short, of Ashover Rectory, Derbyshire, to Eliza Maria Decima Griffies, fourth daughter of Sir G. Williams, Bart.

The Rev. W. F. Holt, M.A., of Laura Chapel, Bath, to Catherine, daughter of the late J. Stackhouse, Esq., of Edgar Buildings, Bath.

The Rev. J. Williams, of Creaton, Northamptonshire, to Mary Ann Susannah, only daughter of the late W. Mount, Esq., of St. Catherine's.

R. E. E. Warburton, Esq., of Arley Hall,



Cheshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir R. Brooke, Bart.

C. R. Bigland, Esq., son of R. Bigland, Esq., Clarenceux King of Arms of the Heralds' College, to Rachael, youngest daughter of — Crane, Esq., of Creeting, St. Mary's, Suffolk.

In Merrion Square, Dublin, N. J. Ffrench, of French Lawn, county of Roscommon, Esq., to Betsey Mary O'Connell, third daughter of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

At Melton Mowbray, W. Milhouse, Esq., of Pelton House, Warwickshire, to Sophia Capel de Brooke, second daughter of the late Sir R. Capel de Brooke, of Oakley House, Northamptonshire.

At the Hon. Mrs. Burrowes's house, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, his Excellency Baron de Letts, Minister Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of Bavaria, to Elizabeth Catherine, only daughter of the late Colonel Burrowes, of Dungan Castle, and grand-daughter to Lord Decies, late Archbishop of Tuam.

At Iver Church, Lieut.-Col. Bridger, C.B., to Jane, fourth daughter of J. Copeland, Esq., of Iver, Bucks.

At Exeter, W. M. Praed, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, eldest son of Mr. Sergeant Praed, to Anne Frances, only daughter of Treby Hele Hays, Esq., of Delamere, county of Devon.

The Rev. C. D. Hill, M.A., of Fetcham, Surrey, to Cicely, youngest daughter of the late Sir C. Willoughby, Bart.

At Richmond, Henry Jelf, Esq., Captain in the Army, third son of Sir James Jelf, to Clarissa Amelia Sharp, of Kincarrow, Perthshire, daughter of the late Major Sharp.

At St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, Geo. Drummond, Esq., to Marianne, second daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq., M.P.

At Elvaston, near Derby, the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington, to Miss Foote, of Covent Garden Theatre.

At Twyford, F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., eldest son of E. H. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., of the Priory, Hitchin, to Emma, only daughter of J. H. Waddington, Esq., of Shawford House.

At All Soul's Church, Sir R. A. O'Donel, Bart., of Newport House, Newport, county of Mayo, to Mary, third daughter of G. Clendining, Esq., of Westport, in the same county.

### DEATHS.

The Rev. J. Gathorne, M.A., of Kirkby Lonsdale.

Peter Van Homrigh, Esq., Recorder of Drogheda.

In Berkeley Square, the Hon. Mrs. Caulfield.

At Cottesbrook Rectory, Northamptonshire, aged 36, Patience Anne, wife of the Hon. and Rev. P. A. Irby, and daughter of Sir W. D. Crespiigny, Bart.

In Gloucester Place, Portman Square,

aged 54, Sir Henry Hawley, Bart., of Leybourne Grange.

At Coventry House, the Right Hon. George, Earl of Coventry, aged 72.

At Maristow House, Devon, Sir Massey Lopez, Bart., aged 75.

At Versailles, James Langdale, Esq., late of Lavender Hill.

The Rev. R. Croft, aged 75, Canon Residentiary of York, and Rector of Rowley.

At Cambridge, Lydia, wife of the Rev. Dr. Hollingworth, Archdeacon of Huntingdon.

In Dublin, aged 19, Lady Jane Florence Cole, only daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen.

In Curzon Street, aged 65, Lady Caroline Waldegrave, sister of the late Earl Waldegrave and Lord Radstock.

In Curzon Street, Maria Anne, wife of J. H. Penruddock, Esq., of Compton House, Wilts, M.P.

At Cople House, Bedfordshire, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Ludlow, fourth daughter of the late Peter, Earl Ludlow, and sister to the present Earl.

Capt. John H. Edwards, of his Majesty's 46th Regiment.

At Aston House, Herts, Edmund Darby, Esq.

At Ormiston Hall, the Hon. Henry Hope, son of the late General John, Earl of Hope-toun.

At Montrose, M'Naughtane Hunter, M.D., in his 89th year.

At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Keith Abercromby, daughter of the late General Abercromby, of Glaisaugh, Banffshire.

At Temple Belwood, Lincolnshire, aged 44, W. P. B. Johnson, Esq.

In Hertford Street, May Fair, Catherine Sophia, wife of Captain the Hon. George Poulett, R.N., and eldest daughter of Sir George Dallas, Bart.

At Sandgate, Augusta Charlotte Emma, the infant daughter of Colonel Wynyard, Grenadier Guards.

At Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, Henry, Earl of Mulgrave, Viscount Normanby, Baron Mulgrave, G.C.B., &c.

Rev. J. Hibberd, Rector of Sutton Mandeville, Wilts.

At Paddington Green, aged 70, the Rev. Basil Wood, 38 years minister of Bentinck Chapel, St. Marylebone.

Colonel Robert Murray Macgregor, late of the Hon. E. I. C. service.

The Rev. James Fawcett, B.D., Rector of Thursford-cum-Snoring, Norfolk.

At Swansea, aged 84, Mrs. Mansel, relict of Rawleigh Mansel, Esq.

In Bruton Street, Jane, Countess Dowager of Carhampton.

At Brompton, Matilda, Countess de Clairville, in her 67th year.

At Enfield, aged 66, John Abernethy, Esq., F.R.S., Member of the College of Surgeons, &c.

In Great Alie Street, Goodman's Fields, Matthew Wyatt, Esq., Resident Magistrate at Lambeth Street Police Office.

# La Belle Assemblée,

OR

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LXXVIII., FOR JUNE, 1831.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable **HARRIET ELIZABETH GEORGIANA**, COUNTESS GOWER, engraved by **DEAN**, from a Painting by **SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE**.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Visiting Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Child's Dress.  
 An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Public Promenade Dress.  
 The Cemetery at Liverpool.

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## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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"*The Village Pump*" will, we dare say, be found in working trim next month; by which time, in all probability, LUCY WHITE will have changed her name.

"*Woman's Love*," when pure, is adorable; but the "*Woman's Love*" portrayed by "R. S. P." is not the right sort of love. However, some time or another, the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE will perhaps have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

We trust that "*A Reform Bill for the Ladies*" is not likely to be wanted. At least we are not aware of the necessity of any intervention of either Lords or Commons on the subject.

"*Lines to Malvena*," by "PARNELL," will not fail of being inserted the earliest opportunity.

"*The Eagle Plume, a Tale of Greece*," by "FLORENCE," is also reserved for early, if not for immediate insertion.

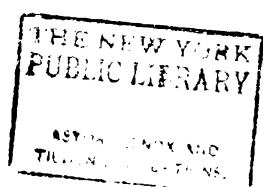
We agree with "TWEEDLE-DUM," that PAGANINI ought to have more than "*one string to his bow*."

"*A Night in the Abruzzi*" reminds us of a story related in HERVEY's *Meditations*; but, wild and wonderful as is the incident, it seems to be upon the list of *possibilities*, and, therefore, at some future period, it may serve to while away an idle half hour.

Again we have to thank "OMEGA," whose wishes respecting his last-received packet shall be attended to next month.

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PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,  
BY HENRY BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.





# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR JUNE, 1831.

## ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. HARRIET ELIZABETH GEORGIANA, COUNTESS GOWER.

FROM a celebrated painting of Sir Thomas Lawrence's, we have the honour of presenting to the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE* a portrait of the Right Hon. Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, Countess Gower, wife of George Granville, Earl Gower, eldest son of the Marquess of Stafford. Her Ladyship is the third daughter of George Howard, Earl of Carlisle, and the younger sister of Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, whose admired portrait from the pencil of Jackson, has long graced our PICTURE GALLERY OF BRITAIN'S FEMALE NOBILITY.\*

The mere mention of Lady Gower's ancestral name—the name of *HOWARD*!—awakens a glow of patriotic feeling in every English bosom.

HOWARDS! the rich! the noble! and the great!

Most brave! most happy! most unfortunate!  
Kings were thy courtiers!—Queens have sued to share

Thy wealth, thy triumphs—e'en thy name to bear!†

• • • • •

And there was *one* among thy race, who died  
To *HENRY*'s shame!—his country's boast and pride:

Immortal *SURREY*!—Offspring of the Muse!  
Bold as the lion, gentle as the dews

\* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE*, vol. iii., page 47.

† “Mary Queen of Scots was anxious for an alliance with Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; and his having contracted a marriage with her was one of the principal accusations against him, on his trial for high treason, in 1672.”

No. 78.—Vol. XIII.

That fall on flowers to 'wake their odorous breath,  
And shield their blossoms from the touch of death.”

Whether the ancient and noble family of Howard may claim a Saxon or a Norman descent, appears to be an unsettled point amongst antiquaries and genealogists. The preponderance of opinion, however, favours the idea that they are of Saxon origin. On the authority of Harvey, *Clarendieux King-at-Arms*, Collins, in his *Peerage*, derives this family from Aubur, Earl of Passy, in Normandy, whose grandson, Roger Fitz Walerone, won the castle of *Hawarden*, in Flintshire; whence his son William, born in that castle, took the name of *Howard*. Sir Egerton Brydges discredits this derivation. According to some writers, the descent of the Howards is drawn from the famous *Hereward*, the chief conductor

\* *Vide BIRD*'s “*Framlingham*,” reviewed at page 240.—“At the eastern end of the north aisle of Framlingham church are several handsome monuments of the Norfolk family; and there is one which possesses peculiar interest, as having been erected to perpetuate the memory of Henry Howard, the celebrated Earl of Surrey. The tomb is of black and white marble; the figures of the Earl and his Countess lie with the palms of their hands conjoined, the former in his robes of state over armour, the latter in sable, with a coronet upon her head, their crests being placed at their feet. The fact of Surrey having been interred at Framlingham, has been doubted and disputed; but the truth appears to be, that his body was deposited in the chapel of the Tower of London, and that his remains were removed to Framlingham by his second son, Henry, Earl of Northampton.”—*Id.*

of those forces which, for a time, stoutly defended the Isle of Ely against the army of William the Conqueror; but this again is virtually contradicted by the statement of Ingulph, abbot of Croyland, living at the time, which affirms, that Hereward left no other issue than an heir female, named Turfrida, wife of Hugh de Evermuc, Lord of Deping, in the county of Lincoln. The question must remain undecided.

Into the early history of the Howards—commencing with Sir William Howard, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas from the year 1297 to 1308, and who is portrayed in his robes of office, in a window of the church of Long Melford, in Suffolk—we have entered at considerable length in our Memoir of the Countess of Surrey.\*—The ancestor of Lady Gower was Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, son of the celebrated Henry, Earl of Surrey, by Frances, daughter of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford. At the coronation of Queen Mary, he officiated under his grandfather, Thomas, the third Duke, as Marshal of England.† His second wife was Margaret, daughter and sole heir of Thomas, Lord Audley, of Walden, in Essex, and Chancellor of England; and widow of the Lord Henry Dudley, John, Duke of Northumberland's younger son, who was killed at St. Quintin's, in Picardy. Lord William, his second surviving son by this lady, was Warden of the Western Marches, and known by the name of *Bald Willy*, or *Belted Will Howard*. In the year 1603, he was restored in blood from the attainat of his father, who had been implicated with Mary Queen of Scots. "He married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, and sister and co-heir of George, Lord Dacre, of Gillesland; and, in her right, he became possessed of Naworth Castle, in the county of Cumberland, the ancient seat of her father's family; also of Henderskelfe, the site of Castle Howard, in Yorkshire."

\* For an engraving from Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of this lady, the eldest daughter of the Marquess of Stafford, *vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. iii., page 1.

† This nobleman, who distinguished himself at the battle of Flodden Field, died at his seat of Kenninghall, in Norfolk, having seen the reigns of eight English sovereigns.

Referring the reader to our Memoir of Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis,\* for many other interesting particulars relating to the noble families of Howard and Dacre, with their genealogical descent, we hasten to remark, that Charles, great great grandson of Lord William Howard, was, on the 20th of April, 1661, created Baron Dacre, of Gillesland—Viscount Howard, of Morpeth—and Earl of Carlisle. From this nobleman, the fifth in lineal descent was,

George Howard, sixth and present Earl of Carlisle—Viscount Howard, of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland—and Baron Dacre, of Gillesland—father of the Countess Gower. His Lordship was born on the 17th of September, 1773. On the 21st of March, 1801, he married the Lady Georgiana Cavendish, eldest daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, K.G., by whom he has a family of twelve children—six sons and six daughters:—

1. George William Frederick, Viscount Morpeth,† born April 18, 1802;—2. Frederick George, an officer in the army, born June 8, 1805;—3. William George, born February 23, 1808;—4. Edward Granville George, in the royal navy, born December 28, 1809;—5. Charles Wentworth George, born March 27, 1814;—6. Henry George, born May 22, 1818;—7. Caroline Georgiana, married, in 1823, to the Hon. William Saunders Sebright Lascelles, third son of the Earl of Harewood;—8. Georgiana, married, on the 7th of March, 1822, to the Hon. George James Welbore Agar Ellis, only son of Viscount Clifden;—9. *Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, Countess Gower*;—10. Blanche Georgiana;—11. Elizabeth Dorothy Anne Georgiana;—12. Mary Matilda Georgiana.

The Lady Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana Howard was married, on the 28th of May, 1823, to her cousin, the Right Honourable George Granville, Earl Gower, by courtesy, as the eldest son of the Marquess of Stafford; and Baron Gower, of Stitten-

\* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. iii., page 47, *et seq.*

† This young nobleman has distinguished himself in the literary world by the production of a tragedy, entitled "*The Last of the Greeks, or the Fall of Constantinople*;" for a copious analysis of which, with extracts, *vide* "Contemporary Poets, and Writers of Fiction, No. XXV.," LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. viii., page 142.

ham, in the county of York (to which barony, in his father's peerage, he was summoned, by writ, on the 14th of November, 1826) and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Sutherland. Four daughters, the Ladies Elizabeth, Evelyn, Caroline, and Blanche, and one son, Viscount Trentham, born December 19, 1828, are the offspring of this marriage.

Of her Ladyship's maternal ancestry, a few words may not prove unacceptable.—The potent and illustrious family of Cavendish, two branches of which, during the last century, arrived at ducal honours, is descended, according to Dugdale, from "a younger branch of the Gernons, men of great note divers ages since in the counties of Norfolk and Essex." Roger de Gernon, in the reign of Edward II., having acquired, by marriage with the heiress of John Potton, the lands of Cavendish, in Suffolk, his descendants assumed the name of Cavendish. Sir John Cavendish, son and heir of Roger de Gernon, enlarged his possessions in Suffolk by marrying Alice, daughter and heiress of John de Odyngseles, of Cavendish Overhall. He was Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. He was beheaded by a mob of rebels, in an insurrection at Bury St. Edmund's, in 1382. From Roger Cavendish, Sir John's next brother, descended a family of that name, seated at Grimstone, in Suffolk; of which branch was Sir Thomas Cavendish, the celebrated navigator, the third person and second Englishman who achieved the circumnavigation of the globe. Fifth in lineal descent from the Chief Justice, was

Sir William Cavendish, Gentleman Usher to Cardinal Wolsey, Auditor of the Court of Augmentators, Treasurer of the Chamber, and Privy Councillor to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. From the latter king, he obtained large grants of abbey lands. By his third wife, Elizabeth\* (sister and heir of John Hardwicke, of the county of Derby, Esq., and widow of Andrew Borley, of Borley) he had

three sons: Henry; William, the first Earl of Devonshire; and Charles, ancestor of the Cavendishes, Dukes of Newcastle, now extinct. The second son,

William Cavendish, was, through the interest of his niece, Lady Arabella Stuart, created Baron Cavendish, of Hardwicke, in 1605; and Earl of Devonshire, in 1618. The third in lineal descent from him, was

William, fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire, K.G., Lord Steward of the Household, &c. He was a friend of Lord William Russell, and an active promoter of the Revolution. In 1694, he was, by King William and Queen Mary, created Marquess of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. His son,

William, second Duke of Devonshire, K.G., Lord Steward of the Household, married Rachel, the daughter of Lord William Russell. His grandson,

William, the fourth Duke, K.G., was called up to the House of Peers, during the life-time of his father, as Baron Cavendish, of Hardwicke, in 1751. In 1755, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in 1756, First Commissioner of the Treasury; and, in 1757, Lord Treasurer of the Household. His eldest son, by his Duchess, Charlotte, daughter and sole heir of Richard, Earl of Burlington and Cork, was

William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, K.B., born in 1748. His Grace married, in 1774, the Lady Georgiana Spencer, daughter of John, first Earl Spencer. By this lady, celebrated for her genius, beauty, and accomplishments, he had a son, William Spencer, the present Duke; and two daughters: Georgiana, born July 12, 1783; married, March 21, 1801, to the present Earl of Carlisle, by whom she became mother to the Lady Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, Countess Gower;—and Henrietta, born August 12, 1785; married, on the 24th of December, 1809, to the Right Hon. Granville Leveson Gower, Viscount Granville, son of Granville, first Marquess of Stafford, K.G., by his third lady, Susan, daughter of John, sixth Earl of Galloway.

In our Memoir of Lady Elizabeth Belgrave,\* youngest daughter of the Mar-

\* This lady, after the decease of Sir William Cavendish, married two other husbands, and died widow of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury.

\* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. i., page 1, *et seq.*



quess of Stafford, and sister of Earl Gower, we have entered so extensively into the records of the ancient family of Gower, that little here remains to be said. The Gowers, Lords of Stittenham, in Yorkshire, were settled in that county long before the descent of the Norman William; Sir Allan Guhyer, Guer, or Gower, appears to have been Sheriff of the county at that period; and from him, in a direct line, this noble Anglo-Saxon family have continued their seat at Stittenham to the present day. Towards the close of the thirteenth century, Sir John Gower was one of the persons of note summoned to be at Carlisle, with horse and arms, on the feast of the nativity of St. John the Baptist, to march against the Scots; and, in the following year, he was summoned for a similar purpose, to proceed to Berwick. Lawrence Gower—probably a son of Sir John—obtained pardon from Edward II., in 1313, for being concerned with the Earl of Lancaster, in the death of Piers Gaveston, the obnoxious favourite of royalty, at Blacklow Hill, in Warwickshire, in the preceding year. Sir Nicholas Gower, his successor, one of the knights of the shire for the county of York, in the 12th of Edward III. (1338) was summoned to a great council held at Northampton, by Edward the Black Prince, at that time guardian of the realm; and, for fourteen days' attendance on that occasion, he received the sum of £5. 12s. In 1350, he obtained the King's permission to go to Rome, with six valets and seven horses in his retinue; and in the following year, he was commissioned to investigate some outrage which had been committed upon Hugh, Archbishop of Damascus, at Newsted, near Boland.

Sir John Gower, grandson of Sir Nicholas, was standard-bearer to Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., at the battle of Tewkesbury; and, having been taken prisoner, he was put to death, in violation of the privilege of sanctuary, and of the promise of King Edward.

Thomas Gower, grandson of Sir John, was Captain of a troop of light horsemen, in the army which invaded Scotland, under the Duke of Somerset, in 1547; and Master of the Ordnance in the expedition

against the same kingdom, in 1560. It was his great grandson,

Thomas Gower, who was knighted by James I., and created a Baronet on the 12th of June, 1620. His son,

Sir Thomas, the second Baronet, who was a great sufferer through his devoted loyalty to Charles I., was twice married: first, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Howard, of Naworth Castle, by whom he had no issue; secondly, to Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Leveson, Knt., of Haling, in Kent, and of Lilleshal, in Shropshire. By that lady, his second, and only surviving son,

Sir William Leveson Gower, the fourth Baronet, was the lineal ancestor of the present Earl Gower. He was the adopted heir of his uncle, Sir Richard Leveson, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, K.B. His eldest son, by the Lady Jane, eldest daughter of John Granville, Earl of Bath, was

Sir John Leveson Gower, the fifth Baronet, and first Baron Gower, of Stittenham, in the county of York; to which dignity he was elevated on the 16th of March, 1702-3. His Lordship was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and one of the Commissioners for arranging the union between England and Scotland. It is worthy of remark, that the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Gower's maternal ancestor, was also a Commissioner for the Union, on behalf of Scotland. His Lordship married the Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of John, first Duke of Rutland. His eldest son,

John, second Baron Gower, was, for his services in the rebellion of 1745, and on other occasions, created a Viscount and Earl of Great Britain, as Viscount Trentham, in the county of Stafford, and Earl Gower, on the 8th of July, 1746. His Lordship married, *first*, in 1711-12, the Lady Evelyn Pierrepont, third daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, by whom he had four sons and seven daughters; *secondly*, in 1733, Penelope, daughter of Sir John Stonehouse, Baronet, by whom he had no surviving issue; and, *thirdly*, in 1736, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet, and widow of Anthony Grey, Earl Harold, by whom he had three sons and a daughter. His eldest son was

Granville, second Earl Gower, and first Marquess of Stafford, so created on the 28th of February, 1786. In 1749, when Lord Trentham, he stood a memorable contested election for Westminster, against Sir George Vandeput. His Lordship married, *first*, in 1744, Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Fazakerly, of Prescot, in the county of Lancaster, Esq., by whom he had no surviving issue; *secondly*, in 1748, the Lady Louisa Egerton, daughter of Scroope, first Duke of Bridgewater, by whom he had issue, as follows:—

1. Louisa, born in 1749; married, in 1777, the late Right Hon. Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart., Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; died in 1827;—2. Caroline, born in 1753; married, in 1770, Frederick, late Earl of Carlisle; died in 1824;—3. George Granville, present Marquess of Stafford, born January 9, 1758; called up to the House of Peers by the title of his father's Barony, as Lord Gower, in 1798;—4. Anne, born in 1761; married, in 1784, to the Hon. and most Rev. Edward Venables Vernon, Lord Archbishop of York.

The late Marquess of Stafford married, *thirdly*, in 1768, the Lady Susanna Stuart, daughter of John, sixth Earl of Galloway, by whom he had one son and three daughters:—

1. Georgiana Augusta, born in 1769; married, in 1797, to the Hon. William Eliot, present Earl of St. Germans; died in 1806;—2. Charlotte Sophia, born in 1771; married, in 1791, to Henry Charles, present Duke of Beaufort, K.G.;—3. Susanna, born in 1772; married, in 1795, Dudley, first and present Earl of Harrowby;—4. Granville, born in 1773; married, in 1809, Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire; created Viscount Granville, of Stone Park, in the county of Stafford, in 1815.

During a long life of splendour and magnificence, the Marquess continued to fill many important offices of the state. He died on the 26th of October, 1803, aged 84, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

George Granville Leveson Gower, present Marquess of Stafford, K.G.; Earl Gower; Viscount Trentham, of Trentham, in the county of Stafford; Baron Gower, of Stittenham, in the county of York; a Baronet; Recorder of the borough of Stafford; and (in right of his Marchioness) High Sheriff of the county

of Sutherland. The noble Marquess married, September 4, 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and Baroness of Strathnaver, in her own right. Her Ladyship was born on the 24th of May, 1765; and she succeeded her father, William, the seventeenth Earl, on the 16th of June, 1766. The title of Sutherland, it has been remarked, is the most ancient of any in Great Britain; having been continued, without interruption, in the lineal course of descent, for nearly six centuries, and through twenty generations, to the present possessor.\* Upon the visit of his late Majesty to Scotland, in 1822, it was determined that the right of carrying the sceptre before the King was in the Earls of Sutherland; and His Majesty was graciously pleased, on that occasion, to permit Lord Francis Leveson Gower, second son of the Marquess of Stafford, to act as deputy for his mother, the Countess of Sutherland.

It now only remains for us to add, in the order of succession, the issue of the Marquess of Stafford's marriage with the Countess of Sutherland:—

1. George Granville, Earl Gower, born August 8, 1786; married, May 28, 1823, the Lady Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle;—2. Lady Charlotte, born in 1788; married, in 1814, to Henry Charles, Earl of Surrey, only son of Bernard Edward, Duke of Norfolk;—3. William, born in 1792; died in 1793;—4. William, died in 1804;—5. Francis, born in 1799; married, in 1822, Harriet Catherine, daughter of Charles Fulke Greville, Esq.;—6. Lady Elizabeth, born in 1797; married, in 1819, to Richard, Viscount Belgrave, son of Robert, Earl Grosvenor.

\* “A good history of this very ancient and noble family,” observes Sir Egerton Brydges, in his *Biographical Peerage*, “has been written by Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun, who begins with Alan, *thane* of Sutherland, a man of power and authority, in the reigns of King Duncan, and Macbeth the usurper. This Alan, with his vassals and followers, repelled the invasion of Olaus, King of the Danes, and drove him out of Ross-shire, in 1031. Macbeth, after dreading his power, got him put to death. His son, Walter, *thane* of Sutherland, was created Earl of Sutherland, by King Malcolm III., in 1057. He died 1097, leaving a son Robert, second Earl, who flourished in the reign of King Alexander III., and built the castle of Dunrobin, which has ever since been one of the chief seats of the family.”

## THE GITANOS OF THE SIERRA MORENA.

THERE exists in Spain a race of beings whose lineage may be much more clearly traced by both moral and physical distinction, than that of the lofty and effeminate nobility. In the gitanos or gipsies of the Peninsula, may be yet seen the nervous and flexible limb, the fiery eye, and coal black hair, the courage, and love of adventure of their Arab ancestry. They are the same wild free-booting race, unused to the bonds of law, and impatient of the restraints imposed by the conventions of society—denizens of the mountain and the glen, living beneath the free and boundless canopy of heaven; a mode of life in perfect unison with their temper and dispositions. The mysterious influence of this wandering and original tribe, though often derided, is, notwithstanding, both felt and dreaded by most classes. The traveller who refuses to listen to their advice, and to pay for it too, when given, may find himself involved in inextricable difficulties, and learn too late the folly or heedlessness of despising the gipsy's warning.

That part of the Sierra Morena which divides La Mancha from New Castile, and particularly the environs of the pass of the Despenaperros, has, from time immemorial, been the abode of numerous bands of these gitanos. The wild romantic beauty of the mountains, their thousand hues and shapes, the foaming cataracts which rush impetuously down their sides, the alternate luxury of herbage, or sterility of brown, rocky soil, the snow-capped peaks reflecting their silvery light into the depths of some of the hollow caverns, mark it the peculiar habitation of these roaming, uncontrolled spirits, and lead us at once to identify the tenantry with their mountain home.

In one of these fastnesses, in a strangely-insulated position, accessible only on one side, and that by a bridge traversing an abrupt and immeasurably-deep cleft in the mountain (the effect of some volcanic revolution), resided a gipsy band, whose chief had formerly headed a party of *contrabandistas*. Report had ascribed to this man various delinquencies which called for the long dormant interposition of the

law; but the apathy of justice, or the dangers and difficulties attendant on any interference, had left him in a species of independent sovereignty, so that the band remained unmolested in their mountains, or encamped peaceably upon the plains, and even enjoyed, in some measure, the protection of persons who possessed estates in the vicinity.

Amongst those who extended to the gipsies a more than ordinary share of favour, and whose visits amongst them were more frequent than mere accident seemed to warrant, was the young Count Alphonso de Floresca, whose father, the Marquess, possessed a vast domain and summer palace, called the Retiro, situated in a part of the province of New Castile, closely adjoining the Sierra, where the gipsy retreat is described. The young Count was, indeed, a constant sharer in the gipsy revels and adventures, a fact but ill concealed. He had, it was said, appeared in a distant province, beneath the gipsy garb, and had collected money by his happy prophecies, which won the generosity of the credulous. On one of these occasions he effected the gipsy king's release from the prison of Malaga, in which he had been confined upon the accusation of a friar, who deposed to his having been robbed by him, when formerly on his route to his monastery, of a collection which he had made for his convent. The young Count's gold on this occasion bribed the judge, the friar, and the gaoler; for on the following morning the gipsy had broken his prison, and the accuser had departed from the town.

Count Alphonso had, at the period of this history, nearly attained his *mayorazgo*, or twenty-first year, an event which was about to be celebrated at the Retiro, on a scale of magnificence which suited the rank and wealth of the family to which he belonged. The preparations exceeded any thing which had been heard of for a long time previous. Numbers of the Spanish nobility were invited to the *fête*, and a series of amusements was devised for their pleasure, which was to last a month; after which, the Marquess had determined to take up his residence in the capital, and

to introduce his son to court. The programme of the entertainments contained tournaments, bull-fights, theatricals, and chariot-races; indeed whatever ingenuity could devise, or money command.

The Retiro formed a scene of splendour and brilliancy seldom witnessed at such a distance from the metropolis. Pride and contentment sat on every brow; if a cloud could have been discovered, it was on that of Alphonso himself, to whose bosom this feasting brought less of joy than regret, for he foresaw in its termination the opening of a new era in his life, on which he was little disposed to venture. This young nobleman's skill and address in all the sports of the period, and his no less accomplished manners and elegant deportment, gained him the admiration of all, and had silently secured the hearts of many proud *doncellas*, whom more courtly cavaliers had failed to engage.

Amongst the guests of the Retiro were the Count and Countess de Mariolana, whose estates lay contiguous to the Marquess's domain, and whose family was once to have been united with that of De Floresco, by the marriage of an only daughter with Count Alphonso, but circumstances which caused no breach of friendship, had long since dissolved this tie. Nor was the interest of Count de Mariolana in Alphonso at all diminished thereby, for being now without issue, he had devised his estates and title, at his death, to his once-intended son-in-law, whom he considered as his own child.

The *fête*, which it would be tedious to describe, was drawing towards a conclusion, and invention of new pleasures seemed to be on the wane, when Alphonso, to whose lot it had fallen in his turn to suggest something new for the amusement of the party, did so, by sending to the Sierra for the gipsy band, with whose songs and dances he proposed to divert the company. The idea was joyously seconded; in a short time the gipsies were within the grounds of the Retiro, telling the fortunes, and contributing to the delight of the noble guests. The plan succeeded to admiration. All found something to flatter their hopes or wishes, in the predictions of the gipsies, amongst whom was a young girl, who, by her vivacity and intelligence, and almost inspired answers,

had rendered herself an universal favourite: this was Adelma, the daughter of the gipsy chief. Her grace of person, and gentleness of manner, the even classical beauty of her features, the softness of her large black melting eyes, and glossy streaming jet hair, had excited an interest which could not be dispelled. The coarse costume in which she was clad, scarce detracted from a certain elegance distinguishable in spite of her mean garb. Her interesting voice, which she accompanied on the guitar, drew all hearts towards her. Wherever Adelma appeared, she excited the sympathy of all who saw her. Her parents were solicited to part with her, and none were so forward in their offers of service as the Count and Countess de Mariolana, who took great pains to persuade the gipsy's mother to place the girl under their care; but the woman was inflexible, and spurned their offers with indignation.

An event however occurred in the course of the gipsies' visit to the Retiro, which threatened a separation on less agreeable terms than those just proffered. The Count de Mariolana had during the noon-tide heat retired to one of the pavilions of the garden to indulge in the *siesta*. On awaking, he missed from around his neck a gold chain of some value. It was a loss not to be borne without a murmur; it in fact caused so much concern that every one became interested in the discovery of the lost treasure, for which the most scrupulous search was immediately instituted.

The wanderers of "the sandal shoon and scallop shell" were about to return to the mountains—the materials which formed their equipage were slung across their shoulders—the wild strain of their departure—the tramping of their march broke upon the ear, while the noise of the Count's loss caused them to be detained. The servants of the Retiro particularly busied themselves in inspecting the baggage of the gipsies. They soon came forward, dragging after them Adelma, and holding up the lost chain, found curiously concealed amongst her effects.

"I always said what would become of letting these gipsy thieves into the grounds," said one of the officious menials; "notwithstanding our superior

vigilance the vagabonds have contrived to steal a gold chain!"

"Insolent slave!" exclaimed Alphonso, "free the gipsy girl from your grasp instantly."

The affrighted domestic loosed his hold, and skulking away, muttered to himself that "he would go count the silver plates and spoons immediately."

All looked with astonishment at Alphonso: his earnestness in the gipsy's cause excited some surprise.—"Why," said he, "should you accuse so gentle a creature of such a crime?"

"Circumstances!" cried one and all.

"Even so: they are deceitful, though irrefutable at first sight. But use the girl tenderly, and my life on't she will satisfactorily account for the possession of the chain."

But the artless Adelma was totally confounded. "I am innocent!" exclaimed she, "and pray your noble natures to condemn me not, though appearances are against me. Believe me, I spurn the thought of a theft."

"But where got ye the chain? On thy answer, gipsy, depends thy fate!" said the Marquess de Floresca.

"That chain has been in my possession many years; 'twas a gift of my mother's; she gave it me with injunctions I cannot reveal!"

"Artful girl," said the Marquess; "that ready-coined falsehood shall not excuse ye. Away with her to prison."

"Hold!" said Alphonso, "would you condemn that look of innocence—that tear which undeserved suspicion wrings from her beauteous eye? Hard must be the heart, and bold the tongue, which dares suspect her truth. Let the gipsy's mother appear, and this mystery will be unravelled."

But the gipsy's parents had fled.—They had profited by the confusion which turned all eyes on their daughter, and had stolen away unperceived. Adelma was left alone to support her innocence. She turned a look towards Alphonso—a look which craved pity and protection—it spoke to his heart; 'twas a language not to be misunderstood! And at this moment the gipsy girl held up her hand, displaying a ring to Alphonso, who alone understood the signal.

"Whence this interest, my son," said the Marquess, "for this obscure gipsy, and these efforts to repel an accusation which confirms itself by every circumstance with which it is connected? I do perceive a something here which explains suspicions already vaguely hinted, to which I've yet lent unwilling credence. Depend on't justice shall not be warped. What can you have in common with the gipsy girl thus to intercept its course?"

"Listen," said Alphonso, "and you shall judge. You may recollect the time when during my studies at Seville, by your command I was ordered to make a tour to visit the Moorish cities of Cordova and Grenada. In my route my carriage was beset by banditti, and my life with difficulty saved from the ferocity of the robbers. My tutor, who accompanied me, unfortunately recognized one of them as being an old servant of his, and thinking to excite his pity called upon him by name. The consequence of which imprudence was his immediate assassination. I should have shared the same fate, but had the good fortune to loose myself from the tree to which I was fastened ere the robbers came to execute their purpose. 'Twas dark;—I fled to a hut in a mountain of the Sierra Nevada, to which I was guided by the glimmering of a fire. This I found to be the residence of some gipsies. I entered, and supplicated their hospitality and protection. I was regarded with an eye of suspicion, and after some indistinct murmuring was told to depart. In this extremity I knew not which way to turn, when, by the intercession of this young girl, my request of a little food and a night's lodging was granted. During my slumbers I was awoke by the tramping of horse. Some men who had arrived spoke of an escape which would ruin them, and demanded of the gipsy chief the immediate aid of his scouts to scour the country in search of the fugitive. I needed little to convince me these were the robbers in search of their lost prisoner, and collected from the answers of the gipsy chief that he was but a reluctant instrument in their service; and from the imprecations heaped on him, that his own life depended on his obedience to their will.

"The gipsy scouts were dispatched in different directions. Scarcely had the noise subsided ere this same girl, who had interceded for my protection and shelter, came to inform me of my present danger. She brought me a disguise, in which I might escape suspicion, and a guide to conduct me on my way, bidding me, if I at all valued my life, instantly to be gone. I clasped the beauteous and trembling creature to my arms, and with a heart nigh to bursting, for this spontaneous and unlooked-for generosity, I mingled my tears with hers! I knew not how to thank or reward her. In my foolish zeal I drew forth my purse, of which the robbers had not yet despoiled me, and offered her gold. Her look of sorrow told me how woefully I had mistaken her motives. I felt renewed reluctance to withdraw from a spot to which I stood riveted, notwithstanding the dangers which beset me. Withdrawing from my embrace, she reminded me of my delay, and pointed to the grey streaks of the morning's dawn; she whispered the guide, and waving her hand disappeared.

"I was conducted down the steep descent through a narrow and broken ravine, which had been the bed of a mountain-torrent, and, after passing through some subterranean windings, came to an outlet which disclosed the open country and the high route. Here I paused, for this angel again stood in my path.

"'I would fain,' said she, 'ere you depart, have something in remembrance of you, and therefore have I intercepted your passage.' I begged her to name what she wished. She removed a small gold ring from my finger, asked my name, and said—'If ever your poor gipsy girl should be in danger, will you promise, if you have the power, to protect her?' I vowed, religiously, to stake my life for her if it was necessary—to bear her away from the wretched associates with whom she was linked—to place her beyond the rude contact of the desperate beings in whose company I had found her. She spoke of feelings paramount to her dislike of her mode of life, and allowing me again to press her to my bosom, and kiss her gentle cheek, once more bade me farewell.

"Now, Marquess," continued Alphonso, "tell me, have I not a right to proclaim

this girl innocent? She who saved my life, who refused my gold, who spurned affluence and comfort to the miserable life of a wandering beggar—can such a being be guilty of a crime? or can I in violation of my word refuse to protect her now?"

The tale made a deep and affecting impression on all the hearers, and formed a striking contrast to the situation in which the gipsy girl now stood. It caused, however, a greater effect on the Marquess de Floresca than on any other person, who in the energetic defence of the delinquent thought he read the feelings of the advocate. His patrician blood was roused to indignation at the thought of his son's love for a vagrant. He was confirmed, by this new light which broke on his mind, in his suspicions regarding his son's frequent absences, and now accounted in his own mind for the rumours he had heard of Alphonso's connection with the gipsy band. He saw the solution now of all his solitary rambles, and the reason of the degree of favour he had always laboured to obtain for these children of the mountain, and determined inwardly on a course which should ensure the extinction of such a misplaced passion.

Adelma was put into confinement, from which no efforts or stratagem of the young Count could free her. The warmer he became in his endeavours to extenuate her offence, the more resolved were her accusers to sacrifice her to their offended pride. She was brought to trial. With such a weight of influence, and such damning testimony of guilt, it was not difficult to obtain a speedy sentence against her. The Count de Mariolana deposed to the identity of the chain, which, with the unsatisfactory account of its possession, was considered overwhelming proof of her crime. The gipsy girl was condemned to die?

During the short interval between sentence and execution Alphonso threw himself at his father's feet, and implored him to use his influence to cause the harsh doom of Adelma to be remitted. Finding entreaties useless, he assumed another tone, and boldly declared his irrevocable attachment for the gipsy girl, telling his father that if she perished, his son was

also lost! His altered and resolute manner convinced the Marquis that some violent emotion agitated his son's mind. He would willingly have restored it to peace at any less price than that at which it was to be purchased. Alphonso retired to his chamber absorbed in grief. In the evening the Marquess sought his son, to try the effect of reasoning and persuasion, but he had quitted the Retiro, nor could the servants give any account of his disappearance.

It was a dark and miserable night. The rain fell in torrents. The heavens were of one dense blackness, save when at intervals the fitful gleam of the lightnings illuminated the sky. In the fury of this pelting storm a person, closely muffled in a gipsy garb, presented himself at the bridge of the ravine leading to the gipsy cave.

"*Quien vive?*" exclaimed the guard.

"*Un hijo del penon!*" was the answer.

"*Passe Adelante!*" and the bridge was lowered, over which the stranger quickly passed.

"What brings you here, Signor, at this late hour of the night?" said the sentry.

"No time for questions now! Tell me quickly, where is the gipsy chief?"

"We have no tidings. Since the troop escaped the fangs of the lowlanders we are without a master. Biorenka returned last night, but we have no intelligence of our chief."

"Rouse instantly the gipsy crew!" said the stranger, flinging back his mantle, "quick! both man, woman, and child; there is work on hand to-night which brooks no delay; ere the morrow dawn innocent blood may be shed!"

The guard passed on to the mouth of the cavern in which the gipsies slept. The red embers of a wood-fire shed a crimson light on the fretted roof and sides of the cave, a work which nature had carved in mockery of art. Numerous rude masses of stone, which had caught the fiery hues, presented fantastical images to the sight, resembling giants, dwarfs, and beasts. Some of the gipsies had spread their mats around the fire, on which they were locked in deep sleep, whilst the flapping of the bat's wing above the flame, seemed to hush them in fearful music to their rest.

The long shrill whistle of the gipsy guard called the whole tribe into motion. Yawning, and shaking their matted locks, they crowded round the stranger to ask his purpose.

"*Despierta muchachos!*" They knew the word, and eagerly waited his commands.

"Arm, arm, and follow me! Bring firebrands and every combustible ye can find; you, alone, Torrero, keep watch here. Let the rest follow to where I shall conduct them."

The troop was ready and eager for a fray. Their leader, in whom Alphonso may be easily recognised, led them down the craggy precipice, over which they scrambled with all the celerity which custom and long acquaintance with the spot enabled them to do. In a short time the gipsy gang, under the command of their sometime leader, were drawn up before the prison where Adelma was confined.

This prison was situated on an eminence at no great distance from the Retiro. It was the remains of an old Moorish castle, covered with arabesques, and constructed of those durable materials which distinguish the Moorish architecture. But an outwork of less permanent and modern materials had been thrown up around it, in order, as was imagined, to complete its security; this once demolished, the entrance to the keep, which was the ruins of the Arab fortress, became of easy access. Firebrands were immediately applied to the exterior building, which contained much wood, whilst a battering of the gates and barricades was at the same time carried on.

The women and children sought in every direction fuel to nourish the flames, which had already taken such fast hold, that the pouring rain did not in the least serve to quench them. The men ran wildly round the fire, brandishing their swords and knives, the blades of which were glittering in its light, and with shouts and screams seemed like demons protecting and defending the devouring element.

During this work of destruction Alphonso animated the gipsies with their own wild piercing cheers. He moved through every danger with a fearless and

giant stride, urging and encouraging the completion of their task. At last a loud crash told the fall of a part of the defences, the gipsies entered the breach, disarmed the guard, and depriving the goaler of his key, released Adelma from her cell.

The crackling of the burning timbers, the heat of the flames, and the noise of the onset, had nearly deprived her of her senses. She, however, recognised Alphonso, and sunk into his arms. A retreat was now sounded, and the young Count bore off the liberated captive to the mountain hold.

The light of the flames of the prison had been observed at the Retiro, and the guards who had fled, communicated the full news of the disaster. The Marquess immediately ordered all his retainers to arm and to pursue the fugitives, without mercy, to their den.

But all that the Marquess's force could accomplish was a partial engagement. The gipsies had gained the mountain, and had greatly the advantage of their pursuers. They kept on an orderly retreat, covering their leader, whose charge impeded the rapidity of his movements; but several of the gipsies, amongst whom was Biorenka, were wounded and taken prisoners. Alphonso himself, who in his disguise was not known, although the dawn had already broken, was so hard pressed, that he only gained the bridge of the ravine by felling two of his opponents to the ground; a third, who hurried forward, had already planted himself on the bridge just as Alphonso had gained the other side, and was beckoning on his companions, when, by an unexpected movement, the end of the bridge on which he stood was lowered into the ravine, and the unfortunate man was hurled into the fathomless chasm beneath.

The Marquess de Floresca was brooding over the inexplicable departure of his son, when the defeat of his retainers was communicated to him. He could scarce credit the information, nor believe the daring that had animated the gipsy leader. His sorrow, however, now gave way to exasperation; he vowed to annihilate the whole gang of gipsy outlaws, and immediately sought the Count de Mariolana, who was Captain General of the province, to concert measures for this object. It

was agreed that means commensurate with the undertaking should be employed, and to this end an order was dispatched to the nearest town for a reinforcement of soldiery.

During the interval the vigilance of the Marquess's scouts had detected the gipsy chief; he was discovered nearly famished with hunger, from the concealment he had been obliged to undergo, in order to effect his escape, and was brought in bound, and a prisoner. He reluctantly confessed the guilt of having robbed the Count de Mariolana of his chain during his sleep in the pavilion, but protested he had given it to his wife Biorenka, in whose possession he said it yet was, and that she, on learning what he had done, advised him to fly. He had resolved on going to a distant part of the country to take up an abode where he was not known, and where he intended his wife and daughter should have joined him.

The story of the gipsy chief's having stolen the chain would have exculpated Adelma, but the impossibility of its being still in Biorenka's possession, whilst it had been found on the daughter, and was now restored to its owner, threw such a colour of improbability over the whole affair, that the gipsy was treated as an impostor, and handed over to the *corregidor*.

The troops for which the Captain General had dispatched orders, had now arrived, and left no farther cause of delay in storming the gipsy hold. Preparations were made for the attack on the following morning. The Count de Mariolana, who was an experienced officer, undertook to conduct it himself, and was occupied at midnight in his apartment meditating the plan of his operations, when the wounded Biorenka was announced, as wishing to speak with him on most urgent business.

A wretched-looking female writhing with pain was ushered in. She looked wildly round, and said—"Count, are we alone?"

The servants were ordered to retire. "What mystery," said the Count, "have ye to unfold at this lone hour of the night?"

"Count, my business is pressing. That paper before you, the glittering of piled



arms, and the bivouack fire I just now passed, tells me Death has mounted the pale steed, whose hoofs ere long shall plough the mountain soil. Would ye destroy the lovely and the innocent? Have ye no child to judge of a mother's pangs for the destruction of her's?"

"What babbling hag art thou, that at the dead-of night, with words of mysterious meaning on thy lips, thinkest to turn aside the sword of justice by thy doleful ravings?"

"Count, despise me not, though I am of the wretched Gitano race! Oh, think for once that truth and sincerity may dwell where tattered weeds appear! The gipsy girl is innocent! I implore ye abandon the attack on the mountain-hold, or never shall ye sleep in comfort more."

"Justice," said the Count, "shall speedily be done on their outlawed heads!"

"Justice! didst thou say? Since when has she had such claims for Mariolana that he invokes her name? Since when has conscience stifled remorse, that that word does not choke your utterance?"

The Count was agitated; long-drowned reflection seemed at this moment to rush across his mind.—"Gipsy," said he, "if you value your safety begone! If by your damned art you should possess a secret—But, no! it cannot be, I'll not believe it. I say, recollect my power; your safety's in your absence!"

"Never! Count, till ye have yielded to my prayers, and restored to me my husband and my child." Saying which, she threw herself at his feet, and clung to his knees. The Count could scarcely disengage himself from her grasp, and was about to call his attendants.

"Hold! Count," cried Biorenka, "if prayers and tears are useless, refuse this evidence if ye can!" So saying, she drew the lost chain from her bosom.

"Sorceress, avaunt! I know not by what spell thou hast conjured up that chain, so like the one I wear, but never shall thy evil juggle stir me from my fixed purpose. I owe thy wretched race a long arrear of deep revenge, and I will discharge it now! Some robber vagrant like thyself once dashed the cup of happiness from my lips, and left me a draught of bitter disappointment in its stead!"

"I see thy motive now," replied Biorenka; "revenge is rankling at thy heart, and to gratify thy hatred thou wouldst overlook that which may exculpate an innocent individual; but never shall that be! If my waning strength permit, with trumpet tongue I will unburthen my soul to the winds—a tale of terror shall be borne on every blast! My child *shall* be saved! Know ye these features?" cried Biorenka, throwing back the thick hair which had hitherto veiled her face.

"Were it not for that sunken eye, the time-ploughed furrows of thy cheek, that haggard, shrivelled form, I could liken thee to one I would fain forget."

"Behold in me the wronged Amalia! Now, Count, you shall hear and judge my story. Twenty years have elapsed since you first beheld me! I was then in the bloom and pride of youth and beauty. My confiding disposition, and the seeming sincerity of your addresses, gained you possession of a heart too full of love and sensibility, alas! to resist attractions like your own. The control you possessed over me, made a doating woman the blind victim of the love that usurped her soul. But soon were you satiated with the happiness for which you thirsted, and when victorious grew cool, and wooed one who set a higher price upon her charms. Your ingratitude stung my soul to madness; with the coming claims of a mother and child to your affection, you laughed at my complaints; but oh! worse than all, you sought an unsuspecting moment to administer a poisonous potion to cancel the bond!"

"Your design but too well succeeded; you also succeeded in turning the guilt on me—on me who would have dared all sooner than such a crime! An outcast and a murderer, I was spurned and shunned by all. Friends, fortune, happiness, all vanished from my sight! With broken heart and faltering step I hastened to bury my shame and woes in the deep lake that bounds the wood on my father's domain, whilst the wretch who triumphed in my ruin possessed fortune and an unsullied name!"

"But Providence was watching over me, and reserved me for other trials. Some gipsies in the neighbouring forest heard the plashing of the water as I pre-

precipitated myself into it, and came to my rescue. The same gipsy chief who is now your prisoner drew me to the shore, and with accents of pity lamented that so much beauty should seek so rash an end. Restored to life, I reluctantly consented to accept of their cares, and was at last persuaded to marry my preserver and join the gipsy band.

"The rambling life I led diverted my mind from my misfortunes, and in time restored my health. I became accustomed to wend the mountain path, and to repose beneath the open sky; but the villainy of my seducer was not forgotten—it sank deep into my heart.

"Now, Count, my story is drawing to a close; and the gipsy cares not, if she must resign all she loves, how soon her life closes too! The world for her is now one wide-spread desolation! The gipsy would sink to her rest on the heather, far from the pity or ridicule of man!"

Biorenka's voice grew faint—her trembling knees scarcely supported her frame—the hues of death were passing in quick succession over her face—the emotions of her soul were overpowering her fast—her wound was mortal!

After a pause, she continued—"A few years subsequent to my initiation into my new mode of life, chance brought our band to a Quinta, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the province of Andalusia. It fell to my lot to go forward and offer to tell the fortunes of its inmates, when I learnt (oh, God! the recollection alone overpowers me now!) that the Quinta was the residence of the Count de Mariolana, and that the lady to whom he had been married was living there at that moment.

"I entered the plantations. Revenge fired my bosom. I dashed on I knew not why or wherefore. In my path I met a lovely child; her features, her voice, all told me she was the offspring of the Count. Now! now, cried I, is the hour of retribution come! This shall be the substitute for my murdered infant! The father shall now feel the pangs that once tore my heart asunder!

"With savage joy I counted up the miseries you would endure, I revelled in the anguish that would afflict your breast, and rejoiced in the thought that you should drink deep of the cup of misery with myself! I snatched the child with

Amazonian strength, and with the speed of the bounding antelope bore it, heedless of its cries, to the gipsy tent. Its beauty, its gracefulness, the jewels with which it was decked, rendered it a greedy prize. We hastily decamped, leaving no trace of our footsteps behind.

"I had reserved the child for a signal retribution of my own wrongs, but I mistook my feelings; the germ of a mother's love was in my bosom; I hung over it with the tenderness of Cain's wife over her infant child when she quitted Eden, and heeded not the father's guilt. Its guileless caresses subdued my soul, and as I kissed its ruby lips, I blessed the chance that gave the infant to my arms.

"The girl grew in strength and beauty. We came to reside in the Sierra hard by; here the young Count Alphonso, who already owed his life to my daughter, sought by his kindness to repay the deep debt of gratitude he owed her—a pure and irreproachable passion arose in their bosoms!

"Count, you will have guessed ere now who is the gipsy girl. You may recollect when you missed your child she wore your household chain: this alone of all her jewels did I preserve. I gave it her with injunctions of secrecy that she should never disclose whence it came, save misfortune or distress should overtake her after my death. In such a case I bade her seek out that mansion in Madrid, where the same chain should form part of the armorial bearings of the house—to shew it there—to tell her story, and then all her wants should be relieved!

"But, oh! do not tear her from me yet! she still thinks herself my daughter. Ere the film which gathers in my eye shall close it quite, let me gaze upon her once more, and receive her forgiveness and farewell. Let the dying gipsy's last sigh be breathed in the arms of her child, and her last prayer to heaven shall be to dispense that forgiveness to you, which she now does. . . ."

The shaft of death had smitten the wronged gipsy's bosom: ere a horseman's utmost speed could convey her last request, Adelma, afterwards the young Countess de Floresca, arrived too late. The gipsy's soul had fled to that abode where sorrow and complaining cease.

S. B.

## THE UNWEDDED.

"And so I pledged another troth;  
My former vows seemed light as air;  
Why was it so?—for I have given  
My life to pitiless despair."

A GAY day it was in Falaise: all the French nobles were flocking to witness the signing of the treaty between Henry II. of England, and William the Lion of Scotland; and, moreover, the beauty of kingdoms had wended its way thither. The sun shed its most brilliant beams on the court-jewels and plumes, and the eyes that vied with them in brilliancy were rife with smiles.

William looked around him with a pleased eye, but his gaze became fixed when it encountered the form of Ermengarde La Belle, or, in other words, the far-sought Ermengarde de Beaumont. There were many, very many brighter eyes, but none so soft and sweet as her's—there were more blooming cheeks, but her's wore the pure hue of that child of spring, the snowdrop—yet they became at once the richest damask when she perceived the earnest gaze of King William. Other eyes noted it too—the jealous ones of rival beauty—the Prince Cœur de Lion's, and, above all, the bright sunny orbs of a young page, in attendance on William, were fixed on her with eager scrutiny.

After the business which had drawn them thither was completed, the hours were beguiled with various sports—seats of strength and skill—combats for honour, love, or beauty, while the laugh and gibe were circled freely. William and the Prince Richard of England, in heart and temper one, joined in the sports with unshackled spirits: for William, though yet a prisoner, was detained only till he should render homage at York to fulfil the treaty, which would take place ere many days should elapse.

"Didst note the beauteous Ermengarde, Richard?" said William, as they at length sought together the solitude of the apartment in which the latter was attended by King Henry's soldiers.

"We will speak of her anon, Will," said Richard, motioning the guards to

leave them alone; then, as they left, he resumed, "I must first tell thee, ay, and swear it, Will, by all the saints in the calendar, that if ever I sit on England's throne, I will repay thee all thou hast lost in my cause."

"Nay, nay, Richard. We have had enough of treaties, and castles, and kingdoms, for this day. I will rely on thy generous heart: but, now, what thinkest thou of the beautiful Ermengarde?"

"Why, truly, she is the Norman lily; but I prefer the roses of our own kingdoms. By my knighthood, Will, but I think thou art verily smitten. Thy hand hath set sign and seal to one treaty of homage, and thy heart hath given witness to another. It hath been whispered in my ear, William, that there is a sweet wild flower blooming in thy court; and 'twas thought thou mightest plant it in thy bosom. And, moreover, since thou camest hither, I have heard that thou hast transplanted it, to bear it whithersoever thou goest."

At this moment William's page entered. Richard gazed curiously on him: he seemed to measure with his eye the tiny foot, and to scan narrowly each graceful turn in the boy's rounded figure; but be his thoughts what they might, he gave them not utterance; but rose, and wishing William a good rest, took his leave.

For a minute not a word passed. The boy stood a few yards from William with a fixed and sorrowing look. At length the monarch held forth his hand, and said, softly, "Isola!"

In an instant the head was raised—the eyes flashed, and the mouth curved in a bright smile. "Isola," he continued, "what wouldst thou?"

"What would I, William! Bid me not so coolly tell thee what I would, because I seek thee. What should I want, William, but to read love in thine eye? Oh! I would rather hear thee in words

of hot anger chide me for interrupting thee and the Prince Richard: but sit not there with that pitying smile on thy lip. My brain, my brain, William. I have been sitting in my solitude, and imagining thee with yon beauty on thy throne."

"Isola," he uttered, almost unconsciously, "thou knowest I loved thee."

"Loved! Why should it not be love? Tell me, William, am I so changed since I became—alas! alas! not a wife; and what other word can my lips utter—not that which crawls in my brain, and chokes in my throat. William! would I might say I *loved* thee; but see—" and she stepped nervously to his side, then drooping her head on his shoulder, she took his hand gently, and placed it beneath her bosom. He started, for he thought her heart was bursting from her side; but tears came to her relief, and she became calm, for she felt that his were mingled with them, and that his arms were round her as they were wont to be.

In a few moments she raised her head. Every trace of tear and sorrow had disappeared, as had also William's thoughts of the young and noble Ermengarde; or if he gave her a momentary consideration, it was by wondering how he could ever think of any, save the bright and child-like being at his side, who had knelt, and was now twining one of her long bright ringlets around his finger, while she hummed playfully one of her old border ballads. Suddenly she paused, and gazed earnestly as though embodying on her mind's eye some shadow of her imagination, and she murmured—"She is very, very beautiful; if I might bear to look on Scotland's Queen, it would surely be her;"—but she shuddered convulsively as she concluded.

"Isola, rise!" exclaimed William, as he took the beautiful hand which had now forgotten its task. "Come, love, there is none in my heart, save thee."

"Ermengarde de Beaumont!" she rather shrieked than uttered; "doth not the name thrill thy bosom? Doth it not bring to thy mind all that is beautiful—doth not thy fancy place her on a throne?"

"No, no, my own Isola!" again spoke William, as he regarded with surprise her wild look; "put thy arms softly

around my neck, love, and tell me in the tones of old thou canst forgive me." He needed not to speak again—her arms were folded around him—her eyes were living in the rays of his—her lips were pressed on those she loved too well—"Our child, too, William," she said, smiling—"tell me thou lovest him. Thou hast oftentimes told me his eyes were very like to mine"—and she blushed.

"Ay, Isola, I love him and thee: not a jot too well for thy sake, but all too well for Scotland's," he murmured. But at that moment he knew not his own heart.

"When, thinkest thou, William, this King Henry will let thee depart? I am weary of this mumming habit; it suits me not. I doubt my own seeming—and I oftentimes fancy thou wilt forget the Isola of Holyrood in the masculine figure before thee. And our child—'tis true I see him in dreams by night and day—but I cannot see by his smile that he inheriteth his father's love. I cannot trace the lines of thy brow as his grows in beauty;" but had she spoken all the truth, she might have added—"I like not our neighbourhood with Ermengarde de Beaumont."

"Why wouldst thou come with me?" said William; "it is more than conjectured that thou art not as thy seeming. The Cœur de Lion hath openly avowed his belief that thou art—"

"Ah! say it not, William. That word haunts me by day and night. If I kneel to pray, that only will rise to my lips. If I would kiss my child, it rests between his eyes and mine—there is but one time it comes not—I think not of it—with thee, with thee, William. If thy smile is bent on me, heaven is in my heart and on my soul. When with thee, I am not the guilty wretch of other times—I am then only thine, proudly thine. But shield me from the eye of Richard—I should sink 'neath his keen gaze;" and she sank on his bosom.

With the next morning's dawn, Isola was tending as a page the King William's bridle, as the royal cavalcade was wending its way to the sea-side, whence they were to embark on their way to York.

Richard was constantly by William's

side, beguiling his way with his ever ready wit and laugh; and even Isola could smile, for she saw that though her sex was no secret to him, he was not one to scorn her condition, or make it matter for the gibes of a rude court. Thus they reached York, where William did homage to Henry for all Scotland, which history tells us will ever remain a foul blot on his noble fame, though the pledge was redeemed, on the accession of Richard to his father's throne, whose generous heart would not hold his friend bound in any bond of subjection, especially recollecting that William's imprisonment was incurred by aiding him in his rebellious conduct. But homage he did; and the blood mounted to the temples of Isola as she heard her heart's idol acknowledge himself the vassal of one, whom, in her woman's pride, she called not his equal.

So soon as the ceremony was completed, William was declared free, and received the congratulations of his friends; amongst whom was Prince Richard. After clasping the hand of William, he approached the page—"Thou art a seemly youth," he said, kindly; and, taking the trembling hand, "wilt thou wear this as a token Richard thought thee so?" and he slipped a beautiful ring on the taper finger.

Isola looked on the face of William for approval, and then, bending her knee, kissed the bestowing hand. "Rise, rise, young Sir," added Richard, "we have noted thy attention to thy master, and could almost find it in our nature to deprive him of such a page, but that he seems to value thee much."

Again Isola looked in the face she had been so accustomed to read—and where she had been wont to see the kindling fire of jealousy when the nobles of the court made gallant speeches. She looked, and her heart misgave her, for she saw it not there now—she would have given worlds had he frowned on her—had he spoken harshly to her; but her soul shrunk within itself as she noted the indifference of the bow with which he acknowledged Richard's compliment.

Words may not describe the joy with which this wild, guilty, and yet innocent child of affection greeted the walls of Holyrood. Her heart bounded, for it

seemed to her as though the world had been lost and gained—and that its better security depended on her reaching this home of many happy months; and so, indeed her world had been lost and regained—for a woman's world, ay, and I fear me oftimes Heaven lies in the little she may call her own—'tis but very little she may—the heart of him she hath chosen whereon to rest her hopes, and centre her deep mine of affections.

Weeks rolled quickly by with Isola, now that she was once again, as she imagined, unrivalled in the affections of King William, and could smile on his child and her's. A buoyant and a sunny spirit was Isola's: true, her face had sometimes clouds, as the April day, and lasting, like them, only till the sun should chase away their brief being; and her sun was the bright beam of love from the smile of him she loved, or the laughing lips of her child.

William's affairs had become now somewhat more settled. Richard of England had succeeded to the English throne, and a still closer friendship was cemented between these kindred spirits; consequently he of Scotland felt secure from any harassing quarrel in that quarter, and was thus enabled to enjoy many happy undisturbed hours. It was during such, in the apartment assigned Isola, that she had been essaying all her wit, and her infant's gambols, to draw a smile, or an approving look from William, till at length, wearied out with the useless labour, and sick in heart and soul (for though he seemed to look on them, she saw that the gaze was vacant, and the thoughts in the society of another) she sat herself down on a rich cushion, and with the large tears on her long lashes, she proceeded to hush, with a low murmuring sound, her child to sleep.

"Isola!" at length spoke William. In an instant the sleeping child was laid on her soft seat, and she was kneeling at William's side. The tears were no longer on the lash, but were trickling on the hand she was passionately caressing, and when she raised her face, there was a bright smile, and, despite the tears, a joyous eye.

"Isola!" he continued, and his calm tone chilled the warm blood that was

rushing to her heart, "I would speak with thee on a subject nearly concerning thee and me. Have done with thy childish tears: rise and listen. Thou knowest that our brave Lord of Roxburgh hath thought much of thy beauty, nay, hath even asserted its worth in tournaments almost numberless."

"Speak not of it, Sire. What should Isola care though the Lord Roxburgh should be pleased to worship her as a saint?" said Isola, still kneeling, with her lips on the almost withdrawn hand.

"Why, Isola," he returned, "thou mightest become our lady of Roxburgh—might be held up as the bright paragon of excellence; and now—"

"I am kneeling where I would rather die, than stand at the altar with another. I am, oh God! an unwedded mother—the murderess of my parents—the scorned minion of him for whom I have done all this. Hear me, William! I will go far from thee—thou shalt not even hear me—but do not ask me to become the wife of another. Will the child of my guilt be the better if his mother becomes a titled wife?—will my heart be less withered when it beats in another's bosom?—will my soul be less weighed down with guilt that the velvet robes of much cost grace my limbs? No, no, William; tell me thou wilt give me a drug shall make me and my child sleep a long untroubled sleep, and I will bless the hand that gives it—but never, never believe woman's love so lightly given."

For minutes William sat motionless. He had not expected such a torrent of passion to lie in that meek and loving bosom—he had tried others and found it different; but that was where the love borne him was in honour conferred, in the presents given, or in the power derived; but Isola's was a virtuous mind, though an erring heart. She had loved but once, and her love was drawn from her soul's depths, and never might rest there again. She now rose with a proud and tearless eye, and a pale cheek, and was about to rejoin her child, but William passed his arm yet once again around her, and pressed his lips on her's. The scalding tears came to her relief, and her head rested on his bosom. At that moment he looked as though he wished

she had not fallen—for then might he have proudly placed her on his throne—but now it could not be; and the bright imagination which had filled his soul since he left Falaise came to fill up the picture his heart could not have finished without it.

And now a servant entered, and having delivered some despatches retired. William took one of the papers. Isola seated herself, statue-like, at a distance, but her eyes were on his countenance—her soul in deep communion with his. He perused and re-perused the vellum, his eye brightening as it scanned anew the lines. This escaped not Isola; she rose, and taking her sleeping child, once more stood beside William.

"Thou art paining thy fancy," she said, "to find out a speech meet to tell me from whom come those papers—but it needs not. William, I know they come from Normandy—the Lady Ermengarde de Beaumont hath been wooed and won—the beautiful and happy hath consented to share thy throne: and surely 'tis well that such a one should be thy wife! Yes! the word hath been uttered, and it hath not burst my heart. William, will it please thee to kiss the child of Isola's shame, and breathe a benediction on his lips."

"Isola Montclairn," replied the monarch, "sit thee down, and listen to one whose love thou knowest thou hast, and the fair child of that love. Thou hast wisdom, and must have expected the time when I must seek from some one of the sister kingdoms a queen, to increase our power and please our subjects."

"Stay, stay," she exclaimed, frantically, "thou art reasoning. I have not the power to listen to the cold wire-drawn arguments of policy. I have no reason—my soul is dead within me—my brain is on fire—and my heart is in the grave. Will it please thee bless our child?" and she knelt, holding up the child, which William kissed fondly, and blessed; then pressing his lips on the burning brow of the sweet suppliant, he held forth his hand for her salute, but she touched it not, and murmured—"William, wouldst thou have me now rest my lips on that hand—will it not soon be leading another to the altar?"

"Tush! tush! thou art a fond and silly child," he returned; "I will send one anon shall comfort thee;" and he was about to leave her—but she flew towards him, seized the but now rejected hand, and pressed it madly to her lips and heart. She felt but that a long farewell was printed on her lips, and she fell fainting on the couch.

William despatched to her the Lord of Roxburgh, of whom he had made mention. In a few minutes she began to revive, and raised her eyes to the face bent tenderly over her, to discover if indeed her head rested where her hopes were centered—but she closed them again, and relapsed into the swoon when they met the pitying gaze of him whom William had sent to tend her recovery.

"I see! I see!" said the brave knight, "I see, William, the woful wreck thou hast made. Oh! Isola, why didst thou reject my suit when I sought thee in thy father's ancient hall? Thou wert then a pure, bright, and beauteous flower, and William would perchance never have looked on thee but for me. I have done all this, and it shall be my effort now to win thee from thy degraded state. Alas! how thou wouldst laugh when I painted such a scene as this to thy young imagination; and thou wouldst tell me I knew how to plead for myself; but that I should think thee much more graceful with a throne for thy seat, and a crown on thy brow, and that amongst the court beauties I should soon find one to love better than thee. Isola! Isola! the throne I could have wished for thee would have been of a husband's love, and thy crown purity; and my heart tells me none of the court hath power to call forth its affections like thee, all fallen as thou art. Can Ermengarde love him better than thou? No; but her wondrous beauty hath enslaved him. Isola," and his breath fanned her colourless cheek, "look thee up, love, the world's scorn shall not touch thee—say thou wilt become my bride."

"Thy bride!" she said faintly—"whose? I am any thing, every thing. I was Isola Montcairn—the loving—the loved—the duteous, but that thing of vanity called beautiful; now I am, alas! alas! still Isola Montcairn—but how changed—the undutiful—the mother of a

nameless boy—the unloved—the loving still. Roxburgh, dost thou now ask me to be thine? Look on me; are not my eyes dimmed by anxiously watching his looks—my lips, are they not seared with kisses of guilt—my hair, which it was once thy pride to fashion to thy liking by turning it in ringlets around thy fingers, doth not its touch now pollute thee? And see yonder, thou knowest whose is that child?"

"Ay, Isola; it is thine. I loved thee—how well, thou knowest, in thy father's hall—I loved thee when I first knew thou hadst been false to me—I love thee now—I will with pride yet make thee mine. I will lavish a father's care on yonder playful cherub."

But Roxburgh pressed her not farther now, for she besought him to leave her. For minutes after his departure, a stranger to past events would have fancied her a beautiful statue. Her eyes were fixed on the setting sun, which threw its bright rays on the rosy cheek of her child, and her hands braced her dishevelled hair tight across her brow: but at length the tears started, and gushed in streams of passion down her cheeks, and she flung herself madly on her knees, with her head bowed almost to the earth. This relieved her burthened spirit: for though tears were ever and anon upon her cheek, they were only the bright drops of momentary depression, which a look of love would kindle into a smile; but these were the overflowings of a bowed spirit seeking communion with things not of earth. "I will call on thy name," she said, softly; "is it possible that years have passed, in which I have thought lightly of the spirits hovering around me in my career of guilt? Father! mother! speak to me. Father! I am thy fondling Isola—a child, a very child; put thy hand on my head, as thou wert wont to do, and tell me I am like my mother.—Mother, let me hide my face in thy bosom; I am thy child: what child, thou asked—oh, I heard thee. Mother, I will whisper thee the words—I am the child of wickedness and shame. But look on me now. I dare not pray, mother, thy voice will be heard for me at the throne of mercy. Thou wert used to tell me thy ambition looked not beyond seeing me

the wife of Roxburgh. Pray, oh pray that I may be worthy to become his wife."

Thus she laid bare her heart to her God, praying to become the child of truth; but yet passion would have its sway sometimes, and then she would ask of Him, who alone can give it power and strength, to overcome her sinful love. Roxburgh sought her again, and with joy did he hear the calm words from her lips when she consented to become his. But had he known thoroughly that heart in its depths, he would have left her to sink calmly, and with the love of God in her heart, to the grave, without seeking to draw that heart into fellowship with the world. But he did not know it, neither did Isola. She fancied that when she should be called upon to acknowledge her queen, that she could now do so without cherishing a feeling unworthy of Roxburgh's wife, or William's liege subject.—But woman may not be allowed to judge on such occasions. She had communed with the spirits of those with whom her childhood, and first year of womanhood, had passed so beautifully, and she felt calm and purified by the communing—she had also prayed with her God—and she fancied she had released her spirit from its guilty thralldom, because she was more inclined to place that spirit under his guidance; but no, she was too strong in her own strength. Perhaps had the event been deferred she might have attained that serenity which she now only fancied she possessed.

The Lady Ermengarde was arrived—every face wore a joyous smile—Holyrood was begirt with hearts and tongues ready to welcome their new queen. The chapel was gaily decorated, and the court displayed an unusual blaze of beauty, for many were the arts used to outshine the famed Norman beauty. On that morning Isola knelt in vain—not a prayer rose to her lips—many supplications were in her heart: but, alas! they took not the form of prayer. There was but one form before her—but one name would tremble on her lips.

William led Ermengarde proudly through the admiring galaxy of wealth and beauty. The ceremony commenced—and he was about to pass the ring on her finger, when a wild voice rang through the chapel—"Ermengarde, wear it not! I once thought it would be a glorious thing to see around my finger—but it eats into my very heart—presses tight round my brain. But I remember me, thou wilt be a queen, and I—," the voice ceased, for the mad speaker was hurried out. There were many there who knew whence the voice came; and many more, amongst whom may be classed the queen, who conjectured it to proceed from the lips of some misused wife. King William knew whence it came, and felt whither it went; but, above all, Lord Roxburgh was wounded in his soul's depths, for he bore from that chapel his maddened Isola, and soon after he followed her to the grave.

E. A. I.

## ANECDOTE OF NICOLÒ PAGANINI.

In the year 1817, when Paganini was at Verona, Valdabrinì, a very skilful violinist, and leader of the orchestra at the great theatre of that town, jealous of the applause which Paganini obtained upon every night of his performance, reviled him as a charlatan, and said, that however he might excel in some pieces of his own particular *repertorium*, yet there was a certain concerto of his (Valdabrinì's) composition which he would be incapable of executing. Paganini upon hearing this, informs Valdabrinì immediately of his re-

solution to perform his composition. This trial of skill, which was a powerful attraction held out to the public, he wished to reserve for his last concert. The day of rehearsal is appointed, Paganini fails not to attend, not so much to prepare himself, as to comply with the established custom: the music which he executes upon the occasion is not that which he proposes to perform; but according to his custom, he improvisates on the orchestral movements, and intersperses, by way of filling up, a multitude of delicious passages which his



imagination produces with an almost incredible impulse.

The rehearsal resembles more a pre-fatory concert, which leaves on the minds of all present an unexpected foretaste of the wonders of the representation to come. With Paganini one must almost always expect a surprise of this sort; the musicians called to accompany him are so disconcerted, that their instruments escape from them in their astonishment; they sit amazed, forgetting, in their admiration, the task prescribed to them.

Valdabrin's disappointment on hearing any thing but his own music, may easily be conceived; and when Paganini had ceased playing, he approached him and said, "*Mon ami*, that is not my concerto that you have been executing, I absolutely found no one thing of what I wrote."—"Do not be uneasy, *mon cher*," replied Paganini, "at the concert you will recognise your work perfectly; I only require of you then a little indulgence." The next day the concert took place. Paga-

nini began by playing several pieces of his own choice, reserving that of Valdabrin to terminate the evening with. Every body was in the expectation of something extraordinary; some thought he intended changing the orchestral means and effects; others supposed he would give the theme of Valdabrin's music, in making to it, in his own way, the most brilliant additions; none were in the secret. Paganini appears at length, holding in his hand a bamboo cane; every body inquires what he can intend to do with it. Suddenly, he seizes his violin, and using his cane like a bow, he plays the concerto from one end to the other, which the author thought impossible to execute without long and unremitting study. Not only did he give the most difficult passages, but he introduced among them the most charming variations, without ceasing for one moment to exhibit that grace, that intensity of feeling and vigour, which characterise his talent.

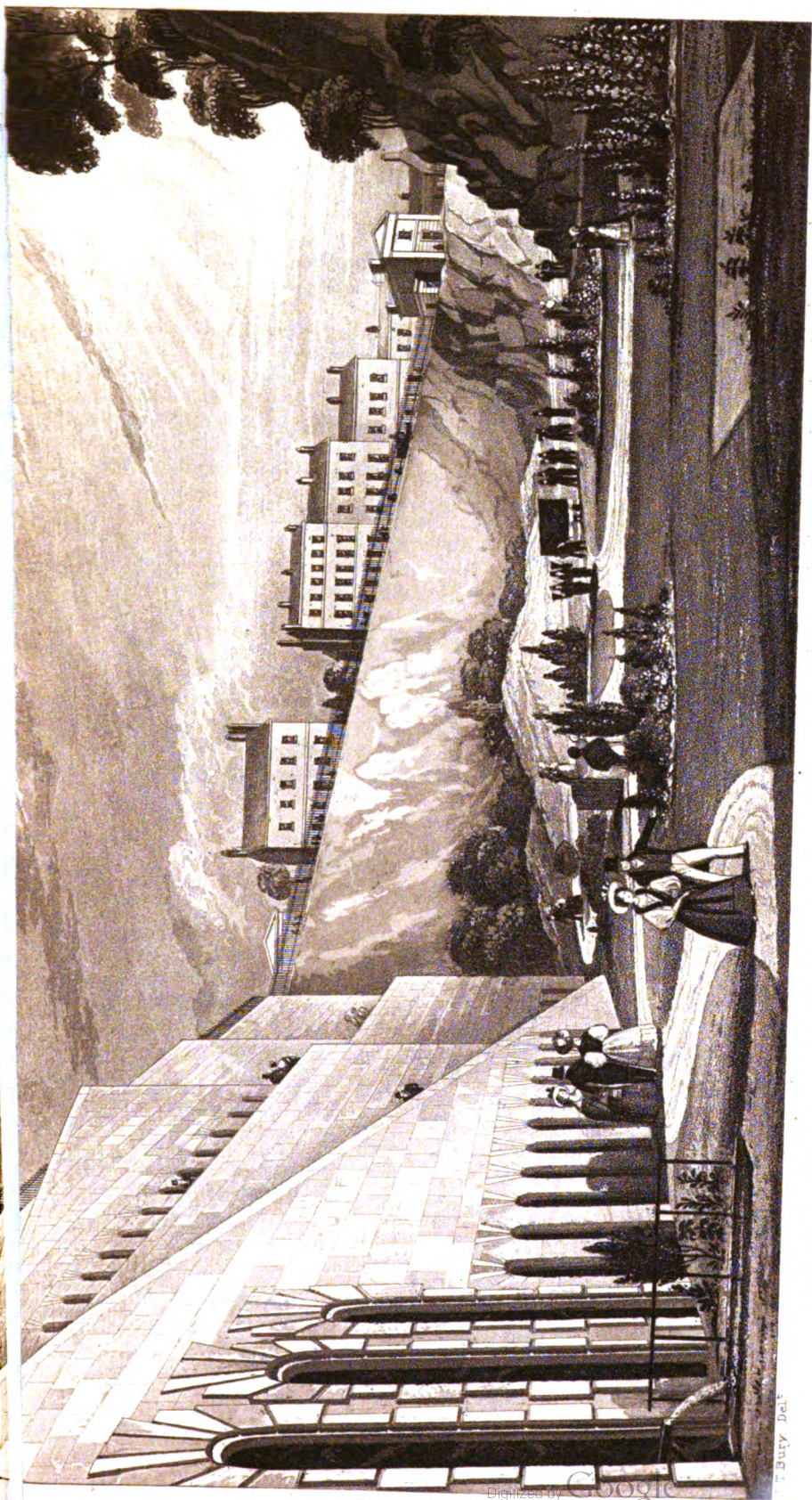
## THE CEMETERY AT LIVERPOOL.

VOLUMES might be written in exposure of the disadvantages attendant on crowded church-yards, and other burial places, in the midst of populous cities; and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that, in this age of refinement, of just thinking, and of general improvement, the practice of rendering the remains of the dead offensive and harmful to the living, may find its termination. In this respect, a most laudable example has been set by the wealthy town of Liverpool; an example which has been followed, we believe, by Manchester, Cheltenham, and some other places.

The Low Hill General Cemetery, at Liverpool, the annexed view of which was taken expressly for LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, occupies the site of a stone-quarry. It is the property of a public company; and the whole was laid out, and the requisite buildings were erected, under an estimate originally given at £8,000. The shares have long been at a considerable premium. It is presumed that the idea of this establishment was first suggested by the grand cemetery of

*Père la Chaise*, at Paris, of which it may, in some respects, be regarded as a miniature imitation;—miniature, we observe, because, while *Père la Chaise* covers an extent of from sixty to eighty acres, the Liverpool Cemetery is confined to about five acres. Its form is that of a parallelogram, or oblong square; and, excepting where the side of the quarry, surmounted by an iron railing, as in the view, forms a sufficient protection, it is secured by a substantial brick wall, thirteen feet high. At night, a watchman is in constant attendance.

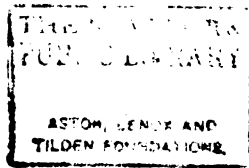
A border, ten feet in width, immediately adjoining the interior side of the wall, and surrounding the whole ground, has been set apart for a colonnade, roofed with slate, and railed in by ornamental iron-work, set upon a stone plinth. This border is appropriated for tombs; and tablets, or works of sculpture, with monumental inscriptions, &c., may be erected against the wall. At the left of the engraved view, is seen a stone-faced building set apart for family vaults.



THE CEMENTWORKS AT LIVERPOOL, SHOWING THE MILLWORKS OF THE LIVERPOOL CEMENT CO. &c.

Engraved by W. Harrison & Co. Ltd. for the Liverpool & Manchester Exhibition, 1853.

T. Bury Del.



The centre of the ground is left for vaults and graves, laid out in regular order, and numbered according to a plan that is kept at the Registrar's Office. Such parts of the ground as are not immediately wanted have been planted with ornamental shrubs, under the direction of Mr. Shepherd, Curator of the Botanic Garden.

The first remains interred in this cemetery were those of the Right Honourable William Huskisson, whose death was occasioned by the lamentable accident on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, on the 15th of September, 1830. The situation of Mr. Huskisson's grave, occupying the centre of the ground, and covered only by a flat stone, is indicated in the foreground, to the right of the view. The funeral, which was attended by upwards of 1,600 gentlemen in mourning, took place on the 24th of September; and the number of spectators, between the Liverpool Exchange and the Cemetery, was estimated at more than 60,000.

The house of the Registrar, seen in the right of the view, is in the Grecian style, from a design by Mr. John Foster, Jun., of Liverpool. There is also a temple, or

chapel, not appearing in the view, in the same style of architecture, and also from a design by Mr. Foster. The fronts of these buildings are of cut stone. "The chapel," it has been stated, "will be at the service of such persons who may wish to use it; and any religious funeral ceremony may be performed in it by the minister, or other person chosen by the parties who may require its use, provided such ceremony is not an outrage upon the decencies of life, or offensive to civilized society; but, if the friends of the person to be interred prefer the ceremony being performed by the registrar of the cemetery, it is his duty to perform it, according to a prescribed form, which may be seen on application to him, and without any charge of fee for such performance; or, if preferred, the interment may be made without any form or religious rite."—Much of this appears to be decidedly objectionable, if only for its militating against existing forms and customs. All interments are registered in the books of the institution; every arrangement of which is under the superintending control of a Committee.

## Original Poetry.

### VENUS, CUPID, AND NATURE.

VENUS, one day, in a frolicsome mood,  
Left her boy on the edge of a rugged stone;  
The goddess, I guess, was after no good,  
When she left that *mischievous imp* alone.

"I'm naked and cold," cried Beauty's child,  
But no one would listen to *idle Love*;  
And he look'd so plump, so rosy, so wild,  
That the gods, in sport, were laughing above.

Kind Nature, who pitied the urchin's case—  
No doubt she'd excellent reasons for this—  
Took the pouting boy to her warm embrace,  
And dried his tears with her balmy kiss.

Venus return'd, and Cupid she found  
*Happy with Nature*, as Love can be;  
"Go, mother," he said, "and roam the  
world round,  
"But, trust me, you ne'er will attract  
without me."

May, 1831.

KATE.

### TO —.

THE mists of the morning have melted away,  
And the sunbeams are dancing in golden array;

They have kiss'd off the tear-drops from  
mountain and plain,  
And the earth, the green earth, is rejoicing again.

I sighed in the morning, for, like a dark spell,  
The gloom on my spirit with heaviness fell;  
And, Helen, I thought of the trials that  
fling

The shadows of night o'er the days of thy  
spring.

Then the sunbeams burst forth in their  
radiant glee,  
An emblem of joys that are coming for thee,  
Thy pathway to brighten with Heaven's  
mild ray,  
When the mists of the morning have melted  
away.



I knew thee in childhood, and lov'd thee in youth,  
 In our halcyon days—ere the stern hand of truth  
 Had unveil'd the dark future of sorrows and tears,  
 That follows our visions of happier years.  
 'Twill not always be thus a voice whispers to me ;  
 Long, long years of pleasure are waiting for thee ;  
 And the clouds that o'ershade thee—I fervently pray,  
 Like the mists of the morning may vanish away. L. M. W.

—  
 SPRING—1831.

*By Miss Anna Maria Porter.*

WINTER's young conqueror comes ! the bannered earth  
 Awaits his car's approach, arrayed in green,  
 That mocks the emerald's smile : her tapestry rich,  
 With every hue enamelled, is hung out  
 From bush, and bank, and bower, and sloping mead,  
 Scenting the sparkling air. Yon high-plumed woods  
 Bow to the hov'ring god, while joyous sound  
 Of birds, and ice-freed waters, and man's voice,  
 The great deliverer hail !  
*Esher.*

—  
 STANZAS.

*By Emma Roberts.*

COME to the greenwood, come with me,  
 We'll live beneath the forest tree ;  
 And many a bud and many a flower  
 Shall spring around our leafy bower.  
 The woodlark shall our matins ring,  
 The nightingale our vespers sing,  
 The sparkling glow-worm lend its light,  
 To gem the dusky brow of night.  
 My bugle horn, through bower and brake,  
 The sleeping echoes shall awake ;  
 The minstrel sounds, borne through the air,  
 Shall rouse the red deer from his lair.  
 And I, the festal board to grace,  
 Will bring the trophies of the chase ;  
 And search the wood for wholesome roots,  
 And berries fair, and dainty fruits.  
 I'll deck thee in a snowy vest,  
 Plucked from the cygnet's downy breast ;  
 And thy bright silken locks will twine  
 With garlands from the clustering vine.

Oh, it is better far to find  
 A home remote from all mankind,  
 With fervent love, like ours, to bless  
 The deep and lonely wilderness,

Than live in glittering crowds apart,  
 And feel that sickness of the heart,  
 Where eyes are schooled, and lips are taught  
 To hide the bosom's secret thought.

Oh ! come, and no dark frown shall scare  
 The fond sweet hope that waits us, where  
 No busy step shall e'er intrude,  
 To mar our blissful solitude.

My timid love ! calm, calm thy fears,  
 I'll kiss away thy flowing tears ;  
 Lean on my breast, and sorrow's stain  
 Shall never dim thy cheek again.

Oh, sweetest ! be for ever mine,  
 On thee love's purest ray shall shine ;  
 The circling seasons' change alone  
 Shall to thy trusting heart be known.

Its bright array of buds, the spring,  
 To deck thy sunny path, shall bring ;  
 And summer spread her flowery train,  
 And autumn shower her golden grain.

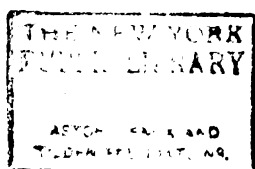
And when, to close the varied year,  
 Stern winter shall at length appear,  
 The pine-wood logs, with ruddy glow,  
 Shall gild the dreary waste of snow.

And thou, amid the shifting scene,  
 Beloved, shalt mark, with smile serene,  
 The heart from all its changes free,  
 That clings and still must cling to thee.

—  
 FIRST LOVE.

I LOVED thee, yet thou didst not know  
 The tears my eyelids poured ;  
 I loved thee, yet thou didst not know  
 How my young heart adored :  
 That deep-felt love to me was pain —  
 I dared not tell it thee ;  
 I strove—alas ! the strife was vain !  
 My aching breast to free.

Thus time flew on—the waveless wind  
 Unmurmuring died away ;  
 Regret came saddened to my mind  
 I had not pressed thy stay ;  
 I saw thee with slow steps depart—  
 Alas ! thou couldst not tell  
 What anguish wrung my breaking heart,  
 When I pronounced farewell !  
 F. W. D. M.





*Morning Toilette*

*Dinner Toilette*

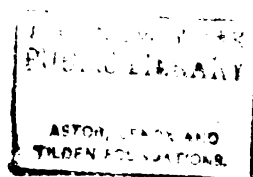




*Walking Digs.*

*Public Promenade Digs.*





## Records of the Beau Monde.

### FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1831.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

##### MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A JACONOT muslin dress, figured in two shades of rose-colour. The *corsage* sits close at the top before and behind, but has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. The sleeve sits nearly close to the arm from the elbow to the wrist, and is of the usual width at the upper part. The mantilla is of India muslin, pointed behind, with ends which reach below the knee in front; it is embroidered in a delicate pattern, and trimmed below the embroidery on the bust, with a fall of lace. The *mancherons* correspond; and the ruff, which is also of lace, is fastened at the throat by a *nœud* of rose and white gauze ribbon. Bonnet of rose-coloured *moire*, trimmed with sprigs of lilac. White lace veil.

##### DINNER DRESS.

A DRESS of *mousseline de soie*, of a fancy colour bordering upon violet; the *corsage*, à la Grecque; the sleeve, between the *demi gigot* and the Medicis shape. The skirt is embroidered round the border in *bouquets* of exotics placed perpendicularly at regular distances. *Canezou* of white *tulle*, made *en cœur*: it opens on the shoulder, and the points, which fall low upon the sleeve, are embroidered, as is also the round of the *canezou*, in a light rich pattern, and edged with very narrow blond lace. A row of dead gold buttons ornaments it on each side of the neck from the shoulder to the throat; the *colerette* is of *tulle*, and the *nœud* that attaches it of green gauze ribbon. The head-dress is a blond lace cap: the caul, which is open, is composed of a row of blond lace passing in a bias direction among the bows of hair. The front is arranged in the *béret* style, and ornamented with *aigrettes* of green corn, and a band and *nœud* of green gauze ribbon. The general effect of this head-dress is very

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light and graceful. Gold ear-rings and bracelets, with emerald clasps. The shawl, thrown upon a *fauteuil*, is of the new material, *tissu de Cachemire*; and the *capôte Anglaise* is of pale citron *moire*, trimmed with gauze ribbons, and a *bouquet* of ostrich feathers to correspond.

##### WALKING DRESS.

A PELISSE of emerald-green *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* made to sit close to the shape, with a large round pelerine, which wraps across in front. The sleeve is excessively large at the upper part of the arm; the fulness of the lower part is more moderate; it is confined in three places by bands, and terminated by a broad wristband. The pelerine and bands of the sleeves are cased with satin to correspond, and three satin *rouleaus* are arranged *en tablier* on the front of the skirt. The bonnet is of rice straw, of the cottage shape, trimmed under the brim on the right side with a band and *nœud* of gold-coloured ribbon; the crown is ornamented with gold-coloured ribbon, and a sprig of lilac placed perpendicularly. Half boots of black *gros de Naples*, tipped with black kid.

##### CHILD'S DRESS.

A WHITE cambric frock, with a high *corsage*, finished with a small plaited frill, which falls over the bust. Long sleeves of the usual form. The skirt is trimmed with three tucks round the border. The trowsers are terminated with a deep frill, which is small plaited. French apron of black *gros de Naples*. Bonnet of Italian straw, trimmed with ribbon to correspond.

##### PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A DRESS of blue and white printed muslin; *corsage uni*, and sleeves of the Medi-  
2 S

cis form. *Canezou* of jaconot muslin, with deep *mancherons*, formed of two falls, cut round the border in lozenges, and embroidered in a light rich pattern. The bust of the *canezou* is embroidered to correspond. It is trimmed at the throat with a full ruff of English *tulle*. Hat of rose-coloured crape, trimmed with rose and brown striped gauze ribbons, and fancy flowers to correspond.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

## FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE death of his Sardinian Majesty has thrown a passing cloud over the *haut ton*; but one which has in a very slight degree obscured its brilliancy, for the Court mourning, which, as our readers are aware, will expire on the 5th of June, seems confined to the Court almost exclusively. It is little worn among the nobility, and the few ladies who do adopt it, wear coloured ornaments with their black silk dresses, quite in the style of fancy black. We shall therefore proceed to state *les modes* as they are at present, and as they are expected to be during the month.

There are so many materials worn in carriage dress, that it would be difficult to say which is the most decidedly fashionable. Silks are at least in equal favour with the new light articles that we described last month. White jaconot muslins, elegantly embroidered, begin to be worn, but as yet very partially. Many of the silk dresses are made in the French *redingote* style, with a *corsage* up to the throat, sitting close to the form, and ornamented with bias folds of the same material, arranged *en cœur*. They are divided, and are very deep on the shoulder, so as to form a pointed *mancheron*. The sleeve is *à la Médicis*. These dresses are invariably made without any trimming round the boarder.

White lace mantillas begin to be much worn in carriage dress: their form is that of a pelerine, with very long square ends, which fall considerably below the knee. They are square behind, with a deep cape also square. Those of British blond lace are the most fashionable, but we see also

many of embroidered *tulle*, trimmed with the same material, so made as to bear some resemblance to fringe. Blond lace *fichus* of a round form, partially open on the bust and ending under the *ceinture*, are also seen on many *élégantes*. It should be observed that these mantillas and pelerines are worn with silk dresses only.

Morning bonnets are of watered silk, or of Leghorn. They are of the *capote* form, and are very little trimmed; some indeed have only a ribbon, which forms a band and strings: when this is the case, the bonnet is lined with satin to correspond, and generally finished with a curtain veil of blond lace.

Those worn later in the day are of rice straw, watered *gros de Naples*, and crape. Many of the first are trimmed with white ostrich feathers, arranged so as to form a half wreath in front of the crown: the last feather on the left side is considerably longer than the others, and falls in a spiral direction upon the brim, which is trimmed on the inside with gauze ribbon, edged with narrow blond lace, arranged in two rosettes; one placed near the face, the other at the edge of the brim. They are connected by a band of twisted ribbon. We see also some trimmed with *nœuds* of ribbon, and a single large flower, composed of coloured feathers.

Several *gros de Naples* bonnets are ornamented on the right side of the crown with a *gerbe* of ripe or green ears of corn, placed in the centre either of a cockade of gauze ribbon, or of a cornette of blond lace. Others have the crown trimmed with a drapery of the same material embroidered with blond lace, and disposed in large round plats. On the right side of the crown is placed a *bouquet* of Chinese pinks, or a sprig of foliage, or of *roses noisettes*.

Crape bonnets are trimmed with flowers disposed in long light sprigs, and intermingled with blond lace draperies. Some have the inside of the brim ornamented in a very light style with ends of cut ribbon; others have *coques* of ribbon edged with narrow blond lace.

Hats are confined mostly to half dress, and even for it they are not so much worn as bonnets.

Open dresses of embroidered muslin over silk are greatly in favour in half

dress. Some are made half high: the *corsage*, full before and behind, opens in the middle, in the style of a *canezou*, and an embroidery, which adorns the bust, goes round the shoulder, and forms jockeys. The embroidery continues down the fronts, and round the border. The sleeve is embroidered from the elbow to the wrist; the upper part made either with a double *bouffant*, or else of the usual size, but terminated by a row of lozenge ornaments, which fall over the elbow, and are richly embroidered.

Silk dresses, and those composed of silk and wool, are generally worn with *canezous*, which seem likely to be quite as much in favour as they were last year. Those composed of embroidered muslin, though very rich, have in general rather a heavy effect, from being too much loaded with work. We have seen some, not yet produced, that are embroidered *à colonnes* in a very light and delicate style, and others of the *fichu* form composed of white lace. The last of these, it is expected, will be very fashionable.

Half dress hats are of crape, watered *gros de Naples*, and some are composed of gauze ribbons. The latter are equally novel and pretty. Many silk hats are trimmed *en panache*, with feathers placed on the right side of the crown. A row of broad blond lace, raised in festoons on the right side, goes round the crown, and falls on the brim behind, and on the left side. The inside of the brim is trimmed with blond lace, placed in the cap style very near the face.

Crape hats are principally remarkable for being smaller than any that have yet appeared, and trimmed in a light and pretty, but rather fantastic style, with sprigs of flowers.

Those composed of gauze ribbons are of the *chapeau-capote* form, and are trimmed with feathers: whatever the colour of the hat may be, the feathers are invariably white.

Thanks to our gracious Queen's avowed intention to support the interests of our manufacturers, full dress has been this season distinguished for its magnificence; but it is expected that the style of dress to be adopted at the public breakfasts, concerts, and during the ensuing month,

will be principally remarkable for elegant simplicity. Some dresses now in preparation, are composed of printed gauze; the ground in general white, and the patterns *à colonnes*, or very thickly strewed with small *bouquets* of flowers. The *corsage en demi redingote*, trimmed with a white silk *effilé*, and the upper part of the sleeve arranged in draperies, which are also edged with an *effilé*, and each ornamented with a *naud* of ribbons.

We have seen likewise some dresses of white *mousseline de soie*, which are to be worn with *canezous* of blond gauze ribbons: the *canezou* is *à schall*, and the ends of the ribbons turning over, form *dents* round the shawl part. The effect is novel and pretty. A row of *dents* much deeper than those of the shawl part, goes round the shoulder, and falls over the sleeve of the under dress.

These gowns have no trimming round the boarder. It is supposed that, as the summer advances, trimmings will be more generally adopted than they are at present; but we are inclined to think that they will not, because we have observed, during several years past, that when they were not at all adopted in the beginning of the summer, they did not become fashionable before a change of the season. From the number of dresses made with trimmings last month, we are led to believe that they would be still more in favour during the present, but on the contrary scarcely any of the dresses just made, or making, are trimmed.

That most unbecoming style of hair dressing, the Chinese, is gone completely out of fashion. The hair is dressed moderately high, but in general the bows are too perpendicularly placed to be graceful. It is disposed in light full curls in front, or in bands across the forehead, with a few light ringlets at the sides.

It is the month of flowers, and our *élégantes* use them unsparingly, for all those of the season are in favour for *coiffures*; *chapeaus*, wreaths *à la Flora*, and *bouquets* composed of light sprigs are all fashionable.

The colours in favour are lilac, rose, pale blue, straw colour, and various shades of green. We see also several fancy colours.

## Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN  
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

### COSTUME OF PARIS.

How very provoking it is, that in the midst of the universal changes which are daily taking place husbands alone remain the same. Grumblers they have been from the beginning, and grumblers they will continue, I verily believe, to the end of time. At this moment economy and simplicity are the order of the day with all our *élégantes*: a woman of fashion does not disdain to be seen in a gown, the material of which has cost only ten or twelve francs, and it is made without any trimming; but scarcely does she begin to inform her spouse of her extraordinary prudence, before he points, with a sardonic smile, to the embroidered pelerine, or a lace *canezou*, that fashion renders indispensable with one of these cheap dresses, which cannot possibly be bought for less than six or eight louis. Perhaps he may carry his ill breeding still farther, and declare, that twelve or fourteen of these low-priced gowns, in addition to Victorine's bill of five times the amount at least for making them, is no joke. However, it must be owned that all husbands are not so unreasonable. The Marquis de V. told his lady the other day, that a man could never pay for his wife's economy too dearly.

*Mais revenons à nos modes.* Simplicity, in appearance at least, is really the order of the day. For morning dress, or for the early morning walk, printed muslins are most in favour; the patterns are large, and the grounds in general of fancy colours. One of the most in request is tea-green, strewed with bell flowers, interlaced with branches of foliage. White grounds, with sprigs of lilacs printed in columns, are also very fashionable. These dresses are made a little open on the breast, to wrap across, but without lappels, and with very little fulness in the body. The sleeves even of morning dresses are generally tight at the lower part, but very wide at the top. There is no trimming whatever at the bottom of the skirt.

A dress of this kind, with a small square China crape shawl, and a Leghorn, or *gros de Naples capôte Anglaise*, trimmed only with a broad ribbon, which crosses in front, and ties it under the chin, is the costume of *rigueur* for an early morning walk.

In the Tuileries Gardens, where our fair fashionables make a point of shewing themselves between the hours of two and five, the dresses are of silks or coloured muslins, which seem to be pretty nearly equal in estimation. Two new kinds of silk have lately appeared; the one called *contil de soie à mille raies* the other *guingan de soie*; the first is a rich silk, striped like a small corded dimity; the other is of small square patterns, like a gingham. The muslins are flowered in very showy patterns of red or blue flowers, on an emerald-green ground, or very broad stripes, separated by a column of *mille fleurs*.

These gowns have the *corsage* made tight and square at the upper part, the sleeves excessively large from the shoulder to the elbow, from thence to the wrist they sit quite close to the arm. There are very few indeed that have the skirt trimmed, but if there be any trimming, it is a band cut on each side in sharp *dents*, which, if silk, is bordered with one of the colours of the dress, and if muslin, is edged with very narrow lace. *Redingotes* are always of white muslin, they are embroidered in a wreath of feather-stitch round the border, and the embroidery is edged with narrow Mechlin lace; the wreath serpentine at the knees and forms ogives.

*Canezous* begin to be very generally adopted in promenade dress. They are composed of India muslin, and very richly embroidered. They have long ends, which are usually rounded; the *corsage* part is made *en cœur*, always as high as the throat, and with deep *mancherons*.

Summer shawls of *tissu de Cachemire*, begin to be in favour: they are of the demi-transparent kind, as light as muslin, and are printed in Cachemire patterns.

The *capôtes Anglaises* are still the most in favour. Those of Leghorn and of rice straw are now as much in request as silk ones for the promenade. Some of the first have the crown encircled with a

wreath of white feathers à l'*Inca*; they are longer in front than at the sides. We see also several trimmed with two sprigs of lilac, arranged in the front of the crown in the form of a V. A knot of ribbon is placed at the base of the flowers, a band of ribbon issues from the knot at each side, traverses the brim, and ties the bonnet under the chin.

*Capôtes* of rice straw are frequently trimmed with flowers disposed *en plumet* on the right side of the crown. A full-blown white rose placed in the centre of a *bouquet*, composed of small sprigs of jessamin, or a cornelia, surrounded with lilies of the valley, are most fashionable.

Another style of trimming for those bonnets consists of a poppy surrounded by leaves of cut ribbon placed on the right side of the crown, and another poppy laid on the brim at the bottom of the crown on the left.

Within the last week some *capôtes*, à la *Française*, have been seen in the promenades; but they have not yet become fashionable. They are made with round crowns, which are drawn in a spiral direction, or to resemble the rind of a melon. The brims are larger, and more open than those of the *capôtes Anglaises*. A sprig of the flowers of marshmallows is their general ornament.

The small blond lace caps, which I described in my last letter, are no longer worn; in their stead our *élégantes* adopt three small cockades of ribbon, surrounded by blond lace; one is placed in the centre of the forehead, the other on each temple.

*Chaly* continues to be worn in half-dress, and for social parties. These dresses are embroidered above the hem in Chinese patterns. Several have the *corsage* made half high, and with a *revers* embroidered to correspond with the border of the skirt. A small white crape half handkerchief, embroidered to correspond, is also very frequently tied loosely round the neck in half dress.

Hats begin to displace *capôtes Anglaises* in half dress: the most novel are of white crape lined with rose-coloured satin. The crown is low, and the brim of a moderate size. A sprig of *roses-nymphes* is placed on the left side at the bottom of the crown. It rises in a bias direction to the top of the crown on the right side; sometimes a blond lace drapery is arranged so as to cover one half of the crown.

The style of dancing dress for public breakfasts or rural balls is not yet fixed. That for our *soirées dapsantes* is very simple; the dresses are of crape or gauze, without any other trimming than a *bouquet* of flowers, attached on one side just above the knee; another *bouquet* is inserted in the *ceinture* on the opposite side. Flowers to correspond are arranged either in a wreath or a *bouquet* in the hair. There is certainly nothing novel in this style of dress, but it is singularly light and graceful.

The most fashionable colours are lilac, several shades of green and rose-colour, *gris poussiere*, blue, straw-colour, and white.

## Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN  
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND  
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

SOMEWHAT more than a twelvemonth since, we hailed the "first appearance" of Mr. Power, "in the character of an author." The pieces chosen for his *début* were "The Lost Heir," and "The Prediction;" and, in both instances, the efforts of the performer, inexperienced as he then was, were greeted with the warmest and most cheering applause. To relinquish figure, the tales

thus denominated were works not only of high promise, but of brilliant execution. Their success has urged the writer to a more ambitious flight in the production of "*The King's Secret*," a regular three-volume romance of the heroic era of Edward III. Mr. Power, we are bound to say, has the true feeling of a romance writer. He takes certain historic positions—draws a fair and

spirited outline—and fills up at pleasure. Thus, if we have not reality itself, we have what might have been reality; we have truth, elevated by fiction, not disfigured and overpowered by absurdities that militate against all received impressions. In justice to ourselves, however, we must urge an objection or two—for what are critics unless they can find fault? From more causes than one, the opening volume is somewhat heavy, and dragging. In this portion of the work, the development of the story is too slow in progress; and this defect is the more sensibly felt from the laborious attempts of the writer to clothe his numerous colloquies in lumbering antiquated phraseology. A moment's reflection should convince Mr. Power, that, were he capable of giving us the actual Flemish dialect, and the mixture of Saxon and Norman employed by our ancestors in the fourteenth century, it would be absolutely unintelligible to the modern reader; and the same reflection should convince him that he cannot even approach the truth, in representation, by introducing obsolete words, and by-gone forms of speech, that grate upon the ear like a crash of instruments in discord. What Sir Walter Scott observes with reference to *subject*, is equally applicable to style. "It is necessary," he says, "for exciting interest of any kind, that the subject assumed should be, as it were, translated into the manners and language of the age we live in." However, let not the reader be disheartened at the threshold; he will find abundance to excite, to interest, and to gratify, as he proceeds. Mr. Power has a nice perception of character—he sketches boldly—his figures stand out freely and distinctly from the canvas. His portrait of Edward III. is in admirable spirit and keeping; and it is well contrasted with Jacob Von Artevelde, the brewer of Ghent—Sir Johan Maltravers—and the Count Alaine. Then we have Andreas Borgia, the citizen goldsmith—Leonardo, his adopted nephew, the hero of the tale—the Lord James Audley—Bertha, the Maid of Ghent—Lady Agnes Beauchamp—Gilbert (afterwards the celebrated Sir John) Hawkwood, and several others; besides a priest, capital groups of sailors, attendants, &c. For accuracy of costume, for the ceremonies of tilts and tournaments—sufficiently *recherché* to delight the spirit of an antiquary—and as a picture of the manners of the period, these volumes will rank high in estimation. Nor should we omit to mention a sea-fight, in which King Edward is captured, and which, for spirit and effect, though on a smaller

scale, may almost vie with the glowing pictures of the great American novelist. Altogether—the first volume passed over—the work is full of vital, breathing interest.

But "the King's Secret"—what is that? On our allegiance, we dare not answer the question. The reader's curiosity cannot, must not, be gratified, till he shall arrive at the close of the third volume. Let this operate as a stimulus to perusal.

The perusal of "*Arthur of Brittany, an Historical Tale*," by the author of "The Templars," has confirmed the favourable opinion with which we were impressed merely by its opening chapter. In these volumes, the reader of romance will be richly gratified by an abundance of disguise, of mystery, of love, and murder, and war. The character of Hubert de Burgh, the friend and protector of Arthur of Brittany, is very dexterously managed, as indeed it required to be, that he might be enabled to elude the sleepless suspicions of the tyrant John. The usurper himself is drawn in the blackest colours—a heartless, ferocious wretch, and, unlike Byron's Corsair, without one virtue to redeem his infamy. His queen, Isabella, the beloved of La Marche, from whose betrothed arms she had been ruthlessly torn, is an ably-drawn portrait. The chief interest of the story, however, turns upon the "hairbreadth 'scapes," and extraordinary adventures of Marie of France, the wife of Arthur, who, passing for the son of Hubert de Burgh, is entertained at court as a page. In that disguise, she unconsciously excites a tender passion in the breast of Maud, one of the ladies attendant on the Queen. Her hopeless love, her devoted life, her early and dreadful death, are very touchingly portrayed. So also are the conduct and fate of the lovely and interesting Eleanor, the presumed idiot sister of Arthur. This is one of the sweetest, most effective sketches in the tale. Ah, why should she have perished! Why should her fortune have been less happy than that of Arthur and his worshipped Marie?

The death of Mallet, the miser, whom John subjects to the most horrid torture, by fire, for the purpose of extorting from him his wealth, is most powerfully wrought; so also, though of a widely-different character, is the interview between the Queen and her former lover, La Marche, in the fortress of Mirabeau, then just captured by a detachment of Prince Arthur's troops. From the latter we shall transcribe a short passage; affecting and impressive as it stands, yet

failing to convey an adequate idea of the effect produced by the entire scene :—

"The Count gazed upon her in astonishment and speechless anguish ; the young blooming playfulness and sprightly animation that he had known in earlier days, and which, as much as the endearing charms of her mind had gained his first and only love, was now dull and changeless melancholy—the bright beauty of her cheeks was gone—sadness had the place of a smile—her laughing eye was cold and listless—and her form shrunk, as if a blighting mildew had passed it o'er. Oh ! whence the change ? Whence so fearful decay ? La Marche felt—that one simple silent movement told him—that the withering curse was wronged affections—that love for *him*—continuing but to torture her with its ever hopelessness, was the consuming canker that had warmed her fresh loveliness to this wan and wasted melancholy ; he felt it, and his soul bled for her, and he thought of her.—Oh ! how far dearer ! how more adoringly ! for that evidence of her attachment ; and he thought, too, of him, the tyrant robber—the accursed cause of her decay and his misery, with wild and bitterest rage, and even more entirely did he devote himself to his destruction.

"*La Marche*, at length *Isabella* spake in deepest anguish, 'look here—look on these altered features—see this pale and wasted form, and let your own heart declare, wherefore, in the midst of pomp and greatness, with the highest majesty shining on me, I am sad and wo-begone, sighing away my days in vain regrets, and asking for relief—if it be even in the silent tomb. Bitter, indeed, has been the disappointment that has thus marred my existence, and must for ever mar it—for there is not one hope before me, and horrible as it is, there is, even amidst its misery, a sting that racks my inmost soul to more torturing distraction—the injustice that I have done to thee, faithful, devoted soul, by yielding to those fearful threats, which have so basely crushed me. But I cared not *then* for any thing—my subdued—alas ! too timid heart broken, and I minded not the future. I thought not, indeed, to see any—though even now I have lived enough to deplore my fatal weakness, and, wasted as I am, I feel I shall still continue to deplore it—as if my broken heart would not burst, but though broken, still 'brokenly live on.' I weep, *La Marche*—tears are my food, and affliction is my pillow—and, but for one thought, my tottering reason had almost failed me.'—Her emotion struggled against her self-command, and, but for the eager earnestness wherewith her lover seemed to wait for that unexpressed hope, she would then have yielded to her grief ; but the conscious impression, so evident in his manner,

at once aroused her from her weakness, and in a solemn, steadfast tone, she added—

" 'In the grave, *La Marche*, all human bonds are at an end—in heaven we may be again united. *There*, at least, our love will be without guilt—pure in its indulgence as it is now in its denial.'

"She could no longer sustain herself, and throwing herself passionately on the Count's neck, she gave way to the tumult of her feelings and sobbed aloud. It was, however, but a moment's weakness ; the ardent lover was indeed for an instant lost in that unlooked-for action, and already had a thousand impossible hopes passed across his imagination ; but when the next, she felt his burning kisses on her cheek, she at once remembered her situation, and springing from him, earnestly intreated—

" 'Oh ! leave me, *La Marche*, ere yet I forget myself, and disgrace my name—'tis folly, this—'tis more than weakness—let us not play with danger, nor sport with destruction—forgive my infirmity—judge me not too harshly in thy thoughts.'

" 'Judge thee harshly, my adored *Isabella* !' vehemently exclaimed her lover, 'judge thee otherwise than as fond devoted affection should judge ! Oh, no—my own true *Isabel*—dear to me as bliss is thy avowal, blessed as the comfort that snatches me from despair—I am loved—oh ! blessed is the thought, even beyond the reach of misery.' "

We certainly could indicate several defects in this romance, but it is evident that they result chiefly from inexperience, and merely to hunt for specks is no very profitable employment. The points to which we are most disposed to divert the attention of the writer, are—the correctness, condensation, and polish of style—the avoidance of coinages—the choice of phraseology.

"*A Treatise on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D., and F.R.S.,*" constitutes the seventeenth volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, and an admirable companion, or sequel, to Herschell's "Preliminary Discourse of Natural Philosophy." Neat, simple, and perspicuous in style, it conveys, in the fewest words, the greatest quantum of information ; and, what renders it particularly valuable is, that, wherever it may be possible, its application is to the general and every-day purposes of life. Thus, in treating of the advantage which transport by steam-engines on rail-roads possesses over the means of carriage furnished by inland navigation, how clear is Dr. Lardner's illustration. "The moving power has in each case to overcome the



inertia of the load ; but the resistance on the road, instead of increasing, as in the canal in a faster proportion than the velocity, does not increase at all. The friction of a carriage on a rail-road moving sixty miles an hour, would not be greater than if it moved but one mile an hour, while the resistance in a river, or canal, were such a motion possible, would be multiplied 3,600 times. In propelling a carriage on a level rail-road, the expenditure of power will not be in a greater ratio than that of the increase of speed, and therefore the cost will maintain a proportion with the useful effect, whereas in moving a boat on a canal or river, every increase of speed, or of useful effect, entails an enormously-increased consumption of the moving principle. . . . To the power of a steam-engine there is, in fact, no practicable limit, the size of the machine and the strength of the materials excepted. This is composed with agents to whose powers nature has not only imposed a limit, but a narrow one. The strength of animals is circumscribed, and their power of speed still more so. Again, the resistance arising from friction on the road, may be diminished by art, without any assignable limit, nor does it sustain the least increase to whatever extent the speed of the motion may be augmented; on the contrary, the motion of a vessel through a canal has to encounter resistance by increase of speed, which soon attains an amount which would defy even the force of steam itself, were it applicable to overcome it with any useful effect."

In the Treatise on Pneumatics, the principle of the barometer, in its various forms, is lucidly and scientifically illustrated; and rules, infinitely more correct than the indications in general use, are given for ascertaining the changes of weather, by that useful but ill-understood instrument.—The construction of air-guns, balloons, and diving-bells is very clearly shewn; and altogether, as a compendium of this branch of science, Dr. Lardner's book is entitled to the warmest praise.

If fancy, the most wild and exuberant, be an essential, a leading constituent of poetry, then must "*Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson*," be allowed to rank with the first productions of the day. Mr. T. has evidently studied the old English poets; and, occasionally, he has thrown much of their warm, vivid spirit, into his compositions; but, on the other hand, in seizing upon what is good, his judgment has not served him in rejecting what may be less worthy. To this defect we must ascribe his

eternal reiteration of *ed, ed, ed*, throughout the volume, upon all possible and almost impossible occasions—his extraordinary coinages and combinations of words—his far-fetched compound epithets, such as "fountain-pregnant mountains," "blueglossed necks," &c.—and his rhymes, such as *were never seen, heard, or thought of before*. By what strange accident or study, for instance, could he have fallen upon aught so ludicrous as these?—

"Two bees within a chrystal [crystal] flowerbell  
rocked—

Where in a creeping cave the wave unshockéd ;"

and,

"Both in blossomwhite [blossomwhite ?] silk are  
frockéd—

Mid May's darling goldenlockéd,  
Summer's *tanling* diamond eyed."

But here, in "*The Mermaid*," is a display of fresh and splendid imagery, to atone :—

"I would be a mermaid fair ;  
I would sing to myself the whole of the day ;  
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair ;  
And still as I combed I would sing and say,  
'Who is it loves me ? Who loves not me ?'  
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would  
fall,

Low adown, low adown  
From under my starry seabud crown,  
Low adown and around,  
And I should look like a fountain of gold  
Springing alone

With a shrill inner sound,  
Over the throne  
In the midst of the hall ;  
Till that great seasnake under the sea,  
From his coiled sleep in the central deeps,  
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold  
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the  
gate,

With his large calm eyes for the love of me.  
And all the mermen under the sea  
Would feel their immortality  
Die in their hearts for the love of me."

"The Poet," also, offers some good stanzas :—

"The poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above ;  
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of  
scorn,  
The love of love."

Excited, we dare not say inspired, by the muse of Byron, Mr. Nicholas Michell has produced "*The Siege of Constantinople, in Three Cantos, with other Poems*." Though ungifted with the thought, the nerve, the

vigour, the imagination of his prototype, Mr. Michell, taking "The Corsair," &c., for his model, has produced a story not altogether without interest, and presenting some very agreeable passages. The prettiest piece, however, in this little volume, is "The Poetess," the highly-complimented subject of which will be instantly recognised by every reader of contemporary verse:—

"————— Pensive by her lamp,  
Muses the lonely votaress of song;  
Her cheek is pale, and rests upon her hand,  
Her locks float o'er her alabaster breast,  
Her eye is raised in dreamy trance to heav'n;  
And now, with hasty hand, her thoughts are traced;

Her heart beats quick, and, at her own success,  
She starts, and weeps, and smiles.

The maiden rose,  
And oped her lattice;—o'er a sapphire sky,  
The moon rode calm and cloudless, and a sea  
Of wavy silver poured on dome and tower.  
The silence soothed her, and the night-breeze  
bathed

Her fevered brow with balm—beneath that light  
Her robes gleamed fairer, and her glossy locks  
Assumed a deeper richness—steadfastly  
She viewed the glowing orb's magnificence, &c."

This, too, is pleasing, though not equally poetical:—

"The lute may melt to love—to war  
The trumpet rouse the soul—  
The organ waft the spirit far  
Above earth's dull control;  
But oh! what sound hath magic spells,  
To charm and soothe, like village bells?

"They wake remembrance in the heart  
Of all that once was dear;  
They prompt the sigh, bid tear-drops start,  
And yet we love to hear;  
They open all the close-shut cells,  
Where contemplation darkly dwells.

"Their sounds, which charmed youth's happy  
day,  
For me, I ne'er forget,  
And oft I dream, though far away,  
I hear their music yet;  
And home returns, and streams and dells,  
With those remembered village bells!"

### THEATRICALS.

#### THE KING'S THEATRE.

TOWARDS the close of April, the performance of Bellini's opera of *Il Pirata* introduced Signor and Signora Rubini in the parts formerly sustained by Donzelli and Madame Lalande. The Signor's voice is a  
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sweet and lofty tenor; he sang with much taste, feeling, and effect; was warmly applauded, and repeatedly encored. Of the lady—let not our gallantry be called in question—we cannot express ourselves in terms so favourable. Her voice, though extensive, is neither clear nor harmonious; in execution, she is deficient in ease, finish, and grace.

The 18th of May restored Pasta, who made her *entrée* in Meyer's opera of *Medea*. She is the same glorious creature she was; and to say she is all she ever was, is to say every thing. Rubini sustained her ably in the part of *Egeus*. From its clearness, distinctness, and truth, his recitative was delightful. Lablache personated *Creontes*; Curioni, *Gasone*; and Miss Fanny Ayton, *Creusa*.

Of the wonders of Paganini, we are enabled to say—nothing. His concert was fixed for the 21st of May; but—he was *indisposed*, and the treat was postponed. The prices of admission were to be—for the stalls, two guineas; orchestra, a guinea-and-a-half; pit, a guinea; gallery, half-a-guinea; boxes, from four to ten guineas. John Bull regarded this doubling of prices as an imposition, and—the scheme failed.

#### DRURY LANE.

THE history of *Alfred* has frequently been pronounced undramatic; the success of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's play proves either that the assertion was founded in error, or that genius conquers every impediment or difficulty in its path. To do justice to this noble drama would require a hundred times the space we can devote to it. First, we should want several pages for a criticism, or rather an eulogium, upon the character of a king, who, of all others that ever reigned, was justly entitled to the epithet of "the Great." Then we should proceed to shew that the new drama was precisely what every one had a right to expect from the author of *Virginus*; that it contains every fact that has reached us, and as much fiction as was requisite—fine delineations of character, strong and noble incidents, incontestible appeals to nature, and touches of passion and poetry that have not been equalled on the stage, except in the previous dramas of the same writer, for (we might almost say) two centuries. And having proved all this, we should require as much space more to describe the several characters, and the style in which they were represented; the rugged but kindly-natured Dane, *Guthrum*, so

cleverly—no, we will not use so meagre a word as cleverly—so finely played in many parts by Mr. Cooper; and his daughter *Ina*, which Miss Phillips rendered one of the purest and loveliest of all the feminine creations which poetry ever brought into the world. She threw a dignity of mind, as well as manner over the performance, and in the wildest and most passionate scenes, never lost sight of that simplicity which so many miss. Mrs. Jones, as the goatherd's wife, the renowned maker of cakes and scolder of a king, aided very materially the effect of one of the best scenes in the play. But Mr. Macready was every thing. His performance of *Alfred* is equal to his finest; it is not a hair's-breadth beneath *Virginius*, *Tell*, or *Werner*. Having said all this, and that the dialogue is characterised by a generosity of sentiment, and a tone of patriotic ardour, that are infinitely more delightful for being nightly applied, with so much justice, to the personal character of our present monarch, we conceive it superfluous to add any other eulogy, or to do more than thank Mr. Knowles for another beautiful drama, and to express our delight in its success, which was as marked and decided as it ought to be.

Of a new opera called the *Emissaries*, we can give but a brief account, nor does it appear entitled to a longer one. We saw but a part of it, and that was unfavourable. The music is by Mr. Onslow, with arrangements and additions by Mr. Barham Livius: it seemed to us, and has been generally pronounced to be of a very tasteful and agreeable quality; a Russian song, admirably sung by Mr. Phillips, has already become exceedingly popular. By the exertions of that fine singer, and those of Miss Pearson and Mr. Sinclair, the opera, in spite of the native dulness of the plot, languished into life, and has been occasionally repeated.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA, it appears, not content with taking his place among our English novelists, has ventured upon a still more difficult and dangerous ground, that of English comedy. The ice has not broken under him, and we may congratulate him on his triumph. He may at least lay claim to the honour of being the first foreigner that ever had the courage to attempt such a composition. *The Exquisites*, though produced at an unfavourable moment, was completely successful, and deserved to be so. The characters are well distinguished, and the various points of

them were properly appreciated by the performers. Mr. Charles Kemble is the intellectual exquisite, and supports it with inimitable tact and grace—Keeley is the country exquisite, a clown translated into a coxcomb—Abbott, the military exquisite, is equal to the best—and Wrench, a sporting exquisite, as easy and impudent as of old. Miss Tree has a character which she plays with a feeling and an elegance that are inseparable from all her performances. The plot, though not strikingly original, has at least the merit of not being obscure; and the dialogue is decidedly more pointedly satirical, and full of merry meaning, than that of any recent piece we could mention. Nor is the author's wit ill natured; though we must confess that we should not be surprised if some "military exquisite" were to challenge Don T. de Trueba or Mr. Abbott. And yet, upon reflection, as that class of exquisites "don't fight," both author and actor may consider themselves safe. An elegantly-written prologue, from the "ever-pointed" pen (to use an advertising phrase) of Miss Landon, preceded this rare novelty, a successful English comedy.

The great feature of the month, however, as it is intended to be of the season, is the appearance of no less a person than *Napoleon Buonaparte*, upon a stage which Cæsar and Alexander had so frequently trodden before him. The grand military spectacle, which has been produced with vast splendour, and at proportionate expense, embraces many of the leading events of the life of its hero, from the siege of Toulon, to the death-bed at St. Helena. We have no space for detailed description, nor is the production one of sufficient excellence to deserve it. The crossing Mount St. Bernard is unquestionably the finest part of it. Napoleon himself is played by Mr. Warde, who has the honour of wearing the "identical hat," and other parts of the costume of the great conqueror. We are bound to conceive that Mr. Warde has been misinformed as to the manner of Napoleon, which could scarcely have partaken so much of the spirit of buffoonery as is here represented.

#### FINE ARTS, EXHIBITIONS, &c.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN some former exhibitions, we may possibly have remarked a few pictures possessing a loftier grade of merit than, with two or three exceptions, can be indicated this season; but, unquestionably, the present assemblage may boast of a more than average quantum of talent—of genius, even—of

genius and talent in the higher walks of art. As, from a mere glance, we intimated last month, we find a far greater proportion than usual of large pictures—of historic and poetic subjects: the chief deficiency—and that is a very serious one—is in female portraiture.

The *coup d'œil* of entrance is most grateful to the visitor: a more harmoniously-beautiful effect, than when the rays of the afternoon sun fall upon the side of the great room facing the door, we have rarely witnessed. Decidedly differing in opinion from some of our carping contemporaries, who would as lieve miss their dinner as an opportunity of sneering at the Royal Academy—merely, we presume, because it is royal—because it is one of those existing establishments which reflect honour upon the country—we should deem ourselves guilty of a sin of omission at least, were we not to acknowledge that the hanging committee have performed their duty judiciously, honestly, and liberally.

It is impossible for us to congratulate Mr. Westall on his choice of subject in Margaret at Church, tormented by the Evil One (1) and Faust preparing to dance with the young witch at the festival of the wizards and witches in the Hartz Mountain (33)—companion pieces, both from Goëthe's Faust. In the former, the drawing of the female figure is good, but the colouring raw and cold, and altogether the picture wants keeping. The fiend is one of its best points. The accessories—every thing in the back ground—are too prominent. In the second piece, the extreme exposure of the female form, and under such circumstances, is repugnant to moral feeling. Faust himself displays considerable spirit.—In his Death of Mary Magdalene (124) Mr. Westall more than redeems himself. It is a beautiful picture, full of exquisite painting, and with less than usual of the artist's objectionable mannerism. Mr. W. has five other paintings: A Boy breaking the Frozen Turnips for the Cattle (156) cold enough in all conscience; a Portrait of the late Alexander Burdon, Esq. (164); Moonlight (314) soft and pleasing; a twilight Landscape (356); and a Holy Family (234) evincing great elegance of design, a most agreeable tone of colour, and much of the character and feeling of Corregio.

Phillips has his complement of portraits: Wilson Patten, Esq., M.P. (6) full of nature and force; the Earl of Winchelsea (25) cold, stiff, and artificial; Lord Stowell (87); Lady Janet Wolrond (106) pleasing, and

would be more so, did not the sky interfere too much with the head; the Rev. Dr. Sleath, High Master of St. Paul's School (165) might have been relieved and heightened in effect, by allowing a partial exposure of limb; Wm. Phipson, Esq. (198); Sir Alexander Johnstone, President of the Council at Ceylon (289); and J. Nixon, Esq. (410).

In Newton's Subject From the Merchant of Venice (7)—Bassanio reading Antonio's letter with Portia—the composition and colour are good, but the figures are out of drawing, and Portia is deficient in grace, dignity, and beauty.—Lear, attended by Cordelia and the Physician (152) is a truly fine and beautiful composition—replete with feeling—rich, deep, and harmonious in colour. How awfully impressing, yet not repulsively, is the rapid approach of death indicated, in the pale, cadaverous countenance, the withered, bloodless hand of the poor old king. If not a more intense interest, perhaps more of filial tenderness might have been expressed in the features of Cordelia; but, really, the artist has achieved so much, that we must not quarrel with him. The king's massy red robe, lined with fur, in the middle of the picture, is finely relieved, first, by the dark green cushion at his back, and again by the sable garb of the physician. This, we must repeat, is an admirable picture.

It is remarkable that Boxall, who, on many occasions, imitates Newton far too closely, has a very clever picture on the same subject, and nearly at the same point of time (246). It is no discredit to Mr. Boxall that we prefer Mr. Newton.

Chalon's leading production, Hunt the Slipper (18) is conceived and expressed with great spirit and hilarious feeling; but the colour is terribly violent and inharmonious—a purple hue painfully preponderating. In his own peculiar spirited, but Frenchified style, Chalon has seven portraits, chiefly of ladies.

Reinagle's Portraits of a Lady and her Daughters (19) natural, but vulgar; the Rev. R. H. Chapman (180) spirited.

Collins's Venturesome Robin (25) is a very pleasing effort; so also is Shrimpers (299); and many will be pleased—mammus, especially—with his Morning Bath (138).

Three small heads—Lady Anne Beckett (29); the Son of a Nobleman (31); and Charles, eldest son of Dr. Seymour (46) by Mrs. Hakewill, are very pleasing productions of this lady's pencil.

Lord Byron reposing in the house of a Turkish Fisherman, after having swum

across the Hellespont (32)—rather pleasing, but weak in effect.

Why does Mr. Daniell, possessing the high talent that he does possess, send to the Royal Academy productions so valueless, so totally devoid of interest, as a First-rate going down Channel (38); and mere plans of sea-fights (57 and 77)? They ought to be confined to the cockpit of a man-of-war, for the instruction of young midshipmen. His Alligator attacking a Bullock (241) is more deserving of attention.

Partridge's Portrait of Master Frederick Tighe (45) is full of life and spirit; and his small whole-length Portrait of a Lady (218) is a most carefully painted, beautifully executed picture. This artist, who is rapidly and deservedly rising in the estimation of the public, has two other subjects, of considerable merit—Portrait of the Countess of Guilford (23); and Uva Scelte (195) spirited and brilliant in effect.

Briggs's Progress of Civilization—the Ancient Britons instructed by the Romans in the Mechanical Arts (55) occupies more space than, by the *quantum* of labour, mental and manual, employed upon it, it was entitled to claim. Mr. Briggs has great capabilities, but he rarely does justice to himself. This picture is crude in composition, crude in colour, and deficient even in historic truth. It wants mellowness and richness—to say nothing of its want of sentiment and feeling. The druid is by far the best figure in the piece.

Cooper, in his Mary Queen of Scots meeting the Earl of Bothwell between Stirling and Edinburgh (56) is far less successful than he generally is.

Callcott has a variety of Italian and other landscapes (11, 61, 97, 122, 135, 136, 307, and 417) exquisitely beautiful, and rich in the highest classical feeling—compensating, and more than compensating, for the quantities of rubbish, which, at all times, unavoidably disfigure the walls.

Wilkie presents us with nothing in his early humorous, Teniers-like style; nor with aught in that higher department of art in which he has been more recently celebrated: all that he contributes is two portraits: Lady Lyndhurst (62); and a whole-length of Lord Melville (91). The former is rich and striking, but wanting the refinement of Sir Thomas Lawrence; deficient, also, in truth of resemblance, and by no means rendering justice to the great beauty of the original. The hair is heavy and clotted; not massy, flowing, and luxuriant.—Lord Melville is rich and mellow; the hands

are extremely well painted; but the head is in too low a tone.

Just beneath the portrait of Lady Lyndhurst is a charming little picture of Starfield's—A Storm (63). The water illusive, and absolutely in motion.

Sir Calepine rescuing Serena (64) from Spenser's Fairie Queen, by Hilton, is finely composed, displaying a master hand throughout. The conception is altogether highly poetical. The action of Sir Calepine is firm and vigorous, full of spirit and truth; the figures are excellent in drawing; the expression, generally and individually, strikingly characteristic; the colouring, rich, warm, mellow, and harmonious.—Hilton's large picture on the opposite side of the room—the Angel releasing Peter from Prison (168) is less satisfactory to our judgment. The angel is too corporeal, and the saint wants dignity. The sleeping guards are the best portions of the picture; the foreshortenings of their limbs are skilfully managed; and the effect of the light falling upon their armour is exceedingly fine.

A Scene from Hamlet (72) by Liverseege, in which the ghost appears to the Prince during his interview with his mother—"Do you not come your tardy son to chide?" &c.—is a very happily conceived and sweetly-painted little picture. The shadowy appearance of the ghost is very successfully managed.

In numerical order, the first of Pickersgill's portraits is that of Lady Clanwilliam (70); and a very lovely picture it is—so modest, so womanly, so gentle, so affectionate, and withal so intellectual. This is the sweetest female portrait within the walls of Somerset House. In some degree, however, overpowered by the glare of surrounding objects, the flesh requires, according to the present situation of the picture, a little additional warmth.—The whole-length of Lord Lyndhurst (133) in his Chancellor's robes, is a noble and a dignified production: the likeness is admirable—perfect; and, altogether, his Lordship looks worthy of his office, and his robes are worthy of their wearer. The accessories of this picture—the mace, the purse, &c.—are painted with astonishing care, and corresponding splendour of effect.—Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., author of Pelham, Devereux, Paul Clifford, &c. (171) is another successful effort, faithful in resemblance, in intellectual character, and in clearness and brightness of effect.—But our favourite of all, and decidedly the finest whole-length in the exhibition, is Lieut. General the Right Hon.

Sir G. Murray, G.C.B., and M.P. for Perthshire, painted by the desire of the county, for the County Hall (172). It is eminently distinguished by truth of form; and the natural erectness of the figure, firm, yet perfectly at ease, cannot fail to arrest, fix, and gratify the attention of the spectator. Nor is the painting less meritorious in colour: its black and red, blue and scarlet, at once contrast and harmonise.—Pickersgill has two other portraits; a spirited head of Charles Kemble (363); and a whole-length of Sir John Gears Cotterell, Bart., M.P., (291) painted for the Shire-hall of Hereford.

Turner is more than usually splendid, more than usually beautiful; he has more to praise, and less to censure, than we remember for many years past. His Life-boat, and Manby apparatus going off to a stranded vessel making signal (blue lights) of distress (73) is a fine picture, full of nature and truth, and more in his manner of the olden time, than any thing we have seen of late.—In Caligula's Palace and Bridge (162) one of the most magnificent and extraordinary productions of the day, how admirably has the artist embodied the conceptions of the poet—

What now remains of all the mighty bridge  
Which made the Lucrine lake an inner pool,  
Caligula, but massy fragments left,  
As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes  
Yet gleaming in the morning's ray, that tell  
How Baia's shore was loved in times gone by?

Ay, he has done more than embody the conceptions of the poet; the creation of fancy and of genius, the picture is full of the breathings of poesy—it is poesy itself. The air-tint—the distances—are magical: for brilliancy, and depth, and richness, and power, it can hardly be surpassed.—The Vision of Medea (178) is indeed a splendid vision—one of the enchanting dreams of Turner. Crude and unfinished, it is; the figure of Medea is deficient in dignity, in grandeur and sublimity of effect; but, as a combination of colour, the work is truly wonderful.—In Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, and Dorothy Percy's visit to their father Lord Percy, when under attender upon the supposition of his being concerned in the gunpowder plot (263) the artist has ingeniously adopted some of Vandyke's costumes. This production also, as well as the Watteau study by Fresnoy's rules (298) will attract notice as an extraordinary combination of colour. A Marine Sun-set (406) is vividly natural and effective. It can hardly be too much admired.

As an imitation of Titian, Eastlake's Italian Family—Costume of Cavi near Palestrina (78) has great merit: all that it wants is originality. A Peasant Woman fainting from the Bite of a Serpent (125) is interesting from having originated in fact. The poor woman died.—Haidee, a Greek Girl (300) has, we believe, been engraved for one of the Annuals. It is a very fine head, with much force and truth of character.

Of Etty's five pictures, the first in order is the third and last of a series from the story of Judith and Holofernes (79)—the maid of Judith waiting outside the tent while her mistress was taking the life of the chief. In originality of conception, in sentiment, or in story, here is little to interest; but the composition, colouring, and general execution, are highly meritorious. We particularly remark the foreshortening of the foot. Nymph angling (144) sketchy, and both subject and mode of treatment unworthy of the artist.—A Window in Venice, during a Festa (163) presents a ripe and luxuriant specimen of womanhood, somewhat too freely exposed.—Decidedly the best of Etty's pieces, this year, is his Sabrina, from Milton's Comus (170). It is vigorous, and highly poetical.—The Shipwrecked Mariner (411) has great truth and force, and forms a worthy pendant to his last year's Storm, now at the British Institution.

Prague, in Bohemia (83) by Jones, is a clearly painted, brilliant, and effective picture. Of a higher order, beautiful in composition, and rich in effect, is Esther witnessing the honour conferred on Mordecai (134). Three of this artist's classical-spirited drawings (484, 493, and 598) are in the Antique Academy.

Rothwell has five portraits:—the late Right Hon. W. Huskisson (82) which naturally has attracted much notice; the Prince of Leiningen (227); Major Johnston (232); Children of the late C. J. Herbert, Esq. (257); and Viscount Beresford (443).

Edwin Landseer has several small pictures of Highland Poachers, Deer, &c.; but his most attractive piece is Little Red-Riding-Hood (147) in which great improvement is shewn in his treatment of flesh, and, in the mellowness of his colouring generally.

Circe (92) by Howard, is poetically imagined, and well painted; but it is too much "of the earth, earthly;" this artist is never so completely at home as when sailing buoyant in air. It must be allowed too, that the interest of such subjects is of an age gone by.

The same remark applies to Pan and the Nymphs (99) by H. P. Bone; which, how-

ever, is a warm, spirited, cleverly-painted little picture.

Whole-lengths of their present Majesties (65 and 66) by the veteran Sir William Beechey, will not fail to excite general and lively interest.

A Sailing Match (98)—Children with their tiny craft in a brook—by Mulready, is a pretty, clever, humorous, characteristic effort, with much beautiful execution. We cannot but regret, however, to see talent so triflingly employed—talent that, with only an equal portion of labour, might have produced a work of ten times its value—a work that should have touched, enlightened, and elevated the mind, and have awakened the best sensibilities of the heart.

Sir M. A. Shee, the president, comes forward this season with renovated spirit—with that force, vigour, and manly feeling which we have not known him exercise for some years. His honours seem to have aroused and drawn forth his some-time latent energies. It is impossible not to be struck by his highly characteristic Portrait of John Woolmore, Esq., Deputy Master of the Trinity House (112). From top to toe, the man is every inch a sailor. The picture is very firmly and harmoniously painted; and its dark, rich back-ground throws the figure finely forward from the canvas.—Sir Martin also has portraits of Miss Eliza Cooper (105); Pascoe Grenfell, Esq. (148) a fine forcible painting; and Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, Bart., M P. (161).

Mr. Shee, the son of the president, has another picture from Gil Blas (311) forming a pendant to that of last year, now at the British Institution. The subject, however,—that of Gil Blas throwing himself at the feet of Aurora de Guzman—is less interesting; and we fear the picture is not altogether so carefully painted.

The dinner at Mr. Page's house, supposed to take place in the first act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (113) by Leslie, may justly be regarded as one of the lions of the exhibition. It is full of humour, full of life and character—Shakespearean character to the very letter, with one or two exceptions. Falstaff—and we are sorry to say it—is comparatively a failure. He has not the jolly, sleek, amorous complexion—the rich, sly, unctuous humour—the utter abandonment of every thing not calculated to administer to his sensuality—by which Shakspeare's fat knight is distinguished—distinguished from all the world. He is by far too shrewd, too cunning, too energetic; even his beard is not the beard of Falstaff. The "merry

wives," however, are *the* merry wives—the very women themselves, in their "habits as they lived"—or might have lived. Slender, too, is the very creation of the poet's brain on canvas. Next to Falstaff, the least successful delineation is the "sweet Anne Page," who, in sooth, is a very commonplace, uninteresting damsel. There is too much black in the picture; and, generally, the colouring does not evince Mr. Leslie's accustomed care. Still, the merits of the work infinitely outbalance its faults. The sunlight effect is exceedingly good; and the costume, and all the accessories of the piece, are capitally managed.—My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman, from Tristram Shandy (238) is, both in design and colour, an admirable specimen of painting. The widow is inimitable. Perhaps, "my uncle," who could "see nothing whatever" in the lady's eye, is rather too young; and there is too much vigour and intenseness in his action.

Medicine (155) by Good, is, in point of taste, most abominably *bad*—offensive—disgusting. By what possible oversight could such a piece gain admission? Its appearance is an insult.

Oh, Mr. Constable, oh! What have you been about again, with your Salisbury Cathedral, from the meadows (169)? Is it a shower of oatmeal, or of flour? Really, we can make neither head nor tail of it. Why will not painters study nature, and imitate her effects, rather than transfer to canvas their crude imaginings of "what never was, nor is, nor e'er can be?"

J. Ward's Venetian State Prisoner (182) is a very clever, well-painted head.

Since last year, Ellerby has made a considerable advance. He has four portraits, two at least of which reflect great credit on his pencil: Mrs. Strickland (466) a fine glowing beauty, in the rich Italian style of person; and an elderly Quaker lady (599). Accidentally, however, we have seen a portrait of a gentleman, by this artist, far superior, in merit and effect, to either of these. Ellerby's other portraits are—Lady Wales (184); and Mrs. Prest (370).

R. T. Bone's Lady Macbeth in the chamber of Duncan (226)—

"Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done 't,"

is a deeply, powerfully-painted picture, with great truth and strength of character, and *chiaroscuro* very strikingly managed. The entire keeping of the picture is fine, and gives assurance of mind of high order in the painter.

The Father's Admonition (265) is probably the best picture that ever left the easel of Brockedon.

Clint's painting of Young, in Hamlet (281) is not first-rate in resemblance; and its general effect is weak and poor.

Portrait of the Artist (292) by Ward, the academician, is an exaggeration: it is larger than the life, out of drawing, and harsh.

English Nobility receiving the communion of the Catholic church in a private chapel, in the early part of the sixteenth century (313) by Hart, is a production of great and extraordinary promise. Perhaps it may not be quite equal to a piece by the same artist, in the Suffolk Street Gallery; but it is beautifully rich, warm, and mellow.

In the Bride (321) Parris has presented the world with another gem. Robed in transparent white, she is a creature of absolute loveliness—all delicacy and tenderness, grace and beauty. The bride-maid, too, is lovely; but her style of beauty, and her expression of countenance, affectionate, yet bright and joyous, are so different, that she contrasts admirably with her principal. This is one of those sweet and touching scenes in which Parris stands altogether unrivalled. The picture is full of the gentlest, sweetest, most affecting sentiment.

Is Danby retrograding in his art? We fear he is. We have not forgotten his Enchanted Island, his Passage of the Red Sea, and other productions of lofty towering genius. This year he has only one picture, the Golden Age (338); and, compared with his former works, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a complete failure. It resembles nothing in nature, or in art.

In the Antique Academy we find an excellent likeness of Mrs. Bray, the author of "Fitz of Fitz-Ford," "The Talba," &c. (576) by W. Patten. The attitude, we conceive, is rather too studied. Patten also has a capital miniature of Mrs. Kempe (734) the venerable mother of Mrs. Bray.

Amongst the miniatures, we find the following—some of which we trust may hereafter enrich the *Picture Gallery of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*—from the eminently successful pencil of Mrs. Robertson: the Countess of Clanwilliam (673); Lady Naysmith (740); the Duchess of Buccleuch (833); Lady Stormont (865); the Marchioness of Sligo (896); and some others.

Robertson, also, has several; amongst which we particularly notice—Lady Gore Booth (867); Mrs. Palmer (706); Mrs. Deacon (724), &c.

By Ross, we find—Lady William Mon-

tague (824); and the Countess of Brownlow (879).

Rochard, Miss Kendrick, &c., have also contributed largely; but we cannot farther enumerate; nor can we at present venture into either the Library or the Model Academy; in the latter of which, are many fine busts, &c., by our principal sculptors.

#### SOCIETY OF WATER COLOURS.

WITH all our respect for the genius and talent annually displayed by this society, we must take leave to say that its members are a very obstinate set of people. Season after season, for these seven or eight years past, we have been directing their attention to a necessary improvement of their catalogue—that of appending an alphabetical list of the exhibitors, with the respective numbers of their productions affixed. This plan, which has long been adopted by the Royal Academy, and all extensive exhibitions, would prove of incalculable advantage, not merely to the public, but to the society itself, and to its individual members. As it is, we have no means of tracing the successive pictures of an artist, but by the fatiguing, time-wasting process of passing through the catalogue from one end to the other.

In fineness of taste—in elegance, delicacy, and beauty of execution—though, in the aggregate, of a less imposing character than we have occasionally seen—the present assemblage is at least equal to any by which it has been preceded; and, upon the art of painting in water-colours—an almost exclusively British art—it reflects high honour. We have not, however, forgotten the season of 1827, when, amongst other distinguishing features, the graceful series of designs for Mrs. Haldimand's Album attracted universal notice. Why have not some of our women of rank and fashion followed this delightful example?

Prout, as ever, stands pre-eminent. For upwards of twenty views of classic remains, architecture, &c., he has laid Italy, Germany, and Normandy under contribution. St. Mark's Place, Venice (2); Part of the Zwinger Palace, Dresden (28); Liseux (32); Wurtzburg, Bavaria (139); Rouen (226); Beauvais (228); the Palace and Prison, Venice (249); Porch at Louviers, Normandy (285); Coblenz (258); Church of St. Pierre, Caen (306); and several others are calculated to sustain his well-earned fame: especially, too, should be noticed, his Rubens's House, at Antwerp (264). The colouring is chaste, harmonious, and brilliant.

Miss E. Sharpe has taken a distinguished



position. Her Belinda (3) from the Rape of the Lock, is, from its allegorical nature, a most difficult subject; and, if the fair artist have not conquered all its difficulties, she has at least succeeded in producing an exquisitely beautiful picture. Her attention to the costume of the period is meritorious.

Miss L. Sharpe also gains ground rapidly. With her Jenny Deans imploring Queen Caroline to save her Sister's Life (181) we are not, perhaps, quite satisfied; it is deficient in force and distinctness of character. Her freshness, brilliancy, and naturalness of colouring are, however, at all times delightful. In this respect, her Rebecca at her Evening Devotions in the Preceptory of Templestowe (279) is a triumph. Her Unwedded Mother, as we presume, it ought to be entitled (327)—it stands in the catalogue without a name—we hope, for the honour, for the goodness of the sex—its first best attribute—is a libel. Is it true, that, in woman's breast—

“ —Every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame?”

—Of all this lady's productions in the present season, our prime favourite is the Arrival of the New Governess (149). A sweet, modest maiden, most simply attired in mourning—indicative, perhaps, of her orphan state, her descent from happier scenes—has just made her *entrée*. Two lovely young girls, her future charge, are regarding her with much interest; while their two elder grown-up sisters are eyeing her with side glances of superciliousness and contempt. The beau-brother, too, is quizzing the new comer through his glass; and, to complete the *pleasantness* of her reception, the lady-mother—a tall, stiff, starched piece of goods—is most emphatically laying down the law, and prescribing the duties of office. Many a poor girl has encountered a chilling, freezing, heartless scene like this. Let it prove a lesson to mothers! As far as our own taste is concerned, we could have wished the persons of this little drama to have been arrayed in modern rather than in antiquated costume.

In deference alone to *le beau sexe*, we have not yet mentioned Copley Fielding. However, he is now, as at all times, so rich, that he might afford to be passed over altogether. He has nearly forty pieces; amongst which, his Shipwreck on the Coast of Yorkshire (158) and his Vessels at Spithead (35) are equal to any thing that we have seen from his pencil. The truth of his water—its life,

spirit, action—require nothing but extent to render them illusive. In other pieces, the air-tint, the sun-lights, the distances, the general splendour of effect, are almost fascinating. His Southampton (79) to be engraved for the work entitled, “The Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours,” may be said to rival some of Turner's Landscapes, in brilliancy and force.

De Wint, in clear, distinct, harmonious colouring—in his delineations of true English pastoral scenery, hay-fields, corn-fields, &c.—stands yet unrivalled. We instance, particularly, his Barley-Field (222); his View near Ludlow (8); Cottages in Caernarvonshire (50); a Rainbow (93); Conway (212); and Ripon (411). Altogether, however, he has not more than twelve or fifteen pieces.

Barret, as usual, treats us with a succession of the most delicious sunlights, moonlights, and twilights. English Pastoral (9) brilliant and glowing; Evening (64) soft, sweet, and tenderly beautiful; Morning (126) clear, and bright; and Moonlight—Avenue to Portia's House (393) tranquil, silvery, and soothing in effect, are all gems.

With Cattermole and his almost inspired capabilities, we are this year better pleased than we ever were before. His figures are more clearly defined, more fully developed; and his colouring is less black, murky, and obscure. Force and vividness of imagination pervade his Captives (49); the Castle Surprised (221) is full of grand and powerful conceptions; and the Impenitent (308) is vigorously characteristic.

J. F. Lewis has some clever pieces, interiors of Highland Cottages, Dogs, Deer-shooting, Exterior of a Venetian Curiosity Shop (381) &c. In the last of these, the Friar eyeing the pretty girl askance, while his companion is engaged on subjects of higher interest, is humorously and effectively managed.

A portion of the delicate pencilling and extreme neatness of finish by which Robson's productions are at all times distinguished, might well be spared, could we obtain in their place the freshness, force, and originality of genius. He has nearly fifty pieces in the present exhibition, evincing great labour and care, and many of them much beauty. Llyn Idwol, North Wales—Twilight (59) dark, deep, and solemn; Durham Cathedral (70); View from Prebend's Bridge, Durham (92); the Bridge of Don, Aberdeen (98), a fine storm-threatening sky; and Dunkeld Cathedral (104) are amongst the most attractive.

Hills, with his wool-clothed cattle, is eternally the same. Asses (60, and 270) are, however, very masterly productions in their way.

Evans, this year, is very successful. His Procession of the Wine Peasants, Bingen (67) is a truly beautiful composition. We notice, also, his Fishing Hut (159); and Meyeringen, Canton of Berne (16).

Varley has only four or five little, but very charmingly-pencilled, carefully-painted little pieces. We sincerely congratulate this artist on the improvement of his skies, which, instead of the hue of indigo, now present that of nature.

Gastineau has many charming little delineations of scenery.

For the first time in the course of his meritorious career, we have occasion to remark that, since the preceding season, Hunt has not "progressed." His heads of old men, sailors, smugglers, rustics, &c., have all their accustomed force of character and vigour of expression; but they are deplorably mannered, and the flesh is almost as invariably red as though it had been produced from the powder of fire-brick. Some of his little pieces of still-life are extremely natural and beautiful; but, in others, he has erred in colour; especially in his Grapes (378 and 388); in the latter, the green of the fruit is so intense, that, literally, the sight sets the spectator's teeth on edge.

Cotman's drawing is very clever; witness his Crosby Hall (47); but surely this artist must have a "jaundiced eye:" yellow, yellow, always yellow.

Austin contributes several very clever pictures; particularly A Cottage Scene on Llanberris Lake—Evening (97) bright, clear, and effective; a Scotch Cattle Fair, the Grampian Hills in the distance (206); and the Vegetable Market, Ghent (326).

We have not forgotten Harding's last year's noble composition from Byron's Dream. Perhaps its *pendant*, from the fourth canto of Childe Harold, in the present exhibition (71) is not equal in merit; but that also is a fine production of art—one of the most attractive in the room. The picture—an Italian sky, and foliage, with crumbling columns and arches, great in their ruin—is in itself a picture. The only—or at least the chief—objection we feel, is to the figure—that of Lord Byron, in contemplation. It is vulgar, common-place, unlike the noble poet, and unworthy of the painter.

W. Turner's Windmill at Charlton Otmoor, Oxfordshire—Showery Day (78) is a

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capital effect. This artist has several other meritorious pieces.

Amongst Nash's productions we have been much pleased with the Interior of the Church of St. Julian, at Tours, now used as a Remise to the Hôtel de l'Europe (170); Pont de la Belle Croix, Nantes (266); and Church of St. Pierre, Caen (278).

Mackenzie's Interior of a Cathedral (201) is a beautiful and striking composition, the lights of which are disposed with most brilliant effect. Chisholme's Morning Ablution (417) is good, and strikingly natural.

Titania and the Indian Boy (414) by Cristall and Barret, has nothing of the air of fairyism, if we may coin a word, which, in our estimation, is essential to the subject. Sadly do we miss this year the Scotch and Welch Peasants, and the masterly classical compositions of Cristall.

A very sweet, Cuyper-like effect is produced by T. Fielding's Evening, Looking up Black-wall Reach—with Cattle (408).

Miss Byrne, and Mrs. T. H. Fielding, have several charming paintings of fruit, flowers, &c.; and amongst those whose works we have not room to specify, may be mentioned, in terms of praise, the names of Wild, Whicelow, Cox, Pugin, Essex, F. Taylor, Stephanoff, T. M., and J. W. Wright, &c.

#### THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

THAT sculpture, as well as painting and the drama, is capable of producing the most comic effect, will readily be allowed by all who have witnessed the far-famed Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, by Thom, the self-taught Scottish artist. These genuine realisations of the broadest, quaintest humour—we refer to the originals, not to the inferior duplicates, or triplicates, which have some time been on exhibition—have excited a warm spirit of emulation, and have thus indirectly given birth to a succession of comic productions by another self-taught Scotchman, a Mr. Greenshields, who, under the misnomer of "splendid sculpture," is now exhibiting in the Quadrant, eight figures, of the size of life, from Burns's poem of "The Jolly Beggars." Embodying the rich conceptions of the poet, they are replete with humour, and evince great skill in all that relates to mechanical execution. From the length, however, to which we have unavoidably extended our notices of the Royal Academy and the Society of Painters in Water Colours, we are under the necessity of deferring, till next month, our intended critique on these figures.

## Melanges of the Month.

### *Varieties in High Life, &c.*

His Majesty has been pleased to confer on George Fitzclarence, Esq., Colonel in the Army, and on his heirs male, the dignities of Baron, Viscount, and Earl of the United Kingdom, by the names, styles, and titles, of Baron Tewkesbury, Viscount, and Earl of Munster.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of a new scarlet uniform, with a rich embroidery and epaulettes, to be worn by the Deputy Lieutenants of Counties throughout the United Kingdom, as a special mark of his Royal consideration for this distinguished body of noblemen and gentlemen.

An historical statue of King William the Fourth, seated in a triumphal car, will, it is said, be placed on the pediment over the great gate at the entrance into Hyde Park from Piccadilly.

Prince Leopold has added his name to the list of members of the Royal Sailing Society.

Prince Talleyrand has been authorized to state to his government, that the British Cabinet have refused to entertain the proposal to place the Crown of Belgium on the head of Prince Leopold, and have left the affair entirely to the discretion of his Royal Highness.

The vacant Grand Cross of the Bath will be bestowed on Admiral Sir Henry Trollope, K. C. B.; and the two vacant K. C. B.'s will be conferred on Vice-Admirals E. G. Colpoys, and E. J. Foote.

The new entrance into St. James's Park, from Carlton Terrace, is proceeding with great rapidity, and is expected to be opened soon after the meeting of Parliament.

On the 19th of May, her Majesty's sister, the Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar, and her family, arrived at the Tower, from Rotterdam, in the Comet, government steam-packet, commanded by Captain Fitzclarence.

It is expected that the Earl of Fitzwilliam will be created Marquess of Rockingham, and the Marquess of Cleveland elevated to a Dukedom; and Lord Sefton, Lord Cloncurry, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Coke of Norfolk, and Lord Kinnaird, called to the Upper House, as Peers of the United Kingdom.

A noble Duke is reported to be in treaty for Fifo House, in Privy Gardens, the residence of the late Earl of Liverpool: and in the event of his becoming purchaser, his Grace will erect on the site of the old building an entirely new mansion, with a bold front towards the Thames.

The Marquess of Hertford and his *suite* have protracted their return from the Continent for two or three months beyond the period originally intended.

Her Majesty and several distinguished Peeresses, are humanely seeking to alleviate the sufferings in the distressed parts of Ireland, by opening a Bazaar, on the 9th and 10th of June, at the Hanover-square Rooms,

for the sale of articles chiefly prepared by the patronesses.

The King's birth-day having been appointed to be held on the 28th of May, her Majesty was pleased to postpone the Drawing-Room of May 28, until June 23.

In consequence of the great number of ladies, who are still anxious to have the honour of being presented to the Queen, her Majesty was graciously pleased to rescind the order of May 5th, respecting the presentations on the King's birth-day. Ladies, therefore, had an opportunity of being presented to her Majesty on that day, in conformity to the usual regulations.

Their Majesties have postponed their intended visit to Portsmouth, on the 7th of June, to a later period.

The Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty has issued cards for a ball at St. James's, on Monday, the 13th of June.

The Right Hon. Laurence, Lord Dundas, has been appointed by his Majesty, Lieutenant and Sheriff Principal of the Shires of Orkney and Shetland.

The King has conferred the honour of Knighthood on Joseph Whalley, Esq., Groom of his Majesty's Bed-chamber.

Dr. William Mac Michael has been appointed one of his Majesty's Physicians in Ordinary.

The Earl of Shrewsbury has purchased a mansion in Park-lane for his future town residence.

The Marquess of Anglesey gave a ball and supper at Dublin, on the 5th of May, on the most splendid scale. All the vice-regal apartments were thrown open for the reception of the distinguished visitors.

Malborough House, when Carlton Palace was demolished, and the improvements on the site of it originally projected, was intended to be taken down; but Prince Leopold remonstrated with the royal architect, and, after various consultations with the committee of taste, the plan was changed, and it was determined that the house should remain until the lease should expire in 1834. It is now understood that this mansion will be reserved for the private residence of Queen Adelaide.

The expatriated Prince Charles, ex-Duke of Brunswick, is living in great privacy in the Champs Elysées, Paris. It is said that he is not hopeless of regaining his lost dominions. A family council has been held by his relations and the Princes of the German Confederation, who have agreed to support Prince William, the present occupant, as a sovereign, and have enjoined his subjects to take the oath of allegiance to him. His uncle, our gracious Sovereign, has also made him Hanoverian Field Marshal.

### *A Spicy Bon-mot.*

On the day after the dissolution of Parliament, the Lord Chancellor, appealing to Dr.

Sydney Smith, in relation to the tone of his own speech, inquired if he thought it of too violent or decided a character. "Not altogether so," was the Reverend Gentleman's reply; "yet I do think that a little less ginger might have been added to your *mace*!"

#### *Effect of Cold on Children.*

Dr. Trevisan has been making researches in Italy, principally at Castle Franco, analogous to those of Messrs. Villermé and Milne Edwards, in France. The conclusions at which he arrives are:—In Italy, of one hundred infants born in December, January, and February, sixty-six die in the first month, fifteen more in the course of the year, and nineteen survive; of one hundred born in spring, forty-eight survive the first year; of one hundred born in summer, eighty-three survive the first year; of one hundred born in autumn, fifty-eight survive the same period. He attributes this mortality of infants solely to the practice of exposing them to the cold air a few days after their birth, for the purpose of having them baptised at the church. Dr. Trevisan, as well as M.M. Milne Edwards and Villermé, calls the attention of ecclesiastical authority to measures suited to put a stop to such disasters, without violating the precepts or practice of religion.

#### *Zoological Weather Glass.*

At Schwitzengen, in the post-house, two frogs, of the species *rana arborea*, are kept in a glass jar, about eighteen inches in height, and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder, but when wet weather is expected they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state, climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly, one of which, we were assured, would serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day if it can get them. In catching the flies put alive into the jars the frogs display adroitness.—*Ann. des Sciences d'Observations.*

#### *Literary and Scientific Intelligence.*

Her Majesty and the Duke of Sussex have been pleased to patronise the New Society of Painters in Water Colours. The first exhibition of which is to take place in the spring of 1832.

Madame Catalani, who has taken up her residence at Florence, has lately founded a school for the instruction of young females in singing. They are to be wholly provided for during their instruction, and engagements afterwards procured for them; when they are to append to their family name that of Catalani.

A noble male elephant, in perfect health and condition, has reached the Zoological Gardens, after a nine months' voyage from Madras, *via* China. He is appointed to have a paddock and a pond for his especial occupation.

The Hanover-square Rooms were lately put up for sale, and bought in for £19,000. The directors of the Ancient Concerts have hitherto paid a rental of £900. a-year for them.

Paganini, whom the French journals state to have realized nearly, £20,000. by his performances on the violin in Paris, stopped at all the intermediate towns of note between Paris and Calais, and at each exhibited his marvellous powers in a concert.

Steam has lately been applied in some of the French ports, in the destruction of vermin on board of merchant vessels. Having carefully closed the hatches and every aperture, the steam is suddenly introduced, and in twenty-four hours every living thing which may have been brought in with the cargoes is destroyed.

The medal, instituted under the act passed by the French Chambers, on the 13th of December, and to be conferred on those who distinguished themselves in the memorable conflict of July last, is to represent the Gallic cock, encircled by an oak wreath, with this inscription—"A ses défenseurs, la Patrie reconnoissante." The reverse will bear three crowns of laurels interlaced, and the following legend will run round them—"27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830: Patrie—Liberté." The edge of the medal is to be inscribed, "Donné par le Roi des Français."

#### *Works in the Press, &c.*

Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea, from his own Diary of the years 1733 to 1749; edited by Miss Jane Porter. The work contains an interesting correspondence between the Queen of George II., and the Lady of Sir Edward Seaward; besides a most extraordinary train of adventures.

An Account of the Life and Writings of Henry Pestalozzi; with copious Extracts from his Works, selected chiefly with a view to illustrate the practical parts of his method of instruction, by Dr. Biber.

A new and revised edition of Miss Porter's Thaddeus of Warsaw, with illustrative notes.

A new History and Description of the Town of Woburn, a Biography of the Russell Family, &c.; by Dr. Parry, M.A.

The Route of Hannibal, from the Rhone to the Alps; by Henry James Long, Esq.

The second volume of the Life of Thomas Kerr, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells; including the period of fanatical puritanism, from 1640 to the death of Cromwell; by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

The Naval and Military Battles of England, during the last two Reigns, by D. E. Williams.

Select Works of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Jonson; by R. Southey.

A Guide to the Fruit and Kitchen Garden, by George Lindley; and edited by John Lindley.

A Manual of the Land and Fresh Water Shells of Great Britain, by W. Turton.

## BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—The lady of the Rev. B. Cooper.—The Hon. Mrs. Newton Lane.—The lady of J. D. Murray, Esq.—The lady of Sir E. Blackett, Bart.—The lady of A. Goddard, Esq.—Mrs. Admiral Campbell.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Bouchier.—Lady Jemima Eliot.—The Countess of Wilton.—Lady Caroline Calcraft.—Lady Elizabeth Dickins.—Lady Sarah Murray.—The lady of T. W. Bramston, Esq.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of Capt. W. S. Badcock, R. N.—Lady Durham.—The lady of G. Bankes, Esq., M.P.—Lady Henry Cholmondeley.—The lady of Captain Felix Smith.—The Hon. Mrs. Keith.—The lady of C. R. Pemberton, Esq.—The lady of P. H. Fleetwood, Esq.

## MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rt. Hon. Robert Grosvenor, son of Earl Grosvenor, to the Hon. Charlotte Arbutnot Wellesley, second daughter of the Marchioness of Anglesey, by her first marriage with Lord Cowley, and niece to his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

At Langham Church, Capt. G. R. Pemberton, E. I. C.'s Service, to Anne M. J. Angels, daughter of the late A. Angels, Esq.; and at the same time and place, Capt. R. F. Angels, E. I. C.'s Service, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late W. Mansell, Esq.

At Hornsey, W. C. Cooper, Esq., eldest son of W. D. C. Cooper, Esq., of Park House, to Laura Georgiana, daughter of Capt. Ellis, of Tuy Duy Park, Monmouthshire.

At Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, W. Milligan, Esq., to Caroline, third daughter of Sir Charles des Voeux, Bart.

At St. James's, the Hon. R. P. Arden, of Pepper Hall, Yorkshire, to the Lady Arabella Vane, youngest daughter of the Marquess of Cleveland.

At Kingscote, Gloucestershire, J. Kennaway, Esq., eldest son of Sir J. Kennaway, Bart., to Emily Frances, daughter of the late T. Kingscote, Esq., of Kingscote Park.

The Rev. William Gilson, to Eliza, third daughter of the Bishop of Chester.

At Paris, the Count de Montebello, to Mary Teresa, daughter of T. Boddington, Esq., of Cumberland-place.

At Henly-on-Thames, R. King, Esq., of Grosvenor-place, to Georgiana Anne, daughter of the late Hon. Lieut.-Col. George Carlton.

At All-Souls Church, Langham-place, Francis Hawkins, M.D., of Curzon-street, Mayfair, to Hester, third daughter of the Hon. Baron Vaughan. Also Le Merchant Thomas, Esq., of Brunswick-square, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the Hon. Baron Vaughan.

Leonard Thompson, eldest son of G. Low-

ther Thompson, Esq., of Sheriff Hutton Park, Yorkshire, to Miss Mary Wentworth Fitzwilliam, second daughter of Lord Milton, and granddaughter of Earl Fitzwilliam.

George Hill, Esq., nephew to the Right Hon. Sir George Fitzgerald Hill, Bart., Governor of St. Vincent's, to Elizabeth Sophia, eldest daughter of John Rea, Esq., of St. Columb's, county of Londonderry.

At Marylebone Church, Gen. Dalrymple, of York-place, Portman-square, to Mary Amelia, eldest daughter of the late Roper Head, Esq., of Hermitage, Kent.

At Wateringbury, Kent, Major Maclean, of the 81st Regt., eldest son of Lieut.-Gen. Fitz Roy Maclean, to Emily Eleanor, fourth daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Marsham.

At St. James's, the Rev. C. J. Plumer, M.A., Chaplain to the Bishop of Durham, to Miss Thompson, of Stockton-upon-Tees.

## DEATHS.

At Turin, on the 10th of April, aged 66, his Majesty, Charles Felix Joseph, King of Sardinia, Duke of Savoy, Piedmont, and Genoa.

At Apsley House, her Grace, Catherine, Duchess of Wellington.

In Harley-street, aged 68, the Right Hon. Frances, relict of Earl Nelson, of the Nile.

Major-General Mackie, Governor of St. Lucie.

In Lower Connaught-place, aged 75, Brig.-Gen. Sir Samuel Bentham, K.S.G., late Inspector-General of Naval Works, and Civil Architect and Engineer of the Navy.

In Whitehall-place, lady Wetherell, wife of Sir Charles Wetherell, M.P.

At York Terrace, Regent's Park, Mary, wife of Robert Small, Esq.

At Allahbad, Lieut.-Col. Hugh Wrottesley, brother to Sir J. Wrottesley, Bart.

At Worthing, Earl Winterton, in his 73rd year.

At Shillinglee Park, Sussex, aged 76, Harriot Countess Winterton, wife of Earl Winterton, whom her ladyship survived only two days.

At Perdiswell, Worcestershire, aged 78, Sir Henry Wakeman, Bart.

In Verulam-terrace, Frances Mary, second daughter of Sir F. H. Doyle, Bart.

In Clarges-street, Jas. Wedderburn, Esq. James Laing, Esq., of Streatham, aged 82.

In Harley-street, in the 79th year of her age, Colin, relict of James Baillie, Esq., of Inverness-shire.

At Singapore, Henry Cowan, Esq., of the Hon. E. I. C.'s Service, and Commander of the ship Pyramus.

At Weybrooke Park, Devon, the Right Hon. Charles Lord Clifford.

At Richmond Park, Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, in her 94th year.

Aged 78, Hugh Smith, Esq., of Stoke House, Cobham, Surrey.

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